

A SKETCH BOOK

By John McKinnon

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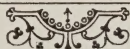
A Sketch Book

COMPRISING

HISTORICAL INCIDENTS,
TRADITIONAL TALES
AND TRANSLATIONS

—BY—

JOHN MACKINNON,
Prince Edward Island.



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BY

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THE papers comprising
this unpretending
volume were written
at various times for
want of more pressing employ-
ment, and the Art Preservative
has launched them on the bound-
less ocean of literature.

A Sketch Book.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The French Revolution is considered by many the greatest event in all history. This paper is merely a sketch in which only salient points are considered.

French Kings, for nearly two centuries, were extravagant beyond the limits of reason; they seemed to think the nation existed for their special behoof; their tastes and enjoyments must not be restrained on the score of economy. "After me the deluge," was their favorite saying. The nation's purse would require to be almost vast as the sea to meet their demands.

Palace Versailles, about twelve miles from Paris, is an enormous pile which covers eight acres and was twenty years in building. One apartment is nearly 400 feet long, the walls covered with paintings supposed to represent battles in which the French were victorious. Altogether the building is said to contain ten miles of canvas by eminent men. The cost of the pile is unknown, but persons who are well informed on such matters declare the building and adjuncts must have cost four score millions.

The gardens were of unsurpassed magnificence,—parterres, fountains, water-falls, vases, statuary in bewildering numbers. The court moved into this regal home in 1685 when commenced a succession of balls, entertainments and fêtes, so excessively gorgeous as to astonish the world.

Not far off is an artificial lake of good size, also a wood in which stands the Grand Trianon, built for a

favorite concubine. Here lived as a queen the notorious Pompadour, whose influence over weak-minded Louis XV gave rise to the saying that though the King reigned his concubine ruled.

The state carriages for summer and winter, in a building near by, are of extraordinary splendor. One is said to have cost \$200,000 and the others on a similar scale. The vehicles are not used since the down-fall of monarchy, except for increasing the taxes.

The throne, like a brilliant magnet, drew from the remotest part of the Kingdom whatever was greatest in value; no expedient was considered too mean to procure the much-needed gold, but there was always a shortage. Honesty and honor were at a discount, life being a career of licentious folly.

No amount of flattery seemed to pall on the Grand-Master of the World, as Louis XIV desired to be named. When travelling, a glass coach was used, so he could be seen by the people; the most costly furniture was sent in advance so the miracle King would be lodged as at home in his palace. Every night he must be amused by masked balls, entertainments and fêtes. As to personal adornment, satin knee-breeches, great wig curled and powdered, gold-hilted sword, jewelled snuff-box, and the rest in proportion.

The reign of Louis began very brightly, but ended in gloom, for amidst gorgeous magnificence, the common people were starving. Palace Versailles was the scene of continued revels, one-fourth of the revenues being spent on one family. At times the country was travelled by a quarter million collectors, their extortions veiled under titles of royalty.

Tracts of land were deserted. The occupiers, unable to eke out a living, swarmed into the towns where they existed as mendicants. Starvation (says a historian) became an endemic disease. The country was so wretchedly governed that 300,000 of the most useful

inhabitants sought other lands, carrying away the wealth of their industry. Louis' favorite saying was "I am the state." He reigned seventy-two years, leaving the nation as legacy a thousand million dollars of debt, incurred by shameless extravagance.

His successor was by no means an improvement, being all the time under the influence of bad living women. Instead of good laws calculated to foster prosperity, the people were handicapped by old feudal enactments that repressed and discouraged. All laws favored the wealthy, whereas industries in which the poor could engage were entangled with fetters. The corvée, an old feudal scheme, compelled people to give much labor for nothing, and indispensable articles were taxed beyond the limit of reason. The nobility and clergy owned two-thirds of the land, the remaining third having to furnish the revenue. Tax-collecting was let out to agents who scrupled not at shameless excesses.

The French people are economical and saving, otherwise the nation could not endure its enormous indebtedness, everything being taxed beyond reason. Even a small hotel bill must bear a stamp for increasing the revenue.

About this time the country was suffering for lack of provisions. On July 13, 1788, a violent hailstorm destroyed the crops, making provisions both scarce and accordingly dear. The poorer class poured into the capital and paraded their indigence, ready to join any faction whatever its nature. The public mind was in a species of ferment.

Necker took office in August, when the exchequer contained less than one thousand dollars. It was necessary to buy corn and sell at less than it cost, besides giving out much in charity. The public debt was continually growing, but the palace must experience no shortage; there must always be high water in sight of the throne.

As weeds follow bad cultivation, bad government overran the country with clubs, which held frequent meetings, and the refrain of every address was—"Down with the Monarchy." The press was not free as at present, and in 1788 more than two thousand pamphlets were scattered over the Kingdom, every one declaring the evils of Monarchy. A number of French soldiers took part in the Revolutionary War in America and these carried back the idea that people should rule; if the United States were able to free themselves from the crushing burdens of monarchy, why not France do the same; this became the general slogan.

Clouds round the throne were becoming more ominous; the revenue was short of meeting expense by \$35,000,000 and the taxes were already too high, but none seemed to have thought of stopping the leak that was overwhelming the country.

A scheme was tried of selling nobility titles, which in effect was an injury, for nobles being exempt from taxes, the greater number of titled ones the worse for the peasantry who carried the load. One minister after another tried to improve the finances, but there always remained a wide gap between revenue and the expenditure. Six finance ministers tried their hands without success, till Colonne took the empty purse and tried a scheme still used by many: borrowed wherever he could with no thought of making returns.

As already observed a great number exchanged France for lands where government was less insecure; the estates thus vacated, and also church lands, were confiscated by government, the entire value amounting to an enormous sum, on the credit of which bonds were issued calculated to meet current expense till the sun of fortune would rise. But the relief was only apparent, for as the paper money was issued its value fell and business became hopelessly tangled. In 1791 so great had become the derangement that the nation's yearly

expense rose to \$650,000,000 and something had to be done.

Louis XVI was then on the throne, and by advice of his ministers he decided to assemble parliament which, not having met for 165 years, the machine was not easily adjusted. On former occasions the nobility and clergy sat by themselves, but now the commons insisted that all occupy one chamber and give a commulative vote, which at the King's urgent request was accomplished. The Legislature met in May, 1789, with very great pomp, and the first session was stormy.

For some 400 years there stood in Paris a notable structure named the Bastille, the walls of great thickness were ninety feet high, surrounded by a moat and having a drawbridge. Besides those in charge, the structure would accommodate one hundred persons; for centuries it had been to France an object of terror. The country was teeming with spies in the service of government and a word unguardedly spoken was liable to lodge an offender in the Bastille. Should friends inquire, they would be told that no such person had been in the fortress, no such name on the books. Letters never reached their destination, and any imprudent word they contained was sure to come up at the trial. In case of release, the prisoner was put on oath never to reveal anything seen or heard in the fortress. The Bastille was to all intents a tomb for the living.

The number of commitments or letters issued during the reign of Louis XV is said to have reached the enormous total of 150,000, being about ten letters a day. Though signed by the King, many were used without his knowledge, as ministers and court favorites got all they desired, a blank being left for the name. Here is a copy of one sent to an officer in the army:—

"My cousin, as I am not pleased with your conduct, on receiving this letter you will proceed to the Bastille and await further orders; and I pray God to retain you in his holy keeping. Given at Versailles this 25th June, 1748 — Signed — Louis."

The very best citizen was liable to be roused at midnight and taken to the Bastille, his family being ignorant of what had become of him. On entering, the prisoner's real name was dropped and he was given another by which he was designated in the records. Owing to insanitary conditions, deaths were not rare, but whether a prisoner was living or dead, none outside had any conception.

The terms of confinement were of various lengths; for having displeased Cardinal Richelieu, an officer was confined twelve years; another for a similar offence, sixty-one years and some during their lifetime. It was time the Bastille had come down as well as the monarchy.

The prison was also used for extorting money from persons of wealth; one had to pay \$120,000 as the price of his liberty, another a sum nearly ten times as large, while a third was released on payment of \$180,000. Money thus secured by abominable villainy would be lavishly squandered for some childish play or performance for amusing the court of Louis XV.

On the 14th of July, 1789, a crowd armed with muskets and cannon attacked the Bastille. A drawbridge was lowered and the mob rushed into the building. The governor with his thirty-two men-at-arms tried to make terms, but the crowd had not come for that purpose and firing began. After a lively assault of three hours the Bastille was taken and the governor's head was paraded on a tall pike amidst shouting and riot. The loss of life on both sides did not quite reach one hundred, but the uproar was tremendous — the revolution had started.

During the famous disturbance Louis XVI was at Versailles unconscious that a support of his throne had been shattered, till informed late at night by a courier. "Why, this is a riot," said the King in calm innocence. "Sire (was the answer), its worse than a riot; it's a revolution!"

The materials of the Bastille were used for a bridge over the Seine, and on its site now stands the finest bronze column in Europe, 160 feet high and crowned by an emblematic figure of victory. Low down on the monument are cut the names of 504 patriots whose remains are in a vault at the bottom. These fell in the revolution of 1830 by which Louis Philip became King in place of Charles X. The shaft is named "Column July."

Sometime in October the Parisians learned that a banquet took place at Versailles where the royalists drank — "Confusion to Liberty!" Duke of Orleans and Mirabeau started a great crowd of the roughs for Versailles, instructing them to cry continually — "Give us bread!" The national guard followed later, intending to bring the royal family and legislative assembly to Paris. That night the rabble bivouacked on the park and next morning a row started which ended in blood. The troops failing to protect, the rioters broke the palace doors and rushed in destroying whatever came in their way, all the time shouting — "Where is the Austrian woman!" of course meaning the queen, who being an Austrian princess, was never liked by the French.

Previous to this the royal family had been surrounded by a halo of mystery as if dwelling in the holy of holies; now that spell being broken, the brutal throng rushed to the other extreme. The King and Queen escaped personal violence and in response to vociferous cries of — "To Paris!" they set out accompanied by the mob, roaring revolutionary songs and carrying on tall pikes the heads of two guards, massacred in the melee. For variety the royal party was entertained along the route with such remarks as, "We'll not lack bread any more since we have the baker, his wife and the little apprentice."

On arriving at Paris the court put up in the Tuilleries which had been vacant for nearly a century and was in

need of repairs. Here in effect they were prisoners. Louis had the country's well-being at heart, but he lacked energy to undertake needed reforms and the time for action had passed. Surrounded by foes, insulted by the populace whenever they saw him, he lived in continual misery, and small wonder that he deliberated on flight. Friends made all needed arrangements, the destination being Luxemburg in Belgium, departure to be on the 18th of June. A passport had been secured for a baroness Korf (the Queen), her two children, governess and servants, the King to be valet. Preparations had been on a scale too elaborate and so time was lost, still the retinue got safely to Chalons where Louis (ever doing the wrong) thrust his head out of the carriage window, was recognized, and when quite near the border the party was unceremoniously arrested.

The journey back (requiring many days) was a refinement of misery, the carriage surrounded by a brutal throng, cursing and threatening the inmates. A gentleman who approached the King with the respect due his station was forthwith assassinated, while a priest for similar reason, barely escaped. The season was unusually dry and the mob raising a blinding dust round the carriage, the Queen at length feelingly said — "Gentlemen, my children and myself are being choked — can you not keep at some distance?" The brutish reply to the foremost lady in Europe was — "We'll choke you in another form very soon."

With his education and surroundings it would be difficult for Louis to be a man of sincerity, which he was not. While earnestly beseeching those who were leaving to remain and stand by the country, he was soliciting European powers to come and destroy the constitution he had sworn to maintain. The Berlin archives contains a letter from him dated December, 1791, making appeals to armed Europe for the invasion of France. Nothing but evil could result from such a lack of sincerity.

The unfortunate King lost his hold on the people and his deposition was now a foregone conclusion. By exercising his veto against a decree for banishing the clergy and by opposition to a motion for establishing troops in the environs of Paris, he aroused the populace, and on the 20th of June, 1792, an enormous body of roughs assailed the Tuilleries, burst in the doors and for a time endangered the inmates. For hours that magnificent home swarmed with the vilest ruffians, destroying whatever was costly and beautiful, all the time shouting, "Where is the Austrian woman?"

The brutes having made themselves drunk with choice wine from the cellars, compelled Louis to perch on a chair placed on a table, a red cap on his head, a laughing-stock for the dregs of faubourg Antoine. The Queen had to share the indignities, to crown her little son with a red cap and to endure insults from brutes in the gorgeous home where she had been accustomed to flatteries from courtiers and kings. But the storm of brutality passed with nothing worse than wounds to the feelings, to break out with more violence in August 10th, 1792, from which usually dates the fall of the monarchy.

Great bodies of men were pouring in from all quarters, among them about 500 from the south roaring the Marseillaise, now the most popular song. "To arms!" cried the wild, savage Danton. "You hear the tocsin, the inspired voice of the people. Let the tocsin sound the last breath of kings, the first hour of liberty. To arms, I say!" The temper of the crowd was furious, and led by Danton and Robespierre, an attack was made on the Tuilleries, all thirsting for gore. The entrance was assailed by picks and axes, but did not give way. The doors at length opened and Louis appeared. "Here I am," said the King, on which the mob disappeared.

Louis' great fault was weakness of character, indcision, repugnance to bold, drastic measure such as the present occasion required. It is said that during the

riot the Queen pointed at him a pistol, with the pungent remark — "Show yourself like a man!" The unfortunate prince was altogether too mild for this planet, but would make an ideal ruler for a nation in the kingdom of heaven.

August 10th was a wild, stormy day at the Tuilleries, a palace rated the most magnificent in Europe. The Swiss guards as usual stood their ground and several nobles took the King's part, but they were overpowered by numbers, the slaughter being estimated at three thousand, and as many put in jail to be shot when convenient.

Besides the bloodshed there was ruthless destruction of property; the most magnificent pictures and furniture that money could buy were shattered and burnt; doors were burst open, the Queen's favorite apartments were entered with as little concern as if they were stables; secret drawers were rummaged, private letters and papers that never saw day became common property. All seen in the act of escaping were shot and the incessant report of firearms was borne on the breeze; an epidemic of destruction and murder seems to have become well-nigh infectious.

After passing a decree declaring Louis unfit for the throne, the legislative assembly was replaced by the National Convention, and matters went swimmingly forward. Danton, Marat, St. Just, Couthon, Robespierre, were the leaders, men of giant ability, but thirsting for gore. Marat declared the nation could not be reformed without killing 280,000 royalists, but ere the terror was ended four times that number were sacrificed on "the altar of liberty."

Though Marat escaped the guillotine his death was equally tragic. Charlotte Corday, a young girl of remarkable beauty and excellence, travelled nearly 200 miles from her home in Caen to Paris, found the monster at home and stabbed him right to the heart. She made no attempt at escaping and when questioned at trial, she declared the act to have been in the interest of her country, Marat being the chief cause of her nation's calamities. An attempt was

made to save her, but she was sent to the block. During the trial a person casually remarked — "She's greater than Brutus!" For the simple assertion his head was removed.

An epidemic of madness seemed to be surging over the land. In autumn of 1791, all over France, houses of the nobility were destroyed by fire; incendiaries paraded the country in bands receiving instructions from headquarters at Paris. There seems to have been no thought of introducing reforms by orderly measures, all must be accomplished by destruction and violence. Moderation calculated to effect a prosperous issue was overborne by riotous mobs, armed with pikes, guns and sabres.

The question was now debated — shall Louis be tried before the Convention? and on December 11th the deposed monarch was led before a tribunal where only one lawyer (Malesherbes) would undertake his defence. After a stormy debate of seventy-two hours the question was formulated — "Was Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against the state and of what punishment is he deserving." On the question being submitted, fifty-three favored death by removing the head from his body. Many did not vote for fear of the gallows.

On learning his sentence the King asked for a respite of three days which only brutes could deny, and on January 21st, 1793, Louis XVI was beheaded in the fortieth year of his age and the nineteenth of his reign. On ascending the scaffold he said in a firm manly voice — "I die innocent of the crimes with which I am charged; I pardon those who occasion my death and pray that the blood about being shed may not be visited on my unfortunate nation." He was proceeding to add more, but with unfeeling brutality the rattle of drums shut him off.

All Europe was horrified at news of the tragedy. The French ambassador in London got orders to leave, upon which the Convention declared war against England and Holland, a war that lasted at least two decades and cost

Britain more than three thousand millions as we count money in Canada.

The queen (daughter of the renowned Maria Theresa) was of remarkable beauty; she and Louis were married at the ages of fourteen and fifteen. Except being gay, foolish, extravagant, the unfortunate woman could not be charged with crimes; but there is always a way when the will is in evidence. After imprisonment of several months, she was led out for trial looking old, gray and withered. Expedients were used to make her last hours as bitter as possible; while in prison asleep or awake she was the focus of eyes that always were watching. At trial she was charged with the most ridiculous crimes, and on the 16th of October, nine months after her husband, she was brought to execution on the rudest sort of conveyance, like a malefactor, her hands fastened behind, a mob of her own sex gloating over her misery in the vilest language and most horrible epithets. Princess Lambella, a widow lady of forty, whose only crime was her love for the queen, was destroyed with a degree of brutality too gross to be named. Madam Elizabeth, sister of the late king, was put to death after some time.

On discarding monarchy it was resolved to destroy whatever was old and established. The existence of God was denied and all forms of worship forbidden. The Sabbath was replaced by decennial periods, the tenth being a day of amusement. The months were replaced by twelve periods of thirty days each (with five added as holidays) and named from a variety of causes. The Christian era must give place to that of the new French Republic, September 22nd being the first day of year one.

All emblems of royalty and statues of historic significance were pulled down and broken; the magnificent tombs of French kings were destroyed and the dust they contained thrown in the ditch. The old divisions of France into provinces were changed into departments, and the old flag was replaced by the "red, white and blue." The law of primogeniture was discarded for another which gave each

son an equal share of the property, be it ever so small. Church lands were confiscated, the clergy to receive their support from the state. Titles of every kind were abolished, all being addressed as citizen.

In 1792 the guillotine was set working, sometimes cutting off fifty heads in a day. The work was done so neatly that crowds watched the performance as scenes in a theatre, reluctant to go to their meals. The butchery was not confined to Paris, for at Lyons great batches of royalists were sent up by discharges of cannon; for convenience of interment, prisoners were arranged in lines between trenches into which they fell, and any escaping the shot, were finished by sabres.

At Nantes the work was done with still greater economy, the prisoners being taken in barges out on the Loire and by a skilful contrivance dumped into the stream. The infamous Carrier who superintended the murders, had so little regard for justice that at times the trial took place after death of the victim. It is stated that 32,000 were disposed of in this summary fashion, the river becoming so defiled as to put an embargo on fishing. Though concealing his villainy long, Carrier was finally sent to the block. Not only prisons but churches were filled with persons suspected of favoring kings, and the convention decreed death to any who advocated restoration of monarchy under all forms.

To increase the popular frenzy news came that the Prussians were marching on Paris and that Verdun (a port on the Meuse) had surrendered. Excitement rose high and volunteers were enrolled with frantic enthusiasm. There took place a general massacre of all suspected of favoring kings, mock trials were held and as the condemned ones passed from the court they were struck down by ruffians, for that work employed. The numbers that perished on this occasion are estimated at thousands; a civilized intelligent people seem to have at once changed into blood-thirsty assassins.

Of the various clubs the Jacobins and Girondists were the most active. The latter held republican views, but were moderate in their demands: they desired a revolution without shedding of blood. Many of them were excellent men, but they were put down and destroyed by the blood-thirsty Jacobins, the chief of whom were Robespierre and his savage associates, Danton, St. Just, and Couthon, who in effect ruled the nation.

In time the butchers themselves began to come under the killing machine; Robespierre made his last speech before the Convention in July and two days later (the 9th Thermidor) his head was removed and the reign of terror was past, lasting since the Bastille was demolished, during which France experienced horrors enough for a century.

A singular feature of the gruesome performance was a complete disregard for those who were butchered; the living seemed indifferent whether on a certain day one score or one hundred were sent to the block. Hawkers went round selling lists for that day, humorously shouting — "Here are the names of those who drew prizes in the guillotine lottery." Human nature seems to have become callous; even the gentler sex watched daily the falling heads with evident pleasure. During the killing time all places of amusement were filled with gay, thoughtless crowds and the close of the butchery was celebrated by a grand entertainment ("ball of the victims"), none being invited except those who had lost relatives by the guillotine. At this brilliant assembly, ladies fastened their hair as was customary with women when about laying their heads on the block. The guillotine was pleasantly spoken of as "the coining machine" and the victims to it as corn to a factory.

During the butchery at Lyons a young girl threw herself at feet of the judges crying — "Mother, father, sisters, uncles, you have put out of the way; let me share their fate." Her appeal being refused, she cast herself into the Rhone and perished. At the same place a woman was

executed because she wept over the death of her husband.

The months of the republican calendar were named after the seasons to which they belonged, the year commencing in autumn, the first three months being named Vendemiare, Brumaire, Frenaire; the three winter months were called Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose; the next three (answering to spring) were named, Germinal, Florial, Grairial; the last three comprising summer, were Messidor, Thermidor, Fructidor.

Each month had thirty days with (in the year) five added as festivals; the first consecrated to genius, the second to labor, the third to noble deeds, the fourth to rewards, the fifth to opinions. During this last, people were allowed to say or write whatever they pleased concerning those in public positions. Leap years were to have six complementary days, the sixth to be a festival commemorative of the revolution. The days were divided into ten parts or hours, these into others according to the decimal notation.

The late King left a boy and girl; the latter grew up and was married. The boy became a ward of the nation and owing to inferior usage died at ten years of age. In the regular kingly succession he would be Louis XVII.

The number executed in Paris is given at 4,000; in June and July no fewer than 1,507 fell by the knife. Here is an estimate of the number destroyed one way or another and their positions in life:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---------|
| Nobles (men and women) | 3,428 |
| Priests | 1,895 |
| Children | 24,000 |
| Women (including 350 nuns) | 21,365 |
| Common Persons | 18,923 |
| Guillotined by the Tribunal | 18,603 |
| Slain in War of Vendee | 900,000 |
| Drowned at Nantes | 32,000 |

In the far-away past when Prince Edward Island was a colony, a certain congregation had been long without spiritual adviser, and wolves came into the fold; instead of harmony and love there was strife and contention. No improvement being in sight, the leading men wrote to an aged divine at considerable distance, asking advice. Without much delay the umpire wrote such directions as the case seemed to require and folded the letter. Besides his spiritual vocation, the preacher owned a farm three miles from the manse, with an overseer in charge. As the church letter was finished word came from the farm that cattle were making inroads, a black bull being the greatest offender — what would he advise? Taking a sheet of foolscap he wrote in the middle: "Keep the fences up high and the black bull will not trouble you," then signed his name. Like many good men, the preacher was frequently absent-minded, so the letter for the overseer was addressed to the church.

At the first business meeting the congregation sitting in silent expectancy, the clerk opened the letter and read: "Keep the fence up high and the black bull will not trouble you." The paper was turned over and the envelope searched to no purpose.

All gazed in astonishment, then one after another expressed surprise at the silly response to their letter; had the old man lost his reason or was he in jest. One proposed replying by a scathing letter of censure.

At this point a person who was usually silent said that he differed entirely from those who had spoken. To him the brief letter appeared appropriate; true it was figurative and must be understood in that way. The Bible used figurative language, being more pungent and forcible; the aged divine constantly browsing among the prophets and psalms, figurative language became to him natural. The fences meant scripture rules for individual guidance, such as brotherly love, Christian charity, loving our enemies and the like, rules sadly neglected by our church, where the fences were down and the vine trampled. The black

bull meant of course the old, wicked boy, sometimes referred to as a lion, here called a bull for variety. Let us build high the fences, banish our cold, unchristian spirit and a blessing will come. "

The effect was remarkable, the words of the aged divine getting a meaning never intended, and all felt the force of the metaphor. After confessions, resolves of amendment, the congregation parted with a cordial handshake, and from this out began a notable change for the better.

For many miles round London the country is occupied by vegetable and flower gardens for the city. The vegetables are brought along in great loads and disposed of to large dealers who sell them to persons of feeble pocket capacity, and so on till they arrive at the pot. Often an old lady invests her few shillings in vegetables of a certain variety, which she ties in bunches to be sold by a grandchild. Meandering along on a certain day in early July, I came to a market held on the street; the hour for closing was near and the storm of traffic was furious, each shouting what he offered for sale. Pretty soon I noticed sitting flat on the sidewalk a woman who had apparently reached fourscore, her back against a wall, tying small carrots in bunches, her large, florid face framed in a voluminous cap, a long spear of grass (held by the middle), between her lips, she leisurely picked up the carrots one by one, tied the bunch with the grass, then laid it aside, placed another spear between her lips and started to count as before. Though hundreds were howling a few yards away, she seemed not to hear. The day was sultry, the work was monotonous, and pretty soon the woman's eyes began to close, her head went back gently against the wall as if she were staring upwards; the right hand dropped by her side, the left on her lap, the world with its cares was unheeded and she was manufacturing dreams. While in the

position described, the long spear of grass projecting about half a yard from each side, she formed one of the most comical pictures I ever beheld. Let the reader call up the picture in fancy.

In 1826 in Calabria (a section of South Italy with a very bad reputation), a traveller with companion had the following experience: They were on foot, and in attempting to shorten the distance, went astray, and coming to a house as night was approaching, they went in. There sat a group of charcoal-burners, a band widely known for murder and robbery. So far as they could see, the house was a regular arsenal — guns, pistols, sabres, indicating the bad class of people. Supper ended, all left but the old couple. Before long the travellers were shown to bed on a sort of platform seven feet from the floor, and reached by a ladder. The companion soon fell asleep but the other could not sleep owing to the appearance of things. At the first streak of day he heard the man and wife talking and could make out the words: "Must we kill both?" to which she replied that would be necessary. He felt his last hour had come and was soon covered with sweat. To prevent escape by the window, outside were dogs savage as wolves. After a few minutes he heard someone moving and through a crack he could see the man ascending the ladder, with the lamp in one hand, a great knife between his teeth, his wife following. Opening the door and going to the bed where the companion lay with throat uncovered, he reached up to a ham suspended from the ceiling, cut several slices and both returned as they came. After some time the travellers were called to an excellent breakfast two capons forming part of it. Pointing to them the hostess said they could eat one and carry the other away. The travellers then comprehended the words that so terribly scared them; "Must we kill both?"

THE CIVIL WAR IN VENDEE.

No account of the French Revolution would be complete without some reference to the Civil War in Vendee in behalf of the monarchy. Department La Vendee, with the Atlantic to its west, the river Loire to its north, has an area of 2,600 square miles and population estimated at nearly a half million. Being over 600 miles south-west of the capital, the people were not greatly disturbed by the revolution of 1789. All they wanted was to live a quiet life, believing that no change would improve their condition. Their piety was extremely sincere and even their foes speak of their exemplary conduct. They always prayed before battle, and as soon as a contest began those not engaged went to church to pray for a victory. On Sunday morning they attended church and spent the afternoons at innocent play. A considerable part of Vendee being well wooded, much of their time was spent in hunting. The land was productive, the Vendean women were models of industry, and from wool and flax they supplied the needs of their families.

Quite unexpectedly an order came from the National Convention at Paris requiring the clergy to take an oath to the new French republic or else lose their positions. The people were greatly attached to their spiritual advisers and the arbitrary command disturbed them exceedingly. The holy men fled to the forest where people flocked to receive instruction, each carrying a gun in case of surprise.

In March, 1793, a levy of 300,000 recruits was ordered throughout the republic and La Vendee must contribute its share. This was entirely too much, and in an evil hour the Vendean decided to rise in rebellion, choosing the most competent men for commanders. Sunday, March 10, 1793, was the actual date, and the authorities, expecting opposition, supplied themselves with a cannon. An

intrepid youth, heading a body of peasants, made a wild dash, seized the gun, dispersed the powers, civil and military, burnt the official papers, then retired to his home.

A leader was then chosen, and about one hundred men, armed with guns, pitchforks and clubs, very soon attacked a body of troops, made their commander prisoner, secured a big gun, besides ammunition and muskets. The insurgents next took a garrison at Chenille, securing abundance of military stores; indeed their greatest misfortune was too great success at the first. Recruits poured from every part of the district, skirmishes were frequent, and in nearly every encounter the insurgents secured arms, ammunition and money. The commanders had been in the regular forces and so were informed on military tactics; they were young, impulsive and exceedingly capable. Up to this time the insurgents were in two separate companies, each under a leader.

The Convention at Paris, learning of the Vendean successes, appointed a more competent general, with instructions to crush the rebellion at whatever actual cost. The rebels now formed themselves into one body under name of "the Grand Army," attacked the town of Thouars and gained a notable victory, the republican general being obliged to surrender. The next battle was at Fontenay, where the rebels suffered defeat, losing their big guns and warlike equipments. After securing recruits, they again attacked Fontenay, seized the place and took a number of prisoners, whom they set free after shaving their heads.

Additional troops were sent to Vendee, who took a position at Saumar, an important town on the Loire. After spending the night in prayer for success, on June 10 the insurgents gained such a victory that the republicans retired at night, leaving eighty guns, one thousand muskets and much ammunition. At this stage the rebel army was ten thousand strong with commander-in-chief and six generals.

The insurgents now decided to make a descent upon

Nantes, then occupied by the republican forces, and about sixty miles west of Saumur. Nantes being outside of Vendee, many refused to accompany, but the action was furious and among the slain was the insurgent commander, a man of extraordinary merit. Besides losing nearly all their equipments, a number of their best officers fell.

The insurgents next crossed the Loire back to Vendee and appointed as commander a youth, not yet twenty-one, but of extraordinary ability. If at this stage the misguided people had dropped entirely the quarrel they would have escaped the misfortunes and woes at the end. The descent upon Nantes was a sorry mistake; the government troops were burning and destroying La Vendee and the insurgents must be off to the rescue.

At the next engagement, on July 8, the republican troops were almost annihilated, even their general barely escaping. A subsequent battle cleared Vendee of the government army and the rest of July was spent at home recounting their many acts of singular valor.

The deluded people at this stage applied to England for assistance. Pitt and Dundas were directing matters at home and the Vendean distress gave them little concern. Day after day the insurgents watched and hoped but no help ever came.

The rebellion had lasted five months with no indications of finishing, and the Convention at Paris decided that more efficient means must be used. A new general was sent with a commission to destroy everything on the land that would burn,—forest, houses and crops,—leaving the district a black, smoking waste. In a desperate battle the insurgents were entirely defeated,—their greatest defeat since the start. They were encompassed by a powerful army with orders to make a clean sweep, to slaughter the people as if they were noxious vermin. That, however, was not so easily done, for at the next battle the best soldiers of France, commanded by the renowned general Kleber,

were defeated by peasants without drill, tactics or uniforms.

But the unequal struggle could not last long. Two great armies again entered Vendee with orders to leave nothing alive, either human being or animal — like Carthage of old, La Vendee must be wiped out of existence. Smoke from burning villages darkened the air and at night former homes of contentment blazed along the horizon. Cattle roamed about on the hills and birds of ill omen made dismal the night. Six months ago La Vendee was the picture of happiness, it is now a black desolation.

The insurgent generals gathered the wreck of their army for a final encounter; the conflict between Kleber's 44,000 picked troops and less than 40,000 Vendean was desperate and the carnage was great. While the issue was yet undecided, some fool in the Vendean ranks shouted, "To the Loire! To the Loire!"—the river Loire was twenty miles distant.

In vain the officers galloped hither and thither in front of their men, but the rush was like a stampede of wild cattle. It was night, too, which increased their misfortunes. After proceeding some miles, overcome with fatigue, they put up for the night, day revealing the sad spectacle of more than twenty thousand men, women and children with bleeding feet and tattered garments, fugitives from their own land, pursued by a merciless enemy, three of their commanders dying of wounds and borne on litters. It has been said that no animal is so foolish as man, and here was a glaring example; one year ago these people enjoyed rural felicity, now they are more wretched than words can describe, all owing to a wish to see France ruled by one of the Bourbons.

Strange to say, among the motly crowd were five thousand prisoners whom they had captured, and some advised to rid themselves of the encumbrance by shooting, but a wounded commander advised mercy, and his counsel prevailed.

On October 18 they, with very great difficulty, crossed the Loire by means of twenty small boats, and by an oversight the armed men crossed, leaving a number of women and children. The republican army was all the time in pursuit, and an officer named Merlin galloped among the helpless ones, sword in hand, slaughtering those whom a vestige of manhood, not to speak of gallantry, would impel to protect. Apart from the infamous butchery, in writing to the Convention at Paris about the prisoners the Vendéans had spared, he remarked, "It's better to cover up the unfortunate incident which in time will be forgotten." A creature that would lie and suppress a deed of arms creditable to a generous foe deserves to pass down into history as the vilest of men.

The fugitives now moved westwards through Brittany, creeping along like a famine, a charge on the country for food, still they took nothing without paying in full. About sixty miles to north of the Loire, Westerman with his army came up and in a furious engagement was beaten, after which he retreated, intending to join General Lechelle and finish the work to a certainty. The Vendean commander spent the night laying plans, and the issue next day showed their excellence. Notwithstanding the advantages of the republican army, they endured a crushing defeat, the insurgents in their awful extremity gaining perhaps the most signal victory since the war had begun. The Vendean commander was not yet twenty-one, and had he lived, would be one of the world's greatest generals.

As the Vendean rising was sure to end in defeat, every success was merely calculated to lengthen the woes of the fugitives. At a council of war the insurgent chief advised to give up a scheme that must end in disaster, turn and cut their way through the enemy, then hie back to Vendee. But the wise move was condemned by others who proposed to march west into Brittany or north into Normandy. Finally they decided to steer north-west by the shortest route to the sea and on November 2nd they moved.

Despatches from Britain urged them to persist in their scheme and in time they might calculate on getting assistance ("live horse and you'll get grass next July"), Granville in Normandy being named as the port where a British fleet might conveniently land.

It was now winter and the sufferings from lack of food, shoes and clothing was so great that all wished to turn south as their commander advised some weeks before; a few hundred did make the attempt to be mercilessly cut off by the enemy, their remains being afterwards found where they fell.

Leaving women, children and baggage at Avranches, the main army proceeded to Granville some dozen miles farther north. The attack on Granville on 14th November lasted thirty-six hours, when their ammunition was entirely exhausted. Long and anxiously they looked for the British flag which failed to appear, though the firing was heard by the English garrison at Jersey. Worn out and discouraged, they left Granville, vowing imprecations against Pitt, Dundas and the English in general; theirs was a case of hope long deferred causing faintness of heart.

Joined at Avranches by their women they faced south, their spirits rising as they moved towards Vendee. At Dole on November 21st they fought one of their most furious battles, defeating the armies of Kleber, Westerman and Marceau, all renowned generals. During the battle their women rushed about like furies handling the guns and shouting — "Forward to death or to victory!"

Though diminished in number, some 30,000 still kept together, occasionally cutting their way through the enemy. Having reached the Loire, they moved from one point to another attempting to cross, the foe still in their wake. A rumor having gone abroad that the fugitives would be allowed to disperse and go where they pleased without passports, many believing, laid down their arms and were cut down right and left. Discouraged and broken-hearted, these deluded ones were slaughtered like

noxious beasts; men, women and children could be seen in heaps, the republican commanders superintending the butchery, some eighteen thousand having been slaughtered. On December 12th the poor remnant was defeated by Marceau, surely no great exploit. The army now reduced to about ten thousand still faced to south.

A rumor was again spread of an amnesty having been offered, on the strength of which they entered Nantes to become the victims of the more than infamous Carrier; a few escaped by hiding to be afterwards discovered and shot. A remnant succeeded in crossing the Loire and reaching Vendee, a motly crowd wearing whatever would cover their nakedness. The uniform of one was a couple of petticoats, one tied round his neck, the other round his waist. Another sported a lawyer's gown, with a nightcap as helmet, while a third wore a Turkish dress and turban.

The few wretched fugitives were still being pursued and during a cold winter rain-storm their powerful enemies compelled them to fight; three times they threw themselves on the foe resolved to perish in a final attempt. Being in a forest, all that remained fled into places of hiding. During winter small parties were from time to time found, brought to trial and shot.

The story of La Vendee rising comes to an end though the hopes of the party were by means extinct, or the attempt discontinued. The Convention at last realized that no amount of fighting, burning and massacre would extinguish the idea of monarchical rule, and conscious that the republic could afford to be generous, the remainder were allowed the freedom of citizens, the exercise of their religious views and freedom from military service.

Though the terms were accepted, the habit of revolt was too strong to be at once laid aside and it required the discrimination of Hoche to reduce the west to tranquility. This was in 1795 and the surviving spirits of the Vendee insurrection were both executed at Angers in February,

1796, the others at Nantes a few days later. With the death of these leaders the war in Vendee came to an end after causing the loss of over 100,000 lives and unknown destruction of property. The above is a mere faulty outline, but may suffice for the general reader.

Much of the new settler's time was taken up in hunting his cattle owing to their propensity of staying in the woods over night, and during these rambles the fear of bears kept his locks standing on end. Here is an instance:

After sunset one evening in June a new settler went off to look for his cow which had failed to keep an appointment with its hungry calf at home, uttering wails of distress. In the thick forest the light was uncertain, and Terence had barely got beyond sight of his clearing when he heard the sound of footsteps of some animal which he judged was a bear; so Terence climbed the nearest suitable tree and settled among the thick foliage. Then he listened with both ears; the sound had ceased suddenly and he surmised the animal was waiting below till he would descend, then dress him for supper. The beating of his heart was sufficient to drown other noises. All night he listened, afraid even to breathe, fancying the hungry bear was below taking stock. Soon as daylight began to appear he undertook to descend; on reaching the ground he could not discover even a rabbit, but he noticed a neighbor sliding down from a tree at small distance — he made exactly the same mistake as did Terence. They both had sore limbs and stiff joints, but they laughed till their sides were the sorest part of their bodies. On relating the incident afterwards, they would finish with, "Shure we had bushels of fun from it."

THE YANKEE GALE OF 1851.

No event recorded in the history of P. E. Island approaches the Yankee Gale in destructive effect, the catastrophe being so named owing to the property and lives destroyed having mostly belonged to the States of New England. Some two generations have passed since the storm, and only a few of those now in life's whirl of activities have a correct idea of the astounding destruction. No full account has appeared in book form, and the following paper gives facts as fully as possible.

The men of New England early discovered the valuable fisheries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the industry was at its greatest expansion at time of the storm. The vessels employed were from sixty to one hundred tons, each having from ten to thirteen persons on board. There existed a rivalry among the commands with respect to appearance, and on a bright, breezy morning a score of these vessels, with white spotless sails proceeding out of some harbor, was a scene to remember. Everything on board was kept scrupulously clean, and when the crews went ashore their gentlemanly appearance gave no hint of their unsavory business. Though all were rated as fishermen, not a few were gentlemen's sons, students at college, teachers in public schools, and college professors with academic degrees, spending vacation at this health-giving work.

THE STORM.

Friday, October 3, was singularly warm and mild for the season. The sun rose in splendor, and during the forenoon was surrounded by a halo of peculiar brightness, the orb becoming obscured about mid-afternoon, when the clouds to northwest assumed an extraordinary appearance, and seamen declared they had never seen anything similar.

The sea had a strange, glassy look as if covered with oil, and before night a heavy swell came from the east which, in absence of wind, was a mystery. Distant objects looked nigh, and distant sounds were heard with amazing distinctness. Sea-birds flew over the land, uttering screams as if scudding about in a gale.

When night dropped its curtains the darkness could almost be felt, such the intensity. By seven or eight a slight air from northeast was perceptible, accompanied by very fine rain, both wind and rain steadily increasing, so that by midnight the wind had risen to a gale with a perfect downpour as company. There was no lull nor abatement during that night, the whole of Saturday and Saturday night, the climax of the storm extending from six Saturday morning till about Sunday noon, when the wind began to abate, after having continued at least forty hours. There was no means of estimating the amount of precipitation, or force of the wind, but mariners who had been many years on the ocean declared they never witnessed anything approaching the gale in force and continuance, while the rain was more like what is seen in the tropics.

THE DISASTER.

P. E. Island lies in form of a crescent, its concave side to north. On Friday, October 3, an unusual number of vessels were scattered over the bay, but no fish were caught. About four o'clock in the afternoon the fleet pointed to sea as if apprehensive of danger, but there was no wind and when wind came there was darkness and no lights to direct. Vessels that were a sufficient distance from land succeeded in rounding North Cape into safety, but the others (being caught in the bend) were perfectly helpless. One can imagine the frightful conditions—absolute darkness with a furious gale driving the doomed vessels on shore. Of the fleet that on Friday were scattered about in the offing, on Sunday not one was afloat.

Saturday, October 4, will long be remembered on the Island of Prince—what uproar, what disaster! The outlook was truly appalling — vessels by the hundred being dashed on shore, their crews in a desperate struggle with the foe of mankind. The dim morning light revealed a war of the elements and the wrecking of whatever came in their way; mountain waves rioting in maddened career, the beach a maelstrom of foam, the rain almost a deluge, the noise like a continuous peal of the most awful thunder, while the land shook with the tremendous impact, both wind and waves clapping their hands in riotous mirth at the work of destruction. Divested of mournful details the commotion was truly sublime, great rolling billows being wrecked on the strand with a crash easily heard ten miles away in the country.

It was on Saturday and the forenoon of Sunday that the destruction took place, and people on shore watched the vessels approaching their doom while powerless to give any aid. At Rustico a dismayed vessel grounded at some distance; the crew fastened lines to empty casks, which being thrown over, floated to land where the lines were fastened and four men got ashore. Shortly afterwards a tremendous wave lifted the hull bodily, driving it so near the bank that the others were saved.

Near the same place three vessels came ashore within a mile of each other with thirty-six mortal remains. Some vessels came ashore with bodies fastened in the rigging, their clothing in shreds.

At Tracadie the schooner "Fair Play" was driven ashore, minus seven men, among them the captain, his three sons and a brother-in-law. The "Franklin Dexter," of Dennis, Maine, came in with ten bodies. The vessel belonged to a Captain Wickson, his four sons and a nephew forming part of the crew. On hearing of the storm, Wickson at once came to the Island, found his way to Cavendish where the bodies had been interred, had them exhumed and placed in a large box which was put on board the "Seth

Hall," about sailing for Boston. Captain Wickson himself went by steamer, arrived home and anxiously waited for the schooner's arrival, but he waited in vain. The "Seth Hall" (named for her captain and owner) was noted all through the fleet for size and magnificence, but the cruel sea makes no distinction. Sometime after the vessel had sailed there came another storm fully as severe as the first, though very short in duration, and the splendid "Seth Hall" was never afterwards seen. There were various conjectures regarding the schooner's loss, but the great sea is mum.

Owing to extremely high tide some vessels were driven so near the bank that the crews were able to leap ashore on dry land, and where no bank intervened, small craft were driven up into meadows.

On land the damage was serious. The tide flooded areas never before seen under water; on fields where harvest had been recently gathered, waves flung their caps aloft, forgetting they were not on the ocean. Bridges and mill-dams were carried away by the score; buildings, fences and great forest trees were blown down, and for days travelling was stopped owing to wind-falls.

When the gale had abated the sight along shore was appalling, a windrow of wreckage piled indiscriminately. All except fifty vessels were broken so completely as to be indistinguishable, the number destroyed being estimated by the piles of material. With the fragments of vessels and boats were mixed every variety of gear and appliance associated with fishing, together with an immense lot of stuff one would suppose to be foreign. Besides the quantity of flour broken up and destroyed, sixty barrels remained whole, notwithstanding the battering they must have received. There were great quantities of fish loose and in barrels, trunks, clothing, books, musical instruments, wrecked chronometers, barometers, etc., etc., everything entangled with cordage and sails or partly buried in sand.

Such bodies as came ashore were generally nude, their

garments having been washed off in the terrible conflict. After the harvest of death had been gathered, rows of cadavers could be seen in contiguous barns in preparation for burial, the population of some churchyards having been increased by no less than a dozen.

Commencing at the east of P. E. Island and continuing westward to Savage Harbor, distance about forty miles, fifteen vessels were driven ashore, besides a large barque from Europe in ballast. From Savage Harbor to Richmond Bay, distance about forty miles, seventeen vessels were stranded. In Richmond Bay twenty-four vessels were driven ashore. From the latter place to North Cape, distance about forty miles, seventeen vessels went ashore.

Twenty-two vessels lost the whole or part of their crews. Here are the names of vessels from which more than six men were lost: "Fair Play," Portland, Maine, lost seven; "Traveller," Newburyport, Mass., lost eight; "Statesman," Newburyport, Mass., lost ten; "American," Lubec, Maine, lost nine; "Franklin Dexter," Dennis, Maine, lost ten; "Balena," Portsmouth, N. H., lost ten; "Skip Jack," came in with twelve bodies; "Flirt," Gloucester, Mass., lost thirteen; "Mary Moulton," Castine, Maine, lost fourteen; "Brothers," St. Andrew, N. B., all on board lost; "Mary," St. Andrew, N. B., all on board lost; American schooner wrecked off Brackley Point, all on board lost; British vessel wrecked off Rustico, four bodies in cabin and six in fo'castle; British vessel laden with merchandise wrecked, all hands lost; two vessels foundered off Stanhope, crews of both lost; brigantine wrecked on North Cape, all on board lost. Besides the foregoing seven bodies were washed ashore some weeks after the storm.

It was estimated that the gale in question made eighty-three widows and left fatherless three hundred children.

OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

Of numerous towns along the shores of New England supported by fishing, the most considerable by far is the

city of Gloucester, lying some thirty miles north-east of Boston. On learning of the storm and its direful effects the owners of fishing vessels sent a number of trustworthy men to investigate and report on the loss. After a long and exhaustive inquiry this delegation concluded that of vessels hailing from Gloucester nineteen were lost or destroyed. The whole number stranded on the shores of P. E. Island they estimated at seventy-four, and the number of lives lost at one hundred and sixty. The quantity of wreckage along the shore they considered sufficient proof that some vessels had gone down with all they contained, but as to the number there was no certain clue on which to base a conjecture.

The beach for over one hundred miles was strewn with miscellaneous stuff, and a proclamation was issued to those employed in the revenue, as well as to magistrates, to exert themselves for the preservation of property cast on the shore and for its restoration to whom it belonged. But no such order was necessary, for immediately after the storm the inhabitants were out on the beach, not for the object of plunder but to render any assistance they could possibly give. They prepared lifeless bodies for burial, supplied the coffins and administered the last mournful rites that humanity owes to its kind. They opened their doors to the needy, fed and clothed the destitute, in short did all that kindness could suggest to relieve the unfortunates cast on their shore. These kindly acts were not done for people failing in gratitude, as for weeks the press of New England teemed with the strongest expressions of thankfulness, and the following communication which appeared in the "Royal Gazette," breathes the same spirit:

"ED. ROYAL GAZETTE, CHARLOTTETOWN.

SIR:—Allow the undersigned in behalf of his fellow sufferers to express their hearty thanks for the kindness, sympathy and assistance received from the inhabitants of Princetown Royalty, whose kindness no pecuniary reward could repay, and to whom we shall ever feel under the greatest obligations, as their hospitality was extended in such a way

as to cause us to feel we were really among friends who exercised Christian virtues that would put to shame many of our own countrymen, or at least many sailing under the American flag.

We sincerely hope that any Americans who see this will remember that in October, 1851, three hundred men from American vessels were cast ashore in Richmond Bay, all of whom received every attention that could possibly be rendered them had they been wrecked within sight of their own dwellings. It is due the inhabitants that we make this acknowledgement of their kindness.

CHARLES L. WILLIAMS,
Master of Schooner "Belle."

October, 1851.

Previous to the storm in question the fishermen at times prosecuted their calling on each day of the week, and some expressed an opinion that the gale was sent as punishment for violating the scripture command — "Keep the Sabbath day holy." As to the correctness of that theory the writer has no opinion to give.

In 1867, while the noted divine, Dr. Norman McLeod, was pastor of Barony Church, Glasgow, he decided to visit the East. One day an aged woman of his congregation called and remarked:

"I hear ye are aboot visiting the lands of the Beeble."

"Yes my good woman, that's my present intention."

"Be sure then and tell my son John, who I'm told is skipperin wi' the Turks, to write me, for he hasna written for years."

"I certainly shall, if we meet," replied the Doctor, ready to explode with suppressed fun at the woman's simplicity.

The Doctor had almost finished his memorable outing, and was on board a steamer plowing along the Dardenelles, when a large ship under full sail was seen some distance ahead. On coming abreast of the ship, all were admiring the stalwart form of her captain, his uniform glittering with gold lace and spy glass under left arm. Not till then

did the Doctor think of his promise to the woman in Glasgow and placing his open hand to his face, he shouted:

"Is your name John McPherson?"

"It is indeed," came the reply.

"From Glasgow?"

"Yes, frae Glesco."

"Then write your mother,—do it now!"

The steamer's greater speed prevented more words and doubtless the gallant captain wrote as directed.

On a certain moist evening in November a party of neighbors were sitting round the ingle of an alehouse in Scotland imbibing an occasional dram to bring out "the glad." It has been remarked that the more spirits Scottish people imbibe the more spiritual they become in their talk. Accordingly a discussion arose on some point of doctrine, and as the debaters warmed to the subject, several would be speaking at once, their voices unpleasantly loud.

A shepherd dog was lying in front of the fire, his master sitting quietly by. The dog, seemingly desirous of taking part in the discussion, rose on his elbow and uttered an occasional growl, followed by undertone barking. At length Coolie stood up boldly and barked at his best, whereupon his owner applied a moderate kick to the animal, accompanied with the stinging remark, "Be quiet, you foolish beast and lie down, for you are as ignorant of the subject as the rest of them." This remark broke up the meeting.

A NOBLE YOUTH'S ERRATIC CAREER.

The name of Gordon is among the most ancient and illustrious in the annals of Scotland. Passing over the fanciful origin attributed to that distinguished family and the equally fanciful contention that they flourished as far back as the Cæsars, there seems to be no doubt that the Gordons had a habitation and name in Scotland as early as the twelfth century after Christ.

Catherine Gordon of Gight was the mother of Lord Byron, while Lady Catherine Gordon of Huntley was ancestress of the last king of Poland. Even had the family been of less note the illustrious career of the immortal General Gordon who, a few years ago perished at Khartoum, would go far to distinguish the name.

The first of any note to whom history refers with assurance was Adam de Gordon who joined the crusade of Louis IX and died during the expedition in 1270. Skipping a generation, we find his grandson, Sir Adam Gordon, among the notable men of his day; at first in the service of Edward, he afterwards joined Bruce at the death of Baliol in 1314. For some distinguished service to the state, he was awarded a grant of land in Aberdeenshire, whence came the title, "Earl Aberdeen."

The present title was created in 1682, the first Earl being Lord High Chancellor of Scotland; at a later date the title was further ennobled by the addition of "Viscount," which gave the right to a seat with the peers. The family seems to have been distinguished for high moral excellence and was most scrupulous in all obligations.

Coming down to a recent date in their history, George Hamilton Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen (born in 1784) was entrusted with several foreign embassies and was leader of the British government during the critical times of the Crimean war. Dying near the close of 1860, he left three

sons and two daughters. The eldest son, bearing the same name as his father, with the title "Lord Haddo, fifth Earl of Aberdeen," on coming of age in 1863, he possessed one of the finest estates and proudest titles in Scotland with revenues estimated at a quarter million dollars a year.

The youth was singularly fortunate with regard to his family; all legal proceedings that insured the entail were amicably settled, there was no shade of discontent or whisper of jealousy when he succeeded to the paternal estates. The family was bound together by strong ties of affection and his accession caused no change in their relations except in his being recognized as head of the house. With youth, wealth and titles, the future to the young Earl must have seemed very bright.

Possessed of strong will and great force of character, George Hamilton Gordon, evidently without consulting his family, decided to adopt a life on the sea. A commission in the navy would suggest itself and could be easily procured, but the young Earl was bent on going through the hardest kind of experience and so preferred an ordinary vessel; others might desire to enter the cabin, he was bound to go through the hawse.

Early in the spring of 1866, the young nobleman left the ancestral home in the far north of Scotland with the intention of making a trip to America; if his family had any hint of his movements, he certainly did not let them know the particulars.

After spending some time among the shipping at Liverpool, he engaged a passage at twelve pounds sterling in the good ship "Pomona," bound for St. John in New Brunswick, giving his name as "George Anderson" from Huntly. The ship's sailmaker who saw a good deal of him on the passage, described the Earl as a tall, fair-complexioned youth, bearing the impress of a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Gordon was the only passenger on the "Pomona" and he was not long at sea ere his nautical instincts began to

appear. When the wind blew the fiercest, "Anderson" was on deck taking a hand at anything that required doing; were a sail to be taken in or reefed, he was always in the forefront of danger, pulled with the rest when such was required and lay on the yard with the most experienced and boldest. When the pumps required to be used, he seemed proof against fatigue, wet or cold, standing at the brakes for hours in water and slush.

The passage of the "Pomona" was unusually boisterous, and during a gale five men were thrown from a yard; one of them, going overboard, was lost. Of those who fell on the deck, one had a limb broken, and while the sufferer was lying in his berth during convalescence "Anderson" would sit by for hours trying to entertain him by conversation and reading.

So anxious and ready to learn was the Earl that before reaching Saint John he was able to take a hand with the best, and it was nothing unusual to see him sitting on deck, stroping a block or splicing a rope with the skill of a mariner. His was the case of a person taking up an occupation by instinct, or rather for love of it.

On the first Sunday in April, 1866, the "Pomona" arrived at Saint John. At that time Arthur Hamilton Gordon, the Earl's uncle, was Lieutenant-Governor of province New Brunswick. Having learned of his nephew's departure from Liverpool, he left instructions to have the Earl sent to Fredericton on arrival of the ship, this duty being assigned to Captain Firth, who boarded the vessel immediately on coming to anchor. Meeting Captain Jones of the "Pomona," Firth asked if Earl Aberdeen were on board.

"No such person on my ship, I assure you," replied Captain Jones.

"That is exceedingly strange," said Firth, "for this is the vessel on which he took passage from Liverpool."

"There is on board a passenger who signed his name

"Anderson," and if you wish I shall call him," replied Captain Jones.

At this instant "Anderson" was fleeting a chain over the windlass, the ship straining it taut as she hawsed with the tide.

"Anderson, Anderson!" the word was passed along, and the passenger-sailor looked up.

"Aye, aye!" came the reply, in true seaman fashion.

"A gentleman aft wishes to see you."

"Aye, aye! soon as this chain is fleeted."

"Never mind the chain, lay aft!"

On meeting "Anderson," Captain Firth said, "I presume, sir, that I am addressing the Earl of Aberdeen — am I right?"

"Yes, sir," was the modest reply, "but I wished to conceal my rank and identity while remaining on board."

"I am instructed to have your Excellency taken on shore and conveyed to the Governor's residence at Fredericton," added Firth.

The Earl assented, though it was easily seen he did so with reluctance. On coming ashore he went with Captain Firth to Stubb's hotel at Saint John till the following day and then proceeded to Fredericton.

What passed between the Earl and his uncle during his stay at the capital is unknown at least to the writer; he may have given a promise to abandon the sea and return to his people after spending some time in America. But that is all conjecture, and on the 17th of April he arrived at Boston, putting up at the Revere House and registering as "Earl Aberdeen."

Nothing happened in Boston of which there is any account, and on May 2nd he left for New York and returned on May 26th. He now ignored his real name completely, also avoided hotels and lodged in humble quarters more in keeping with his assumed character of sailor.

About this time he wrote his uncle at Fredericton

announcing his intention to sail for Buenos Ayres very shortly; whether this was a ruse, or whether he was disappointed in making the trip is unknown, but it is certain he did not make the voyage of which he had notified his uncle.

Two days after his return from New York he shipped as an ordinary seaman on the barque "James M. Churchill," of Saint Andrews, New Brunswick, bound from Boston to Cardenas in Cuba. The British vice-consul at Boston noticed that the Earl was no ordinary seaman and when signing the ship's articles he questioned him if he knew the nature of the agreement he had signed.

"Oh, yes, sir," he replied, "I understand it perfectly."

During all this time, that is since leaving home in February or March, the Earl was in frequent correspondence with his mother and friends in Scotland, sending them affectionate letters with minute description of the places he had visited; at the same time he was careful to conceal his mode of travelling, as well as the life he had chosen. This latter they learned from his uncle at Fredericton who was entreated by them to win if possible, the youth from his erratic career.

The uncle did not fail to carry out their request to the utmost; agents and detectives were employed, furnished with a minute description of Lord Haddo's appearance. The youth was said to be of a thoughtful, reserved cast of countenance, six feet two inches in height, strong, robust and about twenty-one years of age, though in reality he was at least twenty-four. By these means his relatives learned that he had not sailed for Buenos Ayres, but had shipped to Cardenas on the "James M. Churchill."

Whether he made the latter trip or not is uncertain, though it is presumed that he did and returned in her to Nova Scotia afterwards. He had been traced on several voyages along the coast of Nova Scotia to the Gulf of Mexico and to the West Indies, besides being at one time employed for several months as shipping clerk at Pensacola,

Florida. During all this time he went by the name of George Henry Osborne, hailing from Boston.

The Earl was an exemplary youth whether at sea or on shore; while sharing the forecastle with the men he was scrupulous and exact in performing the duties of his rough situation, shrinking from neither danger nor toil. He avoided the use of tobacco in its every form and was careful to shun the evil influences too often associated with a life on the sea. He was never known to indulge in profanity. Agreeable and pleasant with his shipmates, he steadily aimed at improving their morals. He was accustomed to read the Bible aloud in the forecastle, and even talk to the crew as if he were a missionary.

The Earl was most diligent in acquiring a knowledge of his chosen profession, and with so much success that in February, 1867, he was awarded a mate's certificate by the "American Shipmasters' Association" in New York, giving his name as George Henry Osborne and his residence Boston.

It is not attempted to trace the young nobelman's career while following the water. The sea was truly his element and he was unhappy whenever circumstances compelled him to "cast anchor" on shore.

In April, 1868, he was mate of the schooner "July Fourth," hailing from Bangor in Maine and engaged in coasting. On the following November he was master of the schooner "Walton," of Richmond, Maine. He now applied for a captain's certificate, which was granted on his passing the requisite examination.

On January 1, 1870, the Earl shipped as mate in the three-masted schooner "Hebra," bound from Boston to Melbourne, Australia; he shipped at the earnest solicitation of her master, who had conceived a peculiar liking for him and so offered liberal terms.

When four days on the voyage the "Hebra" encountered a violent gale, making it necessary to close-reef the whole of her canvas; in the haste of executing this order

the main-jib down-haul became fouled and the mate sprang forward to clear it. While running out on the bowsprit the vessel gave a violent lurch, at the same instant running her head into a tremendous sea which rushed aft in a deluge.

On the water clearing away and the ship gaining an upright position, the mate could nowhere be seen; it was impossible to bring the vessel about, to haul her up in the wind or indeed do anything to save the unfortunate youth, who was never afterwards seen. One cannot repress an exclamation of sorrow at the tragic death of one so young, heroic and noble — noble in a sense independent of titles and stars.

During his sea-faring life the Earl had laid by considerable money which, at the time of his death, was deposited in savings-banks at New York and Boston; with abundant wealth at command, still he appears to have determined on buying a ship with his own individual earnings and sailing home as her captain.

* * * * *

Meanwhile the absence of letters from the missing Earl caused anxious solicitude to his family, who were at that time in grievous affliction over the loss of the second son who had died after the eldest had left. Detectives were everywhere sent with instructions to spare neither effort nor means in their search for the lost one, but not till the "Hebra" had sailed and consequently too late, were they sure of his movements.

In order to be certain that the object of their pursuit was really the lost Earl, a detective was sent to Richmond in Maine, where a photograph of him was recovered which he had given to a young lady of respectability and worth, whose acquaintance the missing youth had accidentally formed. On learning of her friend's station in life the lady frankly admitted that they were only mere friends, with no thought on her part, at least, that their relations would ever be different. The photograph was at once recognized,

and if there had been previous doubts, it was now manifest that the "Hebra's" mate was none other than George Hamilton Gordon.

The second son being dead, John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, youngest of the three brothers, now became Fifth Earl of Aberdeen and heir to the estates which, during the absence of the eldest son, had accumulated considerably. It was to clothe the youngest son with his legitimate honors that a searching inquiry by the Court of Chancery was undertaken and with final success; thus a tender mother's longings were merged into grief over news, more like the dream of a novelist than of facts undisguised.

Perhaps the whole range of history does not contain another instance of a person so near the charmed limit of royalty, possessing everything calculated to make life desirable and pleasant, choosing the humble, slavish career of a mariner in front of the mast.

THE EVENTFUL LIFE OF ISABEL ROBINS

AS IF TOLD BY HERSELF.

When, in 1783, the war of American Independence came to a close, persons who had remained loyal to Britain were given free lands in Canada; but the country being in a wilderness state they endured many hardships, the more keenly felt from their having left homes of comfort behind. The Loyalists found in this province at least neither roads, schools nor churches, and for the first year or two their fare consisted of potatoes and the universal condiment, salt. But my theme is Isabel Robins and the narrative is given as if related by herself when dozing away life's afternoon in comparative comfort. She died in 1851, after having passed considerably beyond fourscore. The tale runs as follows:

I was born in the state of New Jersey (then a British province) in 1768; my ancestors were English and had come to America at least one hundred years previous to that date. My father owned a farm near the town of Amboy, kept a number of slaves and was in comfortable circumstances. I was eight years of age when the revolutionary war started, and my earliest recollection is of violent discussions concerning the Stamp Act, taxation and other matters beyond my slim comprehension.

Father remained loyal to Britain, was in the army, and so we were by the rebels considered not fit to live; but it would be useless to attempt giving an idea of the miseries occasioned by that unfortunate war which in many instances turned friends and relatives into bitterest foes. Often a crowd of wild, unruly fellows would walk into our house and with the greatest assurance order us to prepare dinner in double-quick time, and, after eating, they would carry away whatever they liked best on the premises.

I remember one day in autumn when five or six rebels

came into a field where my brother Ben was ploughing with a pair of magnificent horses which he prized very much; they at once ordered him to unhitch and give the animals up without any resistance. Ben (a big resolute fellow), straightened himself to his largest proportions, looked at the rebels defiantly and said that the horses would only be taken over his dead body; so after exchanging complimentary names the party drove off.

One may fancy what our beautiful home looked like when the seven years strife had come to an end. Mother died while the war was in progress; Ben went off to Kentucky, then a wilderness inhabited only by beasts; we had to quit our dear home and give up all we possessed.

My father, learning that Loyalists got free land in the Isle of Saint John (now Prince Edward Island) set out in the spring of 1783; there being no regular communication, we heard nothing till late in the fall when a letter came, stating that he had selected a place on the Island and had done some work on it. He advised John to take me with him and start early in spring. John was twenty-two years of age, had been in the militia and was therefore entitled to draw land for himself.

In April, 1784, my brother and I took passage in a vessel from New York; coming from New Jersey in those days was a more serious undertaking than coming from Australia now. The passage was slow and we were detained for two weeks at Passamaquoddy in New Brunswick, a delay that seemed almost like years. We finally sailed, and being driven by a soft, gentle breeze, with land always in sight, the trip was delightful.

After probably two weeks from leaving New Brunswick, coming on deck one morning I was told the land ahead of the vessel was the Isle of Saint John which was to be my home for the future. How lovely it looked on that bright June morning, a mass of green foliage, the trees growing out to the water; we were passing so near the shore that I could hear birds singing, their songs borne on the breeze.

At length the vessel entered Bedeque harbor for which we were bound; on our right were the clean reddish banks, often hid behind foliage. The day was particularly fine, the surroundings were beautiful and the scene impressed itself on my memory. After sailing up an estuary for two or three miles we noticed a small clearing ahead of the vessel; father in his letter described the place so minutely that we recognized it at once. My feelings were worked up at that moment in a manner that I will not attempt to describe; our family was scattered, my best friend was no more; I was far from the home of my childhood; father, I had not seen for a year and my whole being yearned to throw myself in his arms.

How slowly the craft moved, would it ever reach shore? John and I stood eagerly watching every object in sight. We now saw a boat with two men putting out from the land; After scanning it carefully, John turned suddenly round and in a voice full of confidence said, "I believe one of these men must be father — the one to the right." After careful inspection I, too, thought the same, my judgment doubtless influenced by the wish. The rowers were in their shirt sleeves and their backs toward us; when they were pretty near, John said with confidence, "Yes, Bel, that's father sure."

How violently my heart beat at that moment and how eagerly I watched — my feelings were never so strained. When the boat was within hailing distance, John shouted, "Do you know one Richard Robins in this part of the world?" (This was said as a pleasantry, being certain that father was one of the men). The rowers appeared startled; turning partly around and exchanging significant looks, one of them replied in sad, mournful tones, "Yes,—we—do—but,—alas—he—is—dead."

I was stunned and fell to the deck as if struck by a maul; everything seemed whirling round in a circle, the lovely, clear day seemed darkened and my first thought was that I could not possibly live. Our feelings of joy cannot

be expressed in words, neither can our feelings of sorrow; the bitterness condensed into these moments of woe is beyond words to explain.

I remember nothing about getting ashore, my first clear impression is that of finding myself in a small log cabin and of John telling me that it had been put up by my father and that he had lived in it. There was a fireplace, a rude bed and a trunk; this I opened, seized a coat which I knew to have been father's, threw myself on the bed, buried my face in the garment and like a child, cried myself fast asleep. My brother was considerate enough not to disturb me, and when I awoke the sun had finished his race for the day.

The bitterness of the weeks and months that followed I attempt not to describe; household cares to some extent absorbed my attention and each passing day lessened the pain. Father was buried in a lovely spot under a wide-spreading tree at the shore, and during those disconsolate days I often covered the grave with wild flowers and passed long afternoons there at sewing or knitting. Nature, unmarred by the settler's fire and axe, was exceedingly beautiful; wide-spreading trees faithfully mirrored in the water, a charming scene to which the eve and morning song of birds added music.

The whole place was a forest with an occasional clearing and a small rustic home; distance among the trees seemed many times what it was in reality and people were continually getting lost in the wood; scarcely a week passed in summer but the dismal sound of horn-blowing told that someone had strayed.

Bears were a source of continual dread, though they rarely attacked men; they were so numerous that extreme watchfulness was required to preserve sheep or hogs from their claws. They would place their feet on the banking and look in through the window; but as the forest was cleared they gradually vanished.

Our neighbors were few and far distant, but as time

sped along acquaintances were formed and friendly visits exchanged. In course of time a young man in the neighborhood began paying attention to the slim Yankee girl from New Jersey, and passing over sly interviews, moonlight walks by the shore and other stages of courtship which I reckon are pretty much alike in all lands, in all ages, I was married just four years after our arrival, and when I had barely reached twenty.

My brother John being now left alone, was married a little while after, as my place must be filled. Poor fellow, he didn't live to be forty, while I am more than twice that age, relating hardships connected with my early life in the woods; but perhaps if the sum total of happiness in life's various positions were accurately known there would be small difference between a life spent in palace or cot.

* * * * *

The reader who has perused the above sketch of Isabel Robins will doubtless wish to ascertain what caused the death of that father she so tenderly loved. Here are the facts as correctly as can be ascertained from tradition:

Sometime in February, 1784, Richard Robins and three neighbors set out for Charlottetown in quest of supplies; there being no roads they had to follow the ice on Northumberland Strait, the distance being perhaps fifty miles. On the homeward journey a wild snowstorm came up which, after continuing a considerable time, changed to frozen rain, giving everything exposed a hard shell of ice. Hour after hour they continued the wearisome march, the ice cutting their foot-gear, from first doubtless poor; between cold, hunger and fatigue their sufferings were truly excessive, a case where human endurance was tried to the utmost.

About as much dead as alive they at length reached Sea Cow Head, only a few miles from their dwellings; the bank was about a dozen feet high and in their exhausted condition the ascent tried them severely. Robins, a large,

heavy man, was unable to climb, and his companions, however desirous, were unable to lend him assistance, so he crawled into a cave in the bank till someone should come to his rescue.

The conditions were altogether unfortunate; it took his comrades long to get home, the only horse in the district was several miles off, and when a rescuing party arrived poor Robins was dead. He doubtless fell asleep on entering the cave and so crossed the dark valley in a state of unconsciousness. This was the sad account received by his daughter when she came, with further details which have since passed from memory. The incident is calculated to show the terrible hardships endured by early pioneers who felled the first tree, built the first humble home and raised a smoke on its hearth. They were the true heroes whose names should be honoured and to whose memory lofty shafts should be raised.

PART II.

Before man's arrival years had no effect on the look of this country; centuries ago the land was covered with forest just as when the Loyalists landed; but the white man's fire and axe soon made a change and even in one lifetime the change was considerable. Where, on entering Summerside harbour on that fine day in June, 1784, Isabel Robins saw a dense forest without a tree being felled, long before her demise she saw comfortable homes, orchards, and even a smart town keeping step with the march of improvements.

Four years after the heroine's death and going three miles east of where she landed, there could be seen a bright, cozy village with homes shaded by trees; following for one mile a road in the direction of sunrise, we arrive at a new farmhouse to right of the way. No loose ends are to be seen, everything has the appearance of thrift and prosperity.

Entering the home we find the heads of the family

some years past their prime; the husband is blunt, hospitable, trustworthy and honest, a man who seemed never to have comprehended any form of deception; the wife, several years the junior of her spouse, mild, gentle, comely and of very few words. The family consisted of ten living children, of whom four or five are grown, and at the other extreme they range down to the cot; all are bright, clever and cheerful; no dull hours and no idle hands in that household. They own a beautiful farm and as the result of honest industry are on the smooth road to wealth. In response to the reader's inquiries I may state that the father's name is Thomas Robins, the youngest son of John Robins who, with his sister, came from New Jersey as stated. These remarks are introductory to an incident I shall proceed to give in detail.

Late in the afternoon of January 16, 1855, the second eldest son living, a youth of eighteen, together with two sisters and a lady friend, drove to Summerside to visit a former neighbor who had moved into town. The distance by the road is about nine miles, by the ice, less than six; they went by the ice, but were cautioned that should the night be obscure, to return the long way. The ice was quite strong but the track had not yet been marked out by bushes; the night was cold with the wind from northeast, their course lay about east.

After spending several hours with their friends they started for home about nine; travelling along the road being extremely bad owing to scarcity of snow, and the night not very dark, they decided to return by the ice. Nearly two miles on their way a point of land juts out to their left and another on the same side further on; a quarter mile to right of the latter the ice is considered unsafe early and late in the season. This danger shunned and there was no further cause of anxiety.

When about two miles on their way snow began falling, and obscured whatever dim sight they had of land, the river or estuary being along here some two miles in

width. If possible, a horse will always swing round so as to get its back to the wind when snow or rain beats in its face, and while the party apprehended no danger, their horse (a young animal) turned imperceptibly and was facing pretty much west. At length one of the party remarked that they were a long time reaching the second point, while another observed that whereas at the outset the wind was in their faces, it was now on their backs.

Becoming uneasy the young man sprang out of the sleigh, took the horse by the bridle and started to walk; after going considerable distance the horse and sleigh with its occupants suddenly plunged into water, which could not be distinguished in the dark. The opening was a crack about a dozen feet wide at the harbor's mouth, several miles from their course and some two miles southwest of Summerside.

Besides being an excellent swimmer, young Robins was strong, athletic and fearless, or not one of the party would come living ashore. Without hesitation he plunged into the opening, found one of the sisters, placed her hands on the ice, then clambered out and pulled her out also; springing in a second time he found the other sister and pulled her out in like manner. Perceiving something dark in the water which he supposed to be the remaining girl, he sprang in a third time and seized the object which proved to be only a garment; determined if possible to save the young woman, even at the risk of his life, he continued searching round and round in the opening.

The sisters standing in the sharp, piercing wind, their garments freezing fast to their bodies, entreated their brother to come out, as the unfortunate girl would by that time be dead to a certainty. So, climbing out and taking hold of each sister by the hand they started, and seeing a light in the distance they steered that way. In a few minutes their clothes became so stiff and unyielding as to make walking next to impossible, and when they had reached about half way to the shore, the last sister to come

out fell, completely exhausted. The others implored her to make a last effort, but entreaties were vain and she had to be left.

The brother and sister kept on their way very slowly; several times the latter begged to be left as she could never reach shore, being completely exhausted. Without an atom of strength to spare they finally landed a little past midnight, a few yards to west of where Summerside wharf is at present; being unable to climb the slight bank, the sister had to wait till help came.

Supposing the opening into which they had plunged to be the dangerous spot mentioned near the beginning, the young man, on coming ashore, was completely bewildered at finding himself back in town; the light by which they were guided ashore was thought to be in some house at Bedeque.

A report of the sad affair quickly spread, and people sprang into their clothes as if to extinguish a fire; the sister was without delay brought to a house near to where stands at present Prince County Drugstore, her hands and arms considerably frozen. On her clothes being removed, it is stated they were as much as a strong man could lift with one hand, having frozen before the water had time to escape.

Shipbuilding was at that time active in Summerside and at once great numbers went off with lanterns and continued to search through the remaining part of the night, but not till daylight was the eldest sister recovered. She appeared to have fallen on her knees, then on her face and in that position was found. The other girl was found in the opening, her clothes fast to the ice and thus kept from sinking. The horse and sleigh were near by.

Alarm and anxiety prevailed at the Robins' home on that night; the parents, though ignorant of what had happened, entertained crushing fears that something was wrong. At the dim light of morn the father harnessed a horse and proceeded to Summerside, hope and fear conflicting meanwhile; when nearing his destination a crowd on the ice

drew his attention and he felt instinctively that some evil had happened. Driving in the direction of the crowd, he discovered his fears realized too well, for on a sled the icy forms of his eldest daughter and of her friend were being conveyed ashore.

I shall not attempt to describe the distress of that estimable family so sorely bereaved; even the entire community was cast down by the accident. The father lived to be eighty-six, but most of the family died comparatively young, eight of their number having passed from earth while the shadow on life's dial still pointed to west.

Many years ago a lecture was delivered before the literary society at Princetown on the subject "Man," in referring to a continual change in the human anatomy, the lecturer spoke something as follows — "Fifteen years ago I delivered a lecture from this platform, but the A. B. who now stands before you is a different person entirely; not only so, but another A. B. has come and gone in the interval." This caused a laugh which is ever agreeable to speakers. At close of the lecture (a person of necessity nameless), proposed that the lecturer be voted an honorary member according to the general rule. Another said that the lecturer was already an honorary member, having been made such when he formerly appeared on the platform. The first speaker said that according to his own declaration, the lecturer now before them was another person entirely and assuming him to be the same would be doubting his veracity and inflicting a wound on his feelings. The applause was so long continued and violent that it only subsided on the chairman (a sullen divine) losing his temper and bringing down on the platform his number twelve boot.

WINTER MAIL SERVICE.

Prince Edward Island is separated from the mainland by Northumberland Strait, 150 miles long and about seven miles wide at the narrowest. Owing to tidal currents this strait never freezes, yet winter navigation is obstructed by floating masses of ice. In 1876 a boat of 390 tons (named the "Northern Light") was specially built for the service, but after a suitable trial she was declared insufficient. Three iron steamers have been since placed on the route, giving moderate service, but those best informed declare that conditions are apt to arise which no boat can subdue.

So far as I can ascertain the earliest regular crossing began in 1828, the couriers getting \$16 per trip. At the outset the trips were only monthly, then weekly, and for many years daily when the weather allowed. The contract had been in many hands since the enterprise started, but the names of Lewis Muttart and of Philip Irving will always be associated with the work, owing to their long, faithful service. It is stated that while these men were in charge, no passenger had been injured by frost or otherwise and no letter or package was mislaid. Muttart made his last trip in the iceboats in 1897 when considerably past four-score.

A passenger has not only to walk, but also to assist in hauling the boat with its load, an arbitrary arrangement against which some are disposed to kick, but the rules are unbending. The rates are two dollars per trip for each passenger, with forty pounds baggage; anything beyond that weight is charged three cents per pound, at which rate a commercial traveller has sometimes to pay thirty dollars for conveying his samples.

Ladies and male passengers who prefer ease to money are hauled in the boats for double fare, being at the rate of

over a half-dollar per mile. When walking, passengers are attached to the boats by leather straps, which answer as traces and also are helpful should one break suddenly through.

The ice-boats belong to the federal government, are each seventeen feet long, four feet wide and shaped like a Norwegian skiff, the bow slanting upwards. A metal runner on each side of the keel enables the craft to be used as a sled; outside, the boats are all sheathed with stout tin. Since 1885 each boat carries a compass, two paddles, some food and the means of making a fire. On smooth water or glib ice a sail can be used. There must not be fewer than three boats in company.

Each boat has a crew of six men, one of them denominated the "captain;" next in rank are two "bow-men," so named from their forward position. Besides the boat captain, there is a head man or pilot whose word is law and who has charge of the fleet. Every day before starting, each of the crew is bound to obedience by his manual sign.

The entire force consists of forty-eight men, all picked for strength and endurance. The head captain or pilot receives \$75 a month; each subordinate captain gets \$55; the bow-men each receive \$50, and the rest \$45 each per month. Intoxicating drinks are not allowed while the men are on duty. Along each shore in winter there usually extends an immovable border called the board-ice; on arrival here the boats are hauled to a building where before a good fire all the equipments are made perfectly dry. When not in service the boats pass their time in this building.

Here follow the various mishaps on the route since the service was started:

MISHAP OF 1831.

About three p. m. on the 19th of March, 1831, three men with one boat and a passenger left New Bruns-

wick shore bound for Prince Edward Island and they nearly all perished. About ten p. m. they, with extreme difficulty, hauled the boat up on an ice-field and so remained all that night; to increase their misfortune the oars were carried off by a wave and could not be recovered.

The gale being from east, all night the ice on which they were stationed kept drifting westwards, so that next morning they were some thirty miles from their course. Being observed from the shore (Cape Egmont) three men at great risk went to their rescue and finally brought them to land after having been twelve hours on the ice. All were nearly dead from exposure and two were badly injured by frost. The mails did not suffer, and they were carried to Charlottetown without any delay.

MISHAP OF 1843.

In February, 1843, the couriers were equally unfortunate, and on being called to account the "captain" testified as follows: "We left Prince Edward Island shore early on February 23 with fine weather and good fields of ice. When about half way over we noticed the tide carrying us eastwards and in spite of strenuous exertions we were fast losing ground. We then headed back for the Island and proceeded well enough till reaching a section of lolly, and knowing its treacherous character we turned our boats up and got under them, there being ten persons in all. We then made a fire of spare boards, which kept us from freezing. At daylight I judged we were ten miles from land, so we got underway. It was extremely cold and we were all perishing.

"About ten, Allan's boat became disabled, and some of the men giving out, all took to my boat, leaving a trunk in the other. At two p. m. we succeeded in landing on Prince Edward Island after having been thirty-six hours in the

Strait during the most severe weather known in many winters. Except myself, all were badly frozen and some lost part of their feet."

MISHAP OF 1855.

I now come to the most painful part of the narrative, meagerness of information making the description too brief.

About nine a. m. on Saturday, March 10, 1855, one boat with four men and three passengers left New Brunswick shore for Prince Edward Island. Everything went well till they reached within a mile of their destination, but that mile being lolly, they were brought to a stand; so, moving back from the opening, they prepared to pass that night on the bay.

The frost was not extremely severe, but in the absence of shelter, a strong wind from north-west pierced them right through. Two of the passengers were young men returning from a medical college in the United States, and all know how anxious they would be to get home. Fur coats had not then come into general use, and their clothing, both inner and outer, was most inadequate for the season.

All night the ice-field on which they were, continued drifting to east; next morning they set out and with extreme difficulty arrived to within a short distance of the Island shore, to be again obstructed by lolly. They were now completely disheartened by the dreadful thought of another night on the bay, a night that must have been spent in still greater misery than the preceding. Starving, freezing and perishing, what an age the night must have seemed; would its tardy hours ever pass, would the sun ever rise? Exhausted and feeble, yet they must keep continually moving, as inaction meant death.

On Monday morning they were opposite Charlottetown (the home of the students) but a considerable distance from land. The day was clear with sharp frost and strong westerly wind; to south they could see the snow-clad hills

of Nova Scotia glistening in the sunlight and apparently some ten miles away.

To increase their distress one of the students (Haszard by name) began to give signs of derangement and could only with difficulty be induced to make the necessary exertion to keep him from freezing.

Want of food being their greatest misfortune, after much deliberation, it was decided to kill a small dog belonging to a passenger named Weir, and all except the owner partook of the animal's blood. Being now a little revived, they threw out the baggage, all except the mails (which were of considerable weight), resolving if possible to reach land before darkness set in.

Haszard soon became altogether unmanageable and could not be induced to leave the boat; the others, disregarding their own comfort, covered him with whatever clothes they could spare. Unconscious of his painful surroundings and fancying himself at home with his mother, he in loving words informed her of his studies at the medical school, then of his sufferings on the ice and seemed to be in transports of joy while on the borderland of the grave.

His utterance before long became indistinct, and seemingly without any pain his spirit took flight to regions beyond. Death could hardly be attended with circumstances more sad and pathetic; in an open boat far from land, he actually perished from hunger and cold. He was an exemplary youth, tenderly reared, and his early death was a crushing blow to his family.

After some delay the survivors set out, weak, sad and sorrowful; they exerted themselves to the utmost, but not before midnight did they reach land at Wallace, in Nova Scotia.

Leaving the student's remains and everything else in the boat, they started in search of some dwelling, through the deep snow, tumbling and falling at every few steps. Of six who left the shore, only two succeeded in reaching a house about four in the morning.

On learning their tale of misfortune the men of the house went immediately in search of the others, whom they found scattered here and there along the two miles which separated the house from the shore. Every possible kindness was shown them till they were brought back to the Island in spring. Haszard's remains were temporarily interred, to be afterwards exhumed and brought home.

Mr. Weir, the third passenger, was an elderly gentleman belonging to Portland, Maine; he lost all his fingers and both feet from the ankles, but he did not long survive the dreadful exposure of sixty-six hours on the bay.

Richard Johnson, the other student, was born at Louth, in England, near the close of 1830, and received his preliminary education at that place. In 1850 the family came to Prince Edward Island and settled in Charlottetown, where Richard resumed the study of medicine, that being the profession of his father and two eldest brothers. He was returning from the medical school at Harvard when he nearly perished on the ice as related. Always seriously disposed, he now became a clergyman of the Methodist church, in the service of which he spent many years. Later he resumed medicine and practiced with success till his death in 1903. In each situation he was deservedly loved and esteemed.

Both Johnson and the couriers were badly frozen, and their leader was severely censured for setting out on a perilous trip without the least preparation.

MISHAP OF 1885.

Almost a generation had passed since the event just related. New couriers were in charge, who seemed to ignore the possibility of an accident, who indeed appeared to consider it manly and brave to disregard such caution as common-sense would advise.

The morning of January 27 did not promise well for crossing the Strait, with the mercury at zero, snow falling

and the wind from north-east. After spending considerable time in consultation, it was at length decided to start, and about 9.30 a. m. three boats left the Island shore with a crew of fifteen men and seven passengers, twenty-two persons in all. By noon the storm had increased to a blinding drift, while the cold was severe.

In view of past records, how could sane men set out in such a fool-hardy manner — no reliable compass, no means of providing shelter and, worst of all, no vestige of food? On the whole equipments being summed up they were found to consist of two matches and two pocket compasses which, failing to agree, were in a sense worthless.

During the afternoon there was a general impression that all was not right, but each kept his thoughts to himself and the party continued to trudge on aimlessly until about sunset, when further progress was checked by a wide streak of lolly, and there being no alternative they decided to bivouac there for the night.

The outlook was exceedingly cheerless, and some of the passengers began to voice their alarm in such exclamations as, "We are lost, we are lost; we shall never reach shore." Those having greater experience tried to calm the fears of the timid, assuring them that one night could be borne without material injury and that daylight might bring some relief.

Having moved the boats back from the opening, two of them were placed gunwale to gunwale, so as to form a species of camp about a dozen feet long, four feet wide and forty inches to the highest point of the ceiling; the leeward opening constituted a door, while that to windward was barricaded with trunks, valises and mail-bags.

These preparations completed, it was decided to kindle a fire on a hearth of tin stripped from one of the boats; newspapers from the mail-bags were first drawn on for fuel, but they did not last long, and it was resolved to break up the boat which had been already unsheathed.

These boats are fastened as securely as wood can be

nailed, and to break them without tool or appliance was next to impossible; still harder to reduce were the oars, all of which were broken and burned except two for each boat. So thoroughly unprepared were the couriers that they carried not even a hatchet, which in the present emergency would be worth its avoirdupois in gold.

In building the camp, provision was made for the smoke to escape at the ridge, but the stubborn by-product refused to ascend and if the fire kept the parties from freezing, it made them virtually martyrs, for never did smoke feel so excessively pungent, so deadly to eyes, so hard to be managed.

Every now and then one would rush out into the furious gale, determined to perish by the keen lance of zero rather than be choked in a den; but in less than two minutes he was glad to return, persuaded that death by asphyxia was more easily endured than by the spear of Jack Frost.

There was just warmth enough in the cave to melt the snow driven in between the trunks and valises, so that every garment became soaking wet; thus it is questionable whether kindling the fire was not a grievous mistake.

Owing to the fire melting a hole in the ice sometime before day, the camp had to be changed, which under the circumstance was a difficult move.

To form an idea of their misery, let the reader fancy twenty-two persons (many with fur outer garments) crowded into quarters but little over a dozen feet long, about five feet in width and perhaps three feet to the apex, their clothes soaking wet, blinded with smoke, fasting for at least twenty hours, some devoutly praying or singing the hymns of Ira D. Sankey, others blaspheming and cursing — it would be difficult to mention a further element of wretchedness that could be placed on the scale.

Morning brought neither relief nor improvement; at times the sun appeared through the swift-flying snow, yet being uncertain of their location they could do nothing but wait. Their fuel was exhausted except three trunks

and a quantity of mail which they calculated would last till next morning. One of the crew became delirious, a circumstance that caused little surprise.

About three p. m. Prince Edward Island shores were discovered some distance to north at a place called Desable, the Scottish Church being the first object seen. But the news caused no excitement; apparently resigned to their fate, the parties seemed unwilling to move. Camp was finally broken and the expedition began its tardy march to the shore; the way was uneven and at times the entire party was needed to move one of the boats.

Finally the board-ice was reached, where the impedimenta were promptly abandoned; they were yet two miles from houses, and this distance tried them more than any part of the way. The snow was drifted in hard ridges crossing their path, and in their blinded condition they were stumbling and falling at every few steps. Their clothes from being wet were now stiff and unyielding, and the efforts to gain an upright position would be amusing were conditions less grave.

Even after reaching the shore there was a further obstruction; a wide swamp had to be crossed, where (sheltered by tall rushes) the depth of snow was enormous, and the weakest almost succumbed. This barrier passed, they moved blindly forward, each striking out for himself.

Though the night was not dark, so blinded were they that nearness to habitations was discovered by the odor of smoke; they then shouted till persons came to their aid.

The news spread very quickly; searching parties set out through the fields and soon all were secured. One was discovered in a barn which none would think of examining; parties going along heard a noise as of dancing, to find an unfortunate, striving to blow the vital spark into flame. He lost both feet and the fingers of both hands, except the merest apology. Another was found in the

swamp standing in snow to his middle, supporting himself by a tree, and soundly asleep. He lost fingers and toes.

Before ten the waifs were all sitting in farmhouses, most of them with hands and feet in dishes of water. Of the whole number, four lost fingers and toes; six others were badly frozen but not maimed, an equal number were merely touched with frost and the rest escaped free. The boatman who had become delirious did not long survive the thirty-six hours of exposure.

After the above misadventure the government took the service in hand, and it has since been conducted on lines that offer greater security.

* * * * *

The following, though not connected with the subject treated of in the foregoing essay, is placed as a sort of addendum.

On December 21st, 1865, five men (Campbell, Henderson, Lewis, Roberts and a man, name unknown) left Cariboo, some five miles north of Pictou, in an open boat for White Sands, P. E. I., distance at least twenty miles. A person named Pardee was to have accompanied, but at the last moment he decided not to go. The meager information at hand states that the start was made during a snowstorm, while a strong tide was running contrary to their course; the small craft doubtless went to the bottom, as nothing was ever seen of it or the parties on board. Campbell is said to have belonged to Point Prim, while Roberts was formerly from England, and had done business in Charlottetown for some years; his wife (formerly a Miss Cambridge) also belonged to that city. As to the others, there is no hint as to their place of abode. By the accident it is said there were left four widows and twenty-two fatherless children.

THE FUNERAL OF NELSON.

To right of the Thames, some four miles below London Bridge, stands a great, straggling building, originally a palace in which Henry VIII lived and where Queens Elizabeth and Mary were born. Over 200 years ago the place was fitted up as home for disabled seamen and called Greenwich Hospital; latterly, the inmates having been provided for elsewhere, part of the building became a school for persons aspiring to posts in the navy; it also constitutes a museum where may be seen models of war-ships from early in the sixteenth century to the era of steel-clads in our day. Some models are a dozen feet long and ten are fully rigged; sixty-five are mere hulls and nearly one hundred are shown only in section. There are also curious things connected with the sea and shipping, among them a slab of hard stone perforated by marine insects.

The "painted hall" near the principal entrance is hung entirely with canvas representing notable sea-fights such as: "Nelson boarding the San Nicholas;" "Battle of St. Vincent;" "Battle of the Nile;" "Battle of Trafalgar;" "Bombardment of Algiers by Exmouth;" "Victory of Admiral Byng over Spanish Fleet;" "Relief of Gibraltar by Rodney;" "Hood defeating the French in 1782;" "Victory of Camperdown by Admiral Duncan;" "Death of Captain Cook;" "Bellerophon with Napoleon Bonaparte on Board."

The next room is almost entirely taken up with relics of Nelson, such as coat and cravat worn in battle of the Nile; gun, sabre and canteen presented to him by the Sultan; coat, vest, sword and watch worn at Trafalgar. The bullet which caused his death entered under the left epaulette and the left front of the linen vest is stained with his blood. The adjoining room is entirely hung with pictures of Nelson at different stages and by different artists. An

allegorical picture represents him breathing his last in the arms of a beautiful woman.

Besides the canvas mentioned, there are in the "painted hall" busts of Nelson, Duncan, Howe, St. Vincent, Sydney Smith and a large relief tablet to the memory of Sir John Franklin. At the united service museum there is a model showing positions of the various ships at a certain stage of the battle that cost Nelson his life, a sheet of glass twelve feet square representing water, the smoke from cannon represented by tufts of cotton wool; the cask with spirits in which the body of Nelson was brought home after death; cocked hat, sword and laurel wreath which lay on the coffin at time of the funeral.

At Windsor Castle, a section from the foremast of the "Victory" (pierced by a shot at Trafalgar) forms the pedestal for a bust of Nelson by the distinguished sculptor, Chantry. In the same room can be seen a bar-shot which cut down at once eight men on board the Victory.

The interior of St. Paul's Cathedral, though not so crowded with marble as Westminster Abbey, has seventy monuments, statues and mural tablets to naval and military heroes, such as: Wellington, Nelson, Duncan, Howe, Rodney, Sir John Moore, Picton, Cook, Collingwood, Lawrence, St. Vincent, General Gordon, three Napiers (admiral and two generals), John Howard, Hallam, Heber and Millman. A life size equestrian monument to the renowned Sir Ralph Abercrombie is particularly fine, erected by the British government at great cost. It represents the hero falling from his horse, a kilted Highlander rushing forward to support him.

At end of the nave is a monument to officers of the Coldstream Guards who fell in the Crimea with the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Lieut.-Col. J. Murray Cowell; Captains Lionel MacKinnon, Granville C. Elliot, M. Bouverie and Fred R. Ramsden; Lieuts. E. A. Disbrowe and G. H. Greville, who fell at Inkerman November 5, 1854. Brothers in arms, in glory and in death,

one tomb contains their ashes." Two great tablets are here inscribed with the names of forty-nine officers and four hundred men who perished off Finisterre in 1870.

The crypt under St. Paul's is of vast area, supported by pillars forty feet square. Here was placed in November, 1852, the body of Wellington, the remains enclosed in three coffins of different wood, besides one of lead, the whole placed in a tomb of porphyry about a dozen feet high and weighing seventeen tons. The funeral car is also here, rising about twenty feet and over thirty feet long, cast from cannon at cost of \$64,000.

The remains of Nelson repose in a massive tomb of black marble about the centre of the crypt, with inscription, "Horatio Viscount Nelson." At the funeral on January 9, 1806, the nation made a supreme effort to show respect to its illustrious dead. The body was taken from Whitehall where it had lain in state, the king, lord mayor, lords of the admiralty, princes, nobles, prelates, lords and commons from parliament, civic corporations and companies marched in procession through densely-packed streets, the whole train extending the length of a mile. Hardy (Nelson's post-captain) with forty-eight tars from the "Victory," surrounded the coffin, while a detachment from Abercrombie's Highlanders kept back the crowd. No sooner did minute guns from the tower (a mile off), announce that the obsequies had commenced than every armed ship in the river opened their ports and for some minutes the crash, roar and thunder, together with darkness from gunpowdersmoke, was nothing short of appalling. Inside the great temple the magnificent service of the Episcopal church was more than usually effective; music from the great organ, assisted by trained choirs, went moaning and swelling among the numerous arches of that greatest building on earth devoted to Protestant worship. When the coffin (of wood from the enemy's ship) was being lowered, bosoms heaved like a swell on the ocean and a convulsive sob rose from the thousands who filled the mag-

nificent fane. On seeing the old flag of Victory descending with the coffin, the tars made a rush forward and each secured as much as possible of a relic so dear.

Little stood between Bonaparte and universal empire except the small realm of Britain, which humanly speaking was saved by the genius of Nelson. With the French victorious at Trafalgar as at Jena and Wagram, one cares not to guess what was likely to follow. No wonder that tears of sorrow were shed while people rejoiced that the great sea-fight was won; no wonder that Nelson's obsequies were made imposing to the point of sublimity.

Several of my early years were spent in a backwoods locality; within a short distance lived a widow and her son, their home a mere shack. At length the miserable hut became uninhabitable and Ewen (that was his name) set about building another, like its predecessor, of logs. One afternoon Ewen and his mother moved into the new house and he called at our place in the evening with that important intelligence.

Owing to faulty construction, chimneys in those days occasioned much weeping, the smoke instead of ascending would go meandering over the house, and my mother inquired: "Does the chimney draw well, Ewen?" With a gush of eloquence, Ewen replied—"Ah, it draws great, but let me give you an instance: After moving in I made a big fire to give the place a good start. I left mother on her chair in the corner, then busied myself outside. Pretty soon I heard a racket and looking up, saw blazing brands flying out of the chimney, I rushed in and what do you think? there was my old mother being drawn up and nothing in sight but her feet with red stockings. I made a spring, caught her by the ankles, jerked her down, or she might have gone to the moon. I laid her on a bed—she was badly singed and speechless, but is now quite recovered. It was an exciting time, let me tell you."

Ewen could swing the long bow to some purpose.

THE MIRAMICHI FIRE.

THE GREATEST CONFLAGRATION ON RECORD.

Two generations ago the name Miramichi was of greater significance and more widely known than that of province New Brunswick of which Miramichi formed a part; it was a large area with no definite bounds, and noted a century ago for its immense forests of pine.

Miramichi River though today seldom mentioned, was at that time very important owing to the immense sections of timber lands drained by itself and its numerous tributaries, estimated at 2,000 square miles.

During winter thousands of men were employed cutting the monster pines and floating the logs down to where the river was navigable for ships by which the timber was conveyed to Britain. At what date the business started is not known to the writer, but it was prosecuted with vigor in the early years of last century, when Miramichi was the chief labor mart of British America.

In Europe a tree when felled is cut into lengths and every vestige removed, the smaller limbs and twigs being made into faggots. In America at that time, except the smooth part of the trunk, a tree was left where it fell, so that for every ship-load of timber sent abroad, probably one hundred acres of country was covered with prostrate pine trees, which being impregnated with resin were extremely inflammable. Besides these great tops, there were immense quantities of chips hewn from the timber in preparing it for the requirements of commerce; and in order to get a correct idea of the Miramichi fire the reader must keep these considerations in view.

Near the point where the Miramichi River divides into two main branches (called the northwest and southwest rivers) and at the head of ship navigation, were located the

smart town of Newcastle with over one thousand population, and a few miles below the village of Douglastown, not quite so large; while the settlements of Moorfield, Bartibog, Nappan, Black River and others formed a strip of country about one hundred miles long and about half a mile broad, having the river to south, and to north a great pine forest calculated at four at five thousand square miles.

Along the eastern part of what is now the Dominion of Canada the summer of 1825 was remarkable for drouth; during the months of June, July, August, September and into October there was clear, scorching heat; so parched did everything become that the earth cracked and in some instances its surface would burn. The grass withered, small streams went dry and even the great river shrank from its accustomed bounds.

All through September, fire was gradually working its way southwards from Bay de Chaleur, through Gloucester and Northumberland counties, but in those days fire was the pioneer's most valued auxiliary in subduing the forest, and though smoke was every day becoming more dense it caused no serious alarm. The harvest was gathered, the fall importations were in, and business of every kind was quite active.

During the first week in October the smoke was becoming uncomfortable; the sun looked like a ball of bright copper and was not seen at all in the first and last parts of the day. With everything parched to tinder, it was feared that should the fire continue moving south all would be lost, as human agency would be powerless to make any stand.

On Friday, October 7, the smoke had become almost too thick to breathe except by lowering one's face near the ground. As the day advanced the heat was becoming intense and there was a peculiar calmness, a silence that could almost be felt; at that time of year, the conditions were truly unnatural. During the afternoon a gentle breeze sprang up from the north, but instead of coolness,

it brought scorching heat which came in gusts as from an invisible furnace. The fire was evidently nearing, its noise could be heard like the muffled roar of a tempest, with now and then a dull, heavy crash as some monster tree measured its length on the ground.

By 9 o'clock p. m. the wind had increased to a gale, driving the fire with the speed of a racehorse. The noise had increased to a continuous roar as of thunder; all the northwestern sky was a lurid glare, and soon the appalling sight was visible of the whole forest to north and northwest in one continuous flame. The space between the forest and houses afforded little protection, as burning fragments shot through the air like birds on the wing and wherever these fell they started a blaze.

Though for many hours destruction was evident, yet there seems to have been no attempt made at saving property or life till the final crash came, when all made a rush pell-mell for the river as the only means of escape. Women with babies just arrived on the scene, persons decrepit with age or prostrate with sickness, were hastily conveyed to the river and submerged, while in the flight and under the strain of excitement not a few perished.

None attempted to save anything but their precious lives; even money in tills remained untouched. One man is said to have left a thousand dollars which took him years to accumulate, another declared he would have left a full peck of coined gold, so certain was he that the end of all things was at hand.

The river (here a mile wide) was lashed into fury by the gale and not a few were lost while attempting to cross it on sticks of timber and rafts hastily made. Wild beasts of the forest, seeming to forget that man was their foe, rushed into the water as the only means of escape; domestic beasts of the stall with less sense and intelligence, maddened with fear, often rushed into danger they tried to evade. Beasts fierce and tame mingled together, the common

danger making them forget their antipathies. All trembled with fear and uttered cries of distress.

Till within recent date several persons were living in and around Summerside who had passed through the terrible fire. Mr. and Mrs. George Price with their two children had retired as usual; before long the woman noticing the fire approaching, woke her husband, when each snatched up a child, wrapped in blankets, ran to the river and clambered down the bank (here seven feet high), immersed themselves in the water and so spent the night, keeping the blankets constantly wet as protection. The house and whatever they owned were swept clean away. At the first opportunity they came across to the Island where they spent the rest of their lives. One of the children was the late George M. Price, who lived east of Summerside.

By ten at night, Newcastle, Douglastown with the adjoining settlements of Moorfield, Bartibog, Nappan and Black River, together with hundreds of acres of thick heavy forest, were in a general blaze, and some are disposed to question if the world's history records any conflagration equal in terrible grandeur to the Miramichi fire seen at that time; and when the attending circumstances are called into review one does not wonder that the stoutest hearts quailed.

As an additional element in this scene of awful sublimity there followed in quick succession blinding flashes of lightning, accompanied by peals of thunder so terrible as almost to shake the earth to its core. Superstitious fears added much to the distress of the unfortunates. According to an old-time belief this earth is to be consumed at some time in the future, and the opinion seems to have been prevalent that the fire in question was nothing else than the final consummation of things. Superstition has always been a foe to humanity and in this instance it rendered more dire a calamity severe enough at the best.

At Newcastle the Presbyterian church was the first structure consumed, the corner-stone of which had been

laid only a few months before. The assizes were finished on that very day and several persons had been sentenced, two or three of them to suffer the extreme penalty, one a colored woman for child murder. She afterwards perished in the tumult of trying to escape from the courthouse then in flames. As the fire approached the jail, prisoners appeared at the windows with shouts and screams for deliverance, whereupon the doors were burst open and the inmates escaped not a minute too soon.

The scene truly beggars description, half-clothed men and women screaming and shouting while fleeing for life, some seeking their own safety, others striving to rescue the helpless, whether from youth, age or infirmity. Many fled to a swamp near the town, among them several suffering from fevers, smallpox and other forms of debility.

In some instances whole families were wiped out of existence. In Newcastle a family of twelve, named Corbet, met death by the flames; in Douglastown a family of nine, named Lyons, met a similar fate, all except a youth in the employ of Gilmour & Rankin. In the settlement of Bartibog, a family of nine perished except one. Among the drowned were an entire family, husband, wife and several children. In Newcastle, of 240 buildings, only a dozen escaped. At Douglastown there escaped six; another account says that all went up except one in which lay a corpse waiting for burial.

Along the Miramichi River and its branches the forest and farms for one hundred miles were swept clean away; and from 4,000 to 5,000 square miles of valuable forest were licked up by the flames, its timber all burnt or made useless. Of the settled parts, computed at 400 square miles, all was changed to black desolation. From Newcastle the fire extended in a southeast direction for about ninety miles to Fredericton where many buildings were burnt.

Before morning a deluge of rain extinguished the fire, and the dim, doubtful daylight of October 8 looked on a

desolate land, a black ruined waste. Not a breath of air moved, and a thick pall of smoke hung over the country as if the land were in morning. Throughout the burnt section, numbers were overtaken in their flight and expired where they fell. From many the flesh was entirely consumed, headless trunks, blackened skeletons, their distorted positions showing a terrible struggle with the dreaded foe of mankind. The country was strewn with the remains of animals, wild and domestic, defiling for weeks the air with vile odors.

In shallow parts of the river, whether from the water becoming heated or owing to the ashes which fell in it, on the following day numbers of bass, salmon and other fish lay dead on the shore; while several small lakes in the burnt district had their water changed to lye by the ashes.

At Newcastle there were destroyed the courthouse and jail, military barracks, the establishment of Gilmour & Rankin, and of William Abrams & Co., with a couple of ships on the stocks. A number of vessels were driven ashore and three were burnt; others were extinguished after they had sustained considerable damage. At Douglastown but little property remained after the fire.

Throughout the country everything was destroyed that would burn. The barns contained the season's crop, the warehouses and stores had their fall importations, among which were great quantities of spirits, oil, tar, resin, gunpowder and other inflammable stuff. The smoke and burnt leaves extended to Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland; cinders fell on the streets of Halifax, and at night light from the conflagration is said to have been visible at the Magdalen Islands.

From a careful statement collected and published by a relief committee it was shown that 130 persons were burnt to death, ten persons were drowned and twenty died from injuries received during the fire, in all 160. By some this estimate was considered below the actual

count. The number who lost property were given at 3,078.

The buildings burnt were classified as follows: 303 dwellings, 135 barns, 66 stables, 47 stores, 40 workshops and 4 mills. The number of domestic animals destroyed were: 41 horses, 36 oxen, 33 cows, 403 sheep, 313 pigs, besides 2,440 tons of hay and 1,130 miles of fences.

The courthouse and jail at Newcastle were valued at £3,000; Madras school at £200; ship "Canada" £3,000; ship "Concord" at £3,500; brig "Jane" at £2,500; Presbyterian Church valued at £1,086; a private hospital at £800; two vessels on the stocks at £2,500. The loss in boats, anchors, cables, sails and other shipping gear was placed at £2,000.

The loss sustained by the inhabitants was computed at £225,470, and the grand total, exclusive of timber on crown lands at £259,000. As already stated there was no estimate made of the timber destroyed, but it was doubtless immense.

The loss of barns, stock, provisions and everything on which the people had to depend was truly appalling, so near the coming of winter and without help from outside, there would have been serious distress.

Here follow the names of countries contributing:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| United States..... | \$73,890 00 |
| Province Quebec..... | 31,337 00 |
| Province New Brunswick..... | 22,587 00 |
| Great Britain..... | 22,500 00 |
| Nova Scotia..... | 14,450 00 |
| Newfoundland..... | 2,800 00 |
| Prince Edward Island..... | 680 00 |

In Newcastle one store escaped, that of William Leddin; on the following July the store was struck by lightning and consumed with a large stock of goods. After the big fire Leddin is said to have sold his goods at enormous prices,

and some were of opinion that the burning of his property by fire from the clouds was in judgment; but the writer entertains so such superstitious views.

After the fire nature began at once to cover up the deformity and many years ago the traveller would look in vain for any vestige or trace; another forest covers the ground where not under cultivation, another people inhabit the country so terribly scorched on that dismal night of October, 1825.

In 1846 there was tried in Prince County, P. E. I., a case of unusual interest. It appears that James Connors doubted the fidelity of his wife, suspecting one Mahar to be the seducer, and conditions became so extreme that the faithless one went back to her people. In process of time Mahar received a letter presumably from Mrs. C. in which she spoke of being lonesome; would Mahar visit (about dusk) a spot minutely described where he could enjoy her company. Lothairo was green enough to keep the appointment, and after placing the horse in safe quarters, he proceeded to the trysting-place, but instead of the warm embrace he expected, Jim Connors sprang up with a gun, the weapon going off and wounding Lothairo, who after a few steps was brought down by a shot from Daniel, brother of James. More scared than hurt, Mahar advanced into the jungle and there spent the night; when day appeared he found the horse lifeless and the saddle destroyed. Proceeding homewards, wounded and sore, he sought legal advice, had the brothers brought to trial, when they were found guilty of gunning with intention to kill and sentence two years imprisonment. The trial lasted three days and caused much excitement. The seducer should get "cat with nine tails."

CRUISE OF THE FANNY.

Never was the human family more effectually stirred than by the discovery of gold in California in 1848; from all parts people swarmed to the western shore of America with the same object in view — the acquisition of gold. Those first on the ground had extraordinary success and the news of “big finds” and “large nuggets” set the world almost crazy.

One infected with gold-fever had his choice of three routes to reach the base of supply: round Cape Horn requiring six to eight months; across the isthmus of Panama, requiring two months, and across the continent by “prairie schooner,” taking an indefinite time. Most of those who tried the latter route seem to have perished and the following tale may be taken as sample:—

One day a group of miners in the gold-fields espied coming toward them a woe-begone haggard creature who had in former times been a man, staggering from weakness and falling over any small obstacle. On arriving where the diggers were working, he threw himself on the ground and indicated by signs that he was perishing with hunger; food was supplied, and after he had eaten and rested he gave the following tale:—

Living on a farm in New England, he decided in an evil hour to go west; he sold whatever on the place that would sell, provided the customary rig for the journey and taking his wife and three children, together with food, clothing and whatever was considered most needful, they set out on a fine day in June with their faces to west.

While the season continued mild, the roads good and the country settled, they experienced no real discomfort, but fall and winter told a different tale — rain, sleet, snow-storms, swollen streams, want of roads, want of bridges, mountain canyons, want of food, wild beasts, in short no words can describe what they suffered.

The children died one by one, the youngest leading the

way; then his dear faithful partner succumbed to want, cold and illusage. The animals became reduced to mere shadows, and one was drowned in crossing a stream; the lumbering concern was then improvised for one beast, which before long went the way of all living. Even his true faithful dog at last perished and for a distance unknown the narrator dragged himself along as they saw him; he lost all idea of distance, of weeks and of months. At last he had reached the country of gold (accursed gold), a wreck of humanity, without desire or longing for riches; all the loved ones on whose account he had undertaken the terrible journey were scattered over the continent; his health, his manhood, his ambition, his energy gone, all he wanted now was a grave.

* * * * *

Sometime in summer of 1849 a letter came to a person in Charlottetown from California giving fabulous tales of success; the writer himself in eight days cleared \$800.00 and he urged others to set out at the earliest possible moment. The letter caused much excitement and some hardly slept — they had gold-fever in a virulent form, and something must be done to afford them relief.

A meeting was called, speeches were delivered and plans were proposed, but the question of how to reach California refused to be solved. At length James Peake, merchant, offered to sell his brig "Fanny" of two hundred tons for £4,000, equal to about \$13,000 of our money at present.

After much consultation a company of forty persons was formed, each to pay one hundred pounds currency, the sum to be forfeited in case of withdrawal. An agreement was written and signed, also rules for regulating the company, which was to remain intact for three years.

The vessel was purchased and the work of refitting began. The freight consisted of frames for three large houses ready to be set up and materials necessary to finish

them; also scantling, lumber, brick, coal, iron, tin and the various tools required by the different mechanics on board. Five thousand feet of pine boards were laid on the quarter-deck, and a five-ton cedar boat was placed on blocks amidships, fastened so securely that it never budged during the voyage.

Supplies were put on board intended to last three years, consisting of inferior bread, beef and pork to match, potatoes, flour, and the ordinary groceries. Strange that an expedition so well equipped in other respects would go to sea minus a doctor; still they might be worse off, for they had a box of assorted medicine, some lime juices, two bottles of brandy and forceps for extracting troublesome teeth.

The outfit included harpoon, spears, shark hook, musical instruments in variety, several books, spy-glass, quadrant and barometer. Nearly every one carried some weapon in form of pistol or gun, so they were prepared for resistance in case of attack.

The last meeting previous to sailing was exceedingly boisterous, some contending that the rules for guiding the company were entirely too strict; thus even before starting a spirit of insubordination was manifest, to be fully developed later on. In making the transfer Mr. Peake gave the lads much excellent advice for their guidance which to their detriment they set completely at naught.

After the company had been formed others wished to join, but the rules were unbending; three were, however, taken as passengers, one of them named White was ill during most of the voyage and he died ere their destination was reached.

According to trades and professions the company consisted of four farmers, four carpenters, three accountants, three tanners, three joiners, three clerks, three butchers, two blacksmiths, two saddlers, two millers, two shipwrights, tinsmith, plasterer, attorney and baker. The vessel's crew were — A. C. Irving, master, Wm. Smith, 1st mate, Fred Compton, 2nd mate, five sailors and a dog.

All being ready, Monday, November 12th, 1849, was appointed for the expedition to sail. On Sunday the subject was referred to in all city pulpits, where prayers were offered in behalf of the argonauts and for the success of their mission. The day was mild, calm and delightful, almost like June, a circumstance considered by many a happy omen for the grand enterprise.

In port, the day seemed like Sunday, all the stores remained shut, business was entirely suspended, the wharves were crowded with citizens anxious to see the adventurers off and bid them goodbye. The parting hour having come, farewells were exchanged, good-luck was implored, letters were placed in the gold-seekers' hands to be read after going to sea, while persons of extra devotion breathed fervent prayers for the *Fanny* as the lines were being cast off.

The *Fanny* was towed beyond the harbor's mouth where she anchored, while several hundred citizens who had accompanied the party returned in the steamer. Tuesday was disagreeable and stormy as Monday was mild, and the landsmen were thrown on their beam ends at short notice. Instead of Monday being an omen of success, it was a mere "weather-breeder," the first three or four days being about the meanest part of the voyage.

As soon as all were able to move about with assurance, rules were laid down for dividing the duties on board; fifteen were to assist in working the vessel, to others were assigned the duty of helping the cook and carrying up coal. All did something except the attorney who preferred paying a substitute.

According to accounts, the *Fanny* was a sort of Bethel at sea; the company held divine service twice on Sundays, the exercises consisting of sermons read from a book, devotional singing and prayers by those willing to assume that part of the worship.

The voyage from the start was most uneventful; the brig was a dour, stubborn thing and progress was insuffer-

ably slow. The company, keen to reach their destination ere all the gold would be gathered, were ill at ease and felt as if every week was an age.

The weather becoming delightfully warm, an awning was put up and the company amused themselves in various ways. Dolphin were frequently caught for amusement; one day a shark was hauled on deck, dissected and cooked, but the fare was not relished. A more notable event was the shooting of an albatross with body said to be nearly the size of a sheep and nine feet spread of wing. They had the bird dressed for table and the narrator pronounced it quite good.

On reaching "the line" on December 13th Neptune was announced with a flourish of trumpets, but when about half the company had been doctored in due ancient form a sudden squall put a stay to proceedings, a circumstance which the remainder had no reason to regret, for the business was performed with so much zest and enthusiasm that one of the company was for some days ill in bed.

Christmas was the next event of importance; another shark had been taken and was being cooked for dinner. Owing doubtless to the great heat required for the monster, the galley went up in a blaze, and the cook being censured for negligence, promptly refused further service.

Birds were quite numerous, and James Pope shot a specimen which he desired to secure; a boat being refused, he jumped over, but when nearing the vessel a sudden breeze springing up, he relinquished the quarry and was assisted on board.

Shallow water extends a great distance from the shores of Brazil, and on account of not making sufficient easting the vessel came near running aground; having to put about and recross the line northwards, a whole month was thus lost. The company (most of them young and impulsive) were now fierce as caged lions; in imagination seeing others picking up gold like field rocks, one can understand their anxiety to arrive ere all the stuff had been claimed. In ill

humor from first at the slow rate of progress, they were now furious, and it is said the foremost at working up strife was for some days placed in irons.

They called at Bahia for water, but owing to prevalence of yellow fever, were soon back on board; the first mate contracted the disease, but he recovered on getting into more agreeable climate.

On approaching the danger point of the voyage, the much-dreaded "Horn," a consultation was held whether to venture through Magellan Strait or take the longer way round; the latter course being decided on, they had the usual experience of squalls, rain, hail, snowstorms and lying-to for many days at a time. Great rolling billows seemed desirous of putting the small craft out of existence, while a shift of wind threatened to dismast them. The valuable deck load was washed clean away, and after being many weeks buffeted to the extreme of endurance, the brig rounded Cape Horn in a distressed condition.

They now made a straight course for Valparaiso where the vessel remained a week for repairs. A number of the lads went ashore and some distance into the country, the greatest curiosity they saw being a ram with three horns, one of them growing from the center of its forehead. At Valparaiso, besides refitting, they secured a quantity of much needed stores.

From here to the end of the voyage the weather was delightful. While sailing along the coast of Peru they enjoyed a magnificent sight of the mountains, their white summits reminding them of the home they had left. They now crossed the equator a fourth time since their voyage began. At times when the weather was calm the party enjoyed themselves by a pull at the oars.

May 9th was memorable owing to a savage dispute about the supply of tobacco, which seems to have been dealt out from a general store; the burning question was settled by dividing the stock on hand and giving to each

his legitimate portion, let him use it in a single burnt-offering or draw the pleasure out mild.

On May 17th a large ship was seen at some distance, and being perfectly calm, several of the company took a boat and proceeded to the stranger in case fresh meat could be procured for the passenger, White, who was then very low. The ship hailed from Glasgow, now from New Zealand with sixteen passengers bound for the region of gold. On making their errand known the strangers showed very great kindness, butchered a sheep and sent the sick man a generous share. The ship had a doctor on board who visited the "Fanny," but the patient was too far gone and next day he died. About this time the brig was overtaken by a severe gale which blew one jib into shreds.

As they neared their destination the vessel became a scene of extraordinary activity; the craft was refitted and painted and the shrouds were set up. Smiths were actively at work making knives, pikes, crowbars and such tools as they thought would be needed for extracting great nuggets of gold. Others made strong canvas bags for containing the gold, whether in dust or large masses. One more methodical than the rest, made a large bag for carrying his entire treasure home to the Island and two small ones for carrying the proceeds of each day to camp in the evening; but the hopeful ones were not in California long when they would dispose of the bags and implements at very great sacrifice.

They neared San Francisco in a dense fog and when it suddenly lifted the harbor seemed a forest of masts, the number of vessels being estimated from four to five hundred, most of them stripped and forsaken, the crews having gone to the mines. The Fanny reached its destination on July 3rd, 1850, after being nearly eight months at sea. Next day the company got an insight of how Americans celebrate the date they hold dear.

On going ashore the company were fairly bewildered at the sights meeting their gaze; gambling houses the length

of whole blocks, with tables from end to end covered with treasure. The outer circle of silver dollars enclosing a circle of gold coin, which in turn encircled bags filled with gold-dust, then nuggets of various sizes, and as a centre-piece the cards by which more could be won or lost according to skill or to accident.

Moved by the sights as well as by fabulous stories, some of the party being dissatisfied at the original contract, advocated breaking up the concern. This was accordingly done, the company was dissolved in due, legal form and each was free to use his own judgment. The brig was sold at a sacrifice and her valuable cargo was disposed of very much below value. Selling the brig was most injudicious, as even for storage it would be worth more than was realized on its sale.

The company now broke into parties, some going to the mines, others taking up whatever employment offered the greatest inducement. They were not long in the country when news arrived of fabulous finds in the gold-fields of Australia and not satisfied with the California outlook, a number went away, some of whom were never afterwards heard of.

The Fanny contingent were a year too late in arriving, even wages was falling as supply approached the demand. Some three years from the start those of the company who had not died or gone to Australia returned home quietly, several of them lower in pocket than when they set sail. Even those considered successful brought home no more than moderate wages for the time they were absent.

Owing to want of sanitary regulations people were dying at San Francisco as with a virulent plague, the bodies being dumped into holes where convenient; and the reader will be pained to learn that Captain Irving became one of the victims. He was at the mines for a month, came back to San Francisco where he was seized with cholera and went off in that way.

Irving was no rough, swearing seaman, but a person of

fine sensibilities and great moral worth; he had a hard time on the voyage, in midst of an unruly crowd in perpetual mutiny. A member of the *Fanny's* crew informed the writer that during the long mutinous voyage he never heard him utter a profane or ill-tempered word.

So ended the cruise of the "*Fanny*."

When the California Company was on the eve of departure a circumstance of an interesting nature was causing a stir in a distant part of the island — here is the tale:

At the date under review a traveller from Charlottetown westwards might notice in passing Tryon a comfortable residence with orchard shutting the outbuildings from view. Of those inhabiting the rural domain the youngest daughter (named Laura) claims our attention. Now at the age most attractive, Laura was of remarkable beauty; tall, slender (indeed faultless in form), light hair, eyes of heavenly blue and a complexion to match that of a Hebe. Along with extraordinary attraction she possessed the charm of an artless country girl with the unconscious ease of one reared in a palace — bright, witty and clever, with any amount of independence and vim.

Apart from natural affection, her parents entertained for her a sort of devotion, and recognizing the danger of unusual charms, she was seldom allowed to go abroad except as the ward of some trusted duenna.

Laura had of course many admirers and when about eighteen she and Captain Irving fell madly in love; but love-making has seldom run smoothly and the case under review was not an exception. Irving was at that time master of the brig "*Fanny*," moored at Charlottetown and

getting ready for sea, but how could he proceed with the company and leave the adored one behind?

At the house where he boarded in Charlottetown there lodged two persons named McKinlay and Dean, the latter a Yankee. In conversation one evening Irving dropped a remark which indicated that he was not happy at thoughts of setting out on the voyage — being fastened on shore with fetters more enduring than steel. His companions failing to understand the allusion, Irving related the old story of Cupid with the parents objecting. After a pause Dean remarked quietly:

"My friend, your case to me does not seem at all desperate. If the girl is of age why don't you skip with her?"

"That may seem easy to one who doesn't know the conditions (replied Irving), why don't persons in jail skip as you call it?"

"Do you mean that the girl is so effectually guarded as to deprive her of liberty?" added Dean.

"I mean nothing else (replied Irving); we have been unable even to exchange a letter in months."

"That's an old cruel game (said the Yankee), but I promise to place a letter in the lady's hand before this time tomorrow or my name isn't Dean."

"It's easily observed that you're not aware of the difficulties," replied Irving.

"Difficulties arise just to be mastered, and I'll undertake to set the girl free before another week has begun, provided she's all you represent her," said Dean.

"For such qualities as make a true noble woman I place my adored one against the rest of the world!" declared Irving with becoming enthusiasm.

"I'm almost smitten by the girl's charms and excellencies already (said McKinlay), and I fear a sight of her may start complications, as the doctors say." |

"Any discrepancy of that kind can be easily settled with guns," replied Irving with a laugh.

"This business has taken such hold of me that I can't close an eye till our plans are matured," added Dean.

I'll do my part (said the other), and between us we'll see the Captain safe through."

The three now set to work; plan after plan was proposed and rejected owing to some possible flaw — they could not afford to take chances. Finally, a scheme was declared satisfactory, at least it seemed the most likely to succeed. Irving wrote to the girl an outline of the adventure proposed and all three retired.

Next morning the two men left Charlottetown, Dean in a carriage and McKinlay on horseback. Irving gave them a plan of the road, also a description of Laura's home so they would not have to inquire by the way. They drove very leisurely, being careful to have the animals arrive cool as if stepping out of a stable.

Everything went along satisfactorily; they reached Laura's home as night was approaching, represented themselves as travellers whom business called to Bedeque, but not wishing to tire the horses, they would remain for the night if they could be accommodated.

The men were well dressed, and had an air of manly politeness that could scarcely fail of winning esteem. The host consenting to the desired hospitality, the horses were put away and the guests were ushered into the mansion.

The travellers had now arrived at a stage where success was calculated to depend on the impression they would make on the family; while in the commission of a rare piece of rascality they must impress their entertainers with an idea that they were above ordinary mortals, a couple of angels travelling under wingless disguise. When the horses were being put away, Dean gave strict charge as to grooming and watering; the animals being hired, must receive careful attention, they could not speak for themselves.

During the evening the travellers were extremely sedate and had very little to say. In order to start conversation, their host referred to the California Company, now about

ready to sail, but they only remarked on the folly of a mad rush after gold, the possession of which should not be the chief aim of existence. Hinting that they were accustomed to retire early, they asked to be shown into rooms much before the usual hour.

On rising from his chair, Dean turning to Laura (Irving had described her minutely) said he would like a drink of water, and following her out to the kitchen, slipped Irving's letter of instructions into her hand — thus the initial part of the scheme was carried out according to schedule.

One room with two beds was assigned to the travellers, who no sooner alone than they began to exchange remarks on the beauty and grace of the damsel on whose account they were now on the road. On the guests leaving the family room there was no end of surmises — who could they be, what business called them to Bedeque — they appeared more like young clergymen than men of any other profession. All agreed as to their wonderful excellence, adding the phrase, "they appear too good to live."

At breakfast next morning the strangers were a trifle less demure than at night and in a vein of quiet pleasantry McKinlay twitted Dean on the selfishness of riding alone while his carriage would accommodate two. Dean replied that he would be happy to have someone as company, particularly a lady, and turning to Laura, who sat by his side, asked if she would accept a seat the rest of the way, he would guarantee her return no later than Saturday.

"You must ask mamma for that," replied the girl with a laugh. Thus they went on chaffing pleasantly, Laura pretending not to have the least inclination of leaving home, and Dean pretending to be still more indifferent.

At length one of the brothers said it would be a fine chance for her to make the trip to Bedeque which she had in view, the city carriage being more stylish and comfortable than the lumbering rigs of the country. It was finally arranged that Laura would accompany the men to Bedeque,

returning no later than Saturday, her companions saying that on no account would they travel on Sunday.

While assisting the girl to get ready, her mother advised to put a silk dress in her satchel in case she might remain over Sunday and attend church with the family where she was going to stay; this was exactly what the girl wished, and along with the dress she took other things that were quite indispensable. All being ready, the guests paid liberally for the night's entertainment, Laura entered the carriage and the party drove off, facing towards Bedeque.

Up to this point their plans materialized without flaw and all they had to apprehend was discovery, but having good horses they had little fears on that score. Before proceeding far, a road branching to right led them to the highway for Charlottetown along which they were soon careering at a brisk pace, reaching their destination long ere the sun had gone down.

The reader may form an idea of Irving's anxiety while his friends were away — would the expedition miscarry, would the scheme prove a failure? and his joy was boundless on seeing the party arrive. The bird now secured, no time must be lost — a license, a clergyman and the two are declared one next morning, Friday the ninth of November.

* * * * *

The brig was ready for sea and on Saturday, Captain Irving went on board to introduce his bride to the company, remarking that she was also to go. Some disapproval being manifested on board, in order to ascertain the general feelings a chairman was appointed and on a vote being taken as to whether the captain's wife would accompany or not, the objectors had a majority of one on their side.

This turn was quite unexpected; Irving and his bride were at once thrown from happiness down to despair — they must decide between two ugly alternatives, Irving must leave his partner ashore and take his place with the company, or else forfeit the hundred pounds he had paid

on becoming a member — the dilemma was cruel; on one hand there was the misery of a long separation, while on the other there flashed alluring visions of gold. In three years at the farthest Irving would return with sufficient treasure to make their after life happy; time flies very quickly and the separation would soon be forgot. This was how the hopeful ones reasoned, and on Monday Captain Irving bade adieu to his wife of three days and the brig "Fanny" sailed.

The reader's attention is now turned to the quiet, rural home which on Thursday the heroine left in the carriage with Dean. Previous to communication by wire, news travelled slowly, and on Saturday the girl's parents were ignorant of what had transpired, being assured that with her companions she had gone to Bedeque. On Saturday the family expected to see them return, dinner was kept waiting, but the travellers failed to appear; now the evening meal was in readiness and the family taking their places at table, when a rude, boisterous neighbor bolted into the room like a madman and in loud, startling tones exclaimed: "Did you hear the news? — Laura and Irving are married!"

There was now small inclination for eating; the mother was particularly affected and at once retired to her room to indulge in the feminine luxury of copious tears. The shock nearly killed her and she never regained former health. There is a mystery connected with the affair that refuses solution — how could the mother allow the girl to go with strangers, a treasure she had hitherto guarded as the sight of her eyes?

At the time under review a letter from California took very long on the way and not till many months after the event and more than a year from their departure did Laura receive news of poor Irving's death in a letter from one of the company. The blow struck the young widow with crushing effect and nearly deprived her of reason. For days she lay moaning piteously without sleep or refreshment.

But time is a wonderful healer; the stricken one gradually recovered and even regained some of her former vivacity. She was yet beautiful and lacked not admirers. In three years from Irving's death she became the wife of a merchant to whom she bore children. Now a second time left a widow, she again entered the married state, her husband being a mariner whom she accompanied to sea. Finally his ship went on a voyage from which it failed to return and nothing was ever heard of the vessel or the parties on board.

Never despair! when the dark cloud is low'ing, the sun, though obscured, never ceases to shine; above the black tempest his radiance is pouring while faithless and faint-hearted mortals repine. The journey of life has its lights and its shadows, and Heaven, in its wisdom, to each sends a share, though rough be the road, yet with reason to guide us, and courage to conquer, we'll never despair! Never despair! when with troubles contending, make labor and patience a sword and a shield, and win brighter laurels, with courage unbending, than ever were gained on the blood-tainted field. The oak in the tempest grows strong by resistance, the aim at the anvil gains muscular power, and firm self-reliance, that seeks no assistance, goes onward, rejoicing, through sunshine and shower; for life is a warfare, to try and to prove us, and true hearts grow stronger, by labor and care, while hope like a seraph, still whispers above us,—look upward and onward,—and never despair

THRILLING INCIDENT.

On June 2, 1816, the transport ship "Archduke Charles" sailed from Quebec for Halifax, having on board six companies of the Royal Nova Scotia regiment, consisting of eleven officers, two hundred men, together with forty-eight women and children, making with the crew, over three hundred persons in all.

The early part of the voyage was prosperous and the vessel was nearing her destination after having been ten days at sea. On the evening of June 12, a dense fog was encountered and the ship being in the track of homeward-bound West India vessels, every precaution was taken to prevent a collision. Perfect silence was observed on board in order to give greater effect to the bugle which at regular intervals was sounded instead of the steam whistle on ships of our day.

After hours of painful anxiety all who were not required on deck went below, expecting that next morning would find the "Archduke" in port; not so, however, for after midnight the vessel struck so violently that all were roused and rushed speedily on deck,— men, women and children.

Horror was depicted on every countenance on being told that the vessel was on a rock and rapidly filling. No land was in sight and even were the coast near, all was shut out by fog. The whole scene was distressing, and the stoutest heart was made sick by the terrible weeping.

The sea was continually washing the decks and made it impossible to cut away the masts or in any way to lighten the vessel; darkness rendered the situation still more alarming and every one held fast to whatever stable object was near.

Daylight revealed a rock at small distance, but the sea between it and the vessel was too boisterous for the most expert swimmer; the undertaking appeared certain death,

yet without communication with the rock all must go down. Finally a Lieut. Stewart of the Grenadiers resolved to make the attempt; while there was a possible chance in the venture, it was sure death to remain. Having fastened a cord round his body, the intrepid youth leaped into the sea and disappearing immediately, word was passed to the commander that Stewart and two men (washed off the deck) had been drowned.

Not so, however, for after considerable time Stewart was seen on the rock waving his hand by way of encouragement. Inspired by his example, a sailor swam out with a rope, and a communication having thus been established, all were transferred to the rock, though not a few perished.

But the rejoicing was short, for it was soon discovered that they had merely exchanged one form of danger for another; the transfer was only calculated to lengthen their sufferings a few hours at most, as the rock would soon be submerged. This turned their joy into grief; there was death behind and before.

Having with them the jolly-boat, it was decided to send her on a voyage of discovery; the mission was attended with the utmost danger, but the prospect of death urged them on. After an interval of painful suspense the boat reappeared and the crew reported having found at short distance a rock rising sufficiently above the water to ensure a retreat. But no time must be lost in transferring the company to rock number two.

The boat being small, carried only few at a time and notwithstanding their utmost endeavors it was soon evident that long before all could be ferried, rock number one would be under the wave. The waters were gradually rising and death seemed inevitable.

The boat was at length seen returning to make what was expected to be her last trip; as was natural, all sprang forward and placed themselves on the spot where she was expected to land with the evident intention of making a

simultaneous rush, each striving to be foremost. This was not strange; the act was only the instinct of self-preservation so strong in each bosom.

Stewart, exhausted with the effort of swimming, was still lying on the rocks. Rousing himself he went forward and represented to the men the consequence of what they were about doing; the boat was the only means of saving the whole, and by overcrowding, all would be lost. He reminded them that by adopting the profession of arms they declared themselves ready at any moment to meet death; they were British soldiers and let them not by seeming cowardice leave a blot on a name that stands for intrepidity and valor in every part of the world. As for himself, he would be the last to leave the place where they stood; under these circumstances was there a man of them who would rush forward at the risk of being branded a coward.

These words had an extraordinary effect; the men all at once seemed actuated by a sort of heroic indifference, and the boat carried away the officers, all except Stewart. But as might be expected the enthusiasm subsided with the departure of the boat; there was nothing but to await death at its slow, cruel pleasure.

Their situation was peculiarly wretched; a cold north-east wind kept them continually drenched as they huddled together for warmth. At length they were forced to stand on the highest point of the rock to keep from the waves, and in the excess of their misery all would probably welcome death as a happy release.

During the forenoon a military button was picked from a cleft in the rock, having on it the number sixty-nine, some of that regiment having been wrecked and having perished on that very rock about twenty years previous. On showing the button to Stewart, he asked the finder to conceal it from the rest, as in their woeful condition the circumstance would increase their distress.

Numb with cold and weak from want of food, each wave threatened to sweep them off to their doom; so entirely

had they given up all expectation of relief that they failed to notice till quite near, a vessel coming right in their way. As was natural they could not at first believe their own senses, the craft they considered only a phantom, the idea of being rescued seemed too good to be true.

On being convinced of the vessel's reality, there were transports of joy; they were indeed to be snatched from what seemed the very jaws of destruction and it happened this way: The boat after conveying its last freight to the larger rock, went in search of land and fell in with two small vessels; on being taken on board and communicating their misfortunes, one of the vessels proceeded to rescue those on the larger rock, while the other went in search of the Stewart contingent, though scarcely hoping to find them alive.

But to all appearance Providence had otherwise ordered, as the cold wind that so terribly distressed, saved them from a sure watery grave; for had the wind been from any other quarter, the tide would have risen and they all would be lost. It now only remains to add the survivors were soon landed at Halifax.

DIGGING FOR GOLD.

Near the close of the 17th century William Kidd sailed from England as captain of a ship (owned by a company), commissioned as privateer to assist in putting down the numerous pirates, then a great pest on the ocean. Kidd was not at sea very long ere he discovered that piracy was his proper vocation so up goes the black flag and for several years he was the vilest sinner abroad. Finally emboldened by success, he appeared in Boston, was arrested and sent to England where he was tried, condemned and executed in 1701.

In after years a foolish report became current that during his piracy, Kidd buried pots and boxes of treasure along shore in many localities, and persons with a large stock of belief began to surmise that with a mineral-rod one might become rich in a night instead of toiling for years. Dreams of finding gold became common and should the dream be repeated the "stuff" was considered sure. A singular phase of the business was that the searching must be at night and in silence.

Many years ago in Prince Edward Island, a person named Heeney in response to several dreams began digging and resolved to have the whole prize to himself instead of joining a company. In former years he had business transactions with a neighboring widow who maintained that a balance was due her. An inveterate joker, hearing the story, set out at night in white robe and in coming within hail of the digger, shouted as in a voice from the tomb that unless Heeney paid the widow's demand and gave her also a cow, he would never reach gold; the ghost then disappeared by removing a blanket. On the following day the widow was more than surprised by a visit from Heeney, who, extending his hand said: "Here, mam, is your money, and a good cow foreby: its out at the

gate." Needless to say that though Heeney dug a hole big enough for an elephant, he never reached gold.

About sixty years ago the building of wooden ships was active in Summerside, and among the employees was a person named Husket, a pronounced visionary who owned a mineral-rod and gave imagination full scope regarding Captain Kidd's gold. His mind was so absorbed in the subject that he fancied having a visit from the dead pirate who informed him that he had concealed immense wealth in that section, and if at dusk the following evening Husket would be there, he (Kidd) would point out the spot and impart the particulars.

On quitting work next day Husket set out for the indicated locality, the distance by road nearly six miles. Kidd was there exactly on time, pointed out the spot and Husket planted a stake for security. On the following night he must be there with six others, seven persons in all; no word must be spoken during the search and no light dare be used. Exactly at midnight a ship would sail into the harbor, her rigging set off with red lights and sable flag at the main; anchor would be dropped, a boat lowered in which Kidd and a dozen companions would land. When the treasure was buried a dead man was laid with the gold, and on the cash being recovered one of the seven must fall as a sacrifice. The boss then departed.

On the following evening Husket informed six men of his interview with the pirate and proposed forming a syndicate to search for the treasure. All laughed at the ridiculous story and asked if he had become entirely insane. But Husket continued so dogged and firm that finally one after another believed; so the seven formed themselves into a compact, the conditions being that Husket as promoter would get half the spoil, the other half to be divided among the rest of the company. They were of course bound to secrecy of the most valid kind.

Preparations began very briskly. A boat was procured, and with shovels, crowbar, sounding-rod (a long iron bar

with steel point) the company started about ten, the distance some two miles across the bay to southeast; the month was July, the night pleasant with moon in first quarter.

On the passage one of the concern asked if the promoter would accept one thousand pounds in hand for the amount of his venture. Husket's wrath flared up and his reply was quite savage — "Tom Hanberry, you were always a fool and your impudent question may cost you dear this very night," meaning that Tom would be sacrificed when the gold was secured. The imaginary box supposed to contain bushels of gold (always spoken of as the treasure), seemed as real to poor Husket as the pipe in his gob.

In hastily preparing for the big enterprise one item had been neglected — some means of conveying the treasure down to the boat, as (owing to its enormous weight) the box could never be carried; and the promoter was greatly annoyed at the untoward omission. But he was relieved very soon, for one of the company (a Frenchman) spoke up defiantly: "Do you tink I come on fool errand with two hand on my pocket?" at the same time holding up two canvas bags, at which display Husket was fairly delighted.

The question arose as to how the fortunate ones would stand the change from labor to opulence all in a night; they decided first to harness themselves with the best that money could buy and astonish the natives. As to future career there were various conjectures, but their keel was touching the sand and all disembarked. Before leaving the boat one was appointed timekeeper, his duty being to give a dozen taps on the crowbar exactly at twelve.

The bank at edge of the water was only a few inches high; the stake indicating the treasure was about three yards out on the shore; inside of the fence was a close thicket through which a bird could scarcely find passage.

At length the dozen taps sounded distinctly, but neither vessel nor portent appearing, Husket stood on the treasure spot, drew round him a circle nine feet in diameter,

bared his head and in loud ringing tones exclaimed: "William Kidd, I command thee in the name of Beelzebub to appear and deliver the treasure!" To this singular order no response came except a dull, dismal echo.

The ship's failure to appear was discouraging, still there was hope, and induced by signs from the leader, the shovellers began inside the ring, at first rather timidly but no trouble ensuing, they pulled off their jackets and made the dirt fly. Meanwhile Husket stood eagerly watching for the ship with sable flag at main.

When the excavation had reached the depth of some forty inches, the work was impeded by running sand that flowed back like water; here was an awkward condition, particularly as none dare advise. The mineral-rod was tried, but to no purpose, as it refused to respond. The sounding-rod was next put in motion without meeting such resistance as an iron box was calculated to give; the place was punched and prodded all round for a distance without any avail. Matters were now at a stand; the stipulations had been all carried out but no prospect of treasure. Was the box a myth, a delusion, and must they abandon the hope of securing a hoard which lately appeared within touch of their fingers. The revulsion was cruel and every countenance fell.

It was now after midnight, the moon had set and all was shrouded in gloom; the scheme surrounded by awe-inspiring conditions and placed under the ægis of the foul, wicked one, no wonder they would be easily startled. They had been reared in an age of superstition and goblins, when thrilling ghost stories were freely related and when darkness was supposed to fill the air with malevolent beings. Taking these circumstances into account, no wonder the gold hunters were terrified when a loud, raucous, blood-curdling noise began to come from the thicket as if some creature were parting with life. What could it be if not the manes of the unfortunate who was strangled when the money was hid; and in the wildest dismay they

rushed pell-mell to the boat, which with the energy of sullen despair they proceeded to haul to the tide.

One of the party did not run like the rest; if the night's mission was fruitless, he was bound to learn what caused the stampede. All the circumstances taken into account, the act showed singular bravery. Crossing the fence, he began to examine the thicket, in the darkness he could do nothing but feel, the noise all the time becoming fainter. At length his hand coming in contact with wool, he discovered that the noise came from a sheep that was being strangled by a cord round its neck and fast in the thicket. The cord was at once severed and the poor beast set free. The animal had been lord of the harem, in plain words, a ram who as punishment for violating rules must drag a block in his wake; becoming entangled in the brush, the creature was on the point of expiring.

The return trip was slow and monotonous; the hero who discovered the cause of alarm related the facts and the company resolved to keep mum, but such things do not remain long in the dark. Next day the excavation was discovered, also a number of shovels, crowbar, sounding-rod and two canvas bags. The enterprise was a glaring fiasco and the parties concerned were in no pleasant mood. They have years ago gone to the shades except he who related the incident and released the perishing sheep.

For a young man an established reputation for truth, honor and honesty is a veritable fortune; like an education, money can't buy it. Truth, truth above everything; it is more valuable than precious stones.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF DAVID POWER.

Among the numerous immigrants to Prince Edward Island in the early days of last century was one David Power, who with his wife and several children arrived in 1827. As frequently happened owing to shortness of funds, the two eldest boys were left; one of them followed within two years, the other never came to America.

Davie, as the hero was familiarly called, was in the vigor of manhood when introduced to the reader, and with a family partly grown and others yearly advancing he was in excellent condition to commence life in the wilds. A brother-in-law (named Long) who had preceeded him, was settled in Prince County and on Davie's arrival he took a farm near his relative, began building a cabin and before the advent of winter, had a house of his own. It was small, but it constituted a home and what more is a palace.

Though poor in material wealth, Davie Power was a king among men. With a full share of Celtic impulsiveness, love to his fellowman appeared to be the strongest spring of his nature and he never seemed so much in his element as when performing unsolicited kindness. He was also honest and fair in his dealings, qualities that could not fail in winning esteem. Industrious, careful and sober, his comforts increased as time slid along.

The first noted incident of Davie's career in America happened this way: Very early one morning in November the family were aroused by a distressing wail from the pig-pen; on rushing out to learn the cause of alarm what did they see but a bear carrying off a half-grown porker, a plump, fair boneen, the captive making the place fairly shiver with protestations against the manifest wrong.

Davie rushed into the cabin, seized a large, heavy rug brought from Ireland, ordered his son Patrick to follow

and both made after the thief. Though Davie had never seen a bear in his life, yet from frequent descriptions there was not the least doubt as to the kind of animal that formed the object of chase; at any rate the beast was a wrong-doer and should be accordingly dealt with.

The bear made a bee-line towards the forest (not far off at that time), but his course was intercepted by a fence that bounded the clearing; this barrier scaled and the beast would be in his own native wilds.

A hungry bear will make a desperate fight before surrendering its booty, when the prey is a fat, juicy pig; and the animal finding it impossible to leap over the fence, was struggling to push his way through, and the pig suffering severely, gave voice enough for a score.

In this way the thief failed to notice the nearness of its pursuers, till like a flash, Davie (a large powerful man) threw the rug over both bear and pig and held on with the grip of a giant, while at the same instant Pat dealt the marauder a terrible blow with his cudgel which evidently stunned him, for the pig getting clear, trotted off homewards, complaining bitterly but in a voice soft and low.

Pat, encouraged by his father, rained furious blows that nothing living could stand, and the rug being cautiously removed, the beast was found to be lifeless. But the exploit was merely an accident, a case where the unlikely occurred; for no one well informed would make such a foolhardy attempt, as nineteen times in twenty the gentleman in the coffin would not be the bear.

Before the fight had proceeded far the family were standing round as interested spectators; near neighbors too came to see what had occasioned the racket, and after a due amount of rejoicing and congratulations, there was a triumphal procession, the central figures being Davie and the bold, lifeless thief.

Before night the heroic deed was known far and near, the marvels of the exploit increasing in the ratio of distance. The event did not soon pass from memory, but for many

years supplied stories during long winter nights. At that time government gave a bounty of ten shillings for the nose of each bear and money secured in that heroic manner was deemed worth many times an equal amount secured the slow paths of toil.

The next incident in the life of this worthy family was not of so joyful a nature. Tim, the son who had arrived after the others, disliking the appearance of things at home, did not remain long, but went off to Miramichi, then a general resort for laboring people; in less than a year the sad news came that he was drowned while boarding a vessel out in the stream. Whoever knows the depth of Celtic feelings for kin, need not be informed how sore was the grief; but time is a wonderful healer and ere twelve months had gone by Davie had to a considerable extent resumed his cheerfulness.

The hero of my tale was moving steadily forward in material wealth as the years sped along; but another trial was now fast approaching, the immediate cause being a fox that was never secured.

On January 15, 1837, Jim Power and Mike Long saw the track of a fox crossing the fields into the wood; the morning was mild, warm and pleasant, just the day for fox-hunting, then considerably in vogue. Davie was always fond of adventure and being urged by the boys, all three set out, carrying an axe and a gun. The lads were delighted, in anticipation enjoying the fun of capturing the fox either dead or alive. In crossing a swamp Jim Power had the misfortune to get into a bog, but though it wetted him it failed to dampen his ardour.

Mile after mile they travelled, in a single hour facing every point of the compass, but seemingly no nearer the game. Never did a fox double and turn like the present; would it ever tire or await its pursuers? When speaking of the adventure, Davie used to say: "Sure it was no fox at all but the very divil entirely."

The snow was about twelve inches deep and nothing

brings on hunger and fatigue like tramping through snow; their excitement and ardour had changed to a craving for food and it was unanimously decided to turn towards home. To retrace their steps would be simply impossible, so they must choose a course at haphazard, as liable to be wrong as right.

Before proceeding far they recognized the dreadful truth of being lost in the forest; one unacquainted with early life in America cannot realize the awful significance of these words. Night was approaching, the wind had changed to northwest, hard frost had set in and the situation was dismal.

How bitterly Davie repented having set out on an errand so unwise, how bitterly the boys regretted their folly and how all three longed to be again at their home. With means of making a fire they would be relieved from their greatest misfortune, the danger from cold. Davie tried long and patiently to make a fire with the gun but all to no purpose, so he cut a quantity of spruce boughs, laid them in the form of a bed, placed the boys thereon and covered them with the same kind of material.

Oh that terrible night, would it ever come to an end, or would it lengthen out into months like a night in the Arctics? Davie kept on his feet most of the time, striving to comfort the boys, but it was a case of will without aid.

Daylight at last came with slow, cautious step in seeming reluctance, but only to make conditions more weird by revealing the dismal surroundings. On the brush being removed, Mike Long was quite lively, but Jim Power was in a stupor from which it was impossible to rouse him. He never regained consciousness and expired very soon. His getting wet in the morning doubtless hastened the end.

The situation was extremely distressing; should Davie start for home taking his nephew, the boy would likely give out on the way and in trying to carry him, Davie was liable to succumb and both would thus perish: whereas

the dead body if left alone was liable to become the prey of wild beasts. Viewing the case from all sides the situation was truly embarrassing.

With extreme reluctance Mike Long consented to remain with the dead, while Davie, broken-hearted and sad, went forward with no certain idea of which way to turn. No cheering ray gave him courage, for even should he by good fortune find the way to his home it was only to be the bearer of heart-breaking news and take part in an outburst of tears. The cloud had no lining, but grim, dark despair.

In an hour or two he came to a clearing, but the location was strange and he was completely bewildered. On looking round for a little he saw a pile of logs and at once remembered having been there on the previous summer; he now ascertained the direction of his home which by a straight line through the wood was not over a league. Houses were not far away and prudence would direct him to call and get food, but Davie was a bashful, diffident man and he felt reluctant to be seen in his woeful condition with a tale of misfortunes caused by himself. So, making as he thought a straight course for home, he re-entered the wood and thus commenced a second act in the drama.

After travelling a considerable time he was cheered by seeing a track in the snow and he decided to follow. After some time, he noticed that the man who preceded him had sat down on a prostrate tree, and as a new weight in his load of misfortunes he realized that the track was his own and that for hours he had been chasing himself.

Stunned and bewildered it seemed as if providence intended that he should never reach home, but fall in his tracks; a fainting came over him and he sat again on the tree. After resting he felt a trifle revived and seemed to hear the words: "Never despair while there is a vestige of hope."

Without the least idea which way to turn he again set out, travelled the whole afternoon and by mere accident reached home about sunset. The joy at his arrival was at

once changed to tears on the family learning that one of the boys was dead and cold in the wood.

All day parties had been searching for the lost ones and at Davie's return a fresh expedition set out, furnished with lanterns, steel, flint and tinder; about midnight they discovered the remains of Jim Power which they merely wrapped in a sheet, being too much exhausted to bring the body along.

Part of their mission remained unfulfilled, as the living boy could nowhere be found; snow was falling, his tracks were obliterated and the exhausted men could do nothing else than return. They reached home about four in the morning, not without expectations of finding the missing boy there in advance.

At daylight a new party set out and succeeded in finding Mike Long within a short distance of his lifeless companion, dead and hard as a stone, the sad chain of misfortunes rendered more dismal by discovering that he had been alive when the searchers were near on the previous night, as there were indications of his having moved after the snow had ceased falling.

One can scarcely conceive a situation more dismal than that of the unfortunate youth after his uncle's departure; hour after hour he sat starving, freezing and perishing; worse than being alone, his companion was death. Night increased the horror of his situation and doubtless becoming delirious he wandered away from the body and laid down to die. It is needless to enlarge on the grief of the families in their terrible woe; the misfortune being caused by sheer thoughtless folly doubtless increased the distress.

For about fourteen years after the above incident no event of importance transpired in Davie Power's career; though past three score and ten he was still very active, and one day in February, 1851, he and his youngest boy were cutting down a large hemlock tree which years before had been killed by fire. The tree stood perfectly straight and seemed reluctant in falling, when cut nearly through

Davie looked up with apparent alarm, and throwing down his axe he started to run, but took a wrong course; a limb struck him and he never afterwards moved.

His partner was now truly disconsolate; occupying a low seat and swaying her body from side to side, she would go on repeating in a low, dismal croon to herself: "The wood and the sea have ruined me." Before long her time also came and the body was placed near that of her husband, while over both, wild roses bloom in the month of July.

In a place less than a dozen miles from Kensington, in Prince Edward Island there formerly lived a father and son after a sort of Indian existence—I shall call their name Bram. They were strong believers in luck and were always watching for something to drop in their way, something for which they had not labored.

On the date of a certain election being announced, the son came to town to interview the dispenser of boodle, reminding him of their former fidelity and pleading hard for some favor, be it money or rum. The dispenser all the while kept silent as if thinking; in fact if he remembered anything concerning the Brams it was the meanest form of deception. Finally he appeared all at once to relent, saying: "Well, you miserable d——ls, I suppose you must get something, so here goes: If on the honor of a man you and your father promise to vote for us next month, besides doing your best canvassing, I'll give you a case of good whiskey; an agent is now here from Halifax and he'll order the goods. You shall be notified by mail soon as the "balm" has arrived.

Bram was perfectly speechless, a case of whiskey right from the tap! Why, he must surely be dreaming—the statement was too good to be true. His way home seemed through a sort of sublunary glory and he would not claim kindred with Rockefeller, so rich did he feel. The incred-

ulity of his father was still more pronounced, like the patriarch, Jacob, when informed his son Joe was alive.

It was now resolved to make a sort of glad feast to commemorate the grand streak of fortune — the fatted calf must be slain.

In a week Bram was notified that the whiskey was waiting his order. Without a moment's delay he set out, and on arriving home about dusk, the treasure was brought in, filling the humble abode with delectable odor, which old Bram called a "heavenly smell."

Viands were placed on the table, also three of the bottles. Never before did the Brams enjoy such felicity, a bright era in their miserable lives. There was present a fiddler, also a number of lassies, for the grand entertainment must be rounded off with a dance. The company being all seated, Bram senior rose at head of the table and began most impressively: "Gentlemen, fill your glasses and let us drink success to the old party of victory!"

The glasses were filled, all crooked the right elbow and the most thirsty ones imbibed the contents ere the fraud was detected. With bewildered look, all stared at each other, old Bram being the first to get speech, exclaimed:

"I be d——md if the stuff isn't water!" a decision in which all fully concurred. I shall not attempt to quote the manifold swearing and cries for revenge round that board; the party was too much annoyed even to taste the food and went off, mad, sober, disgusted.

The political agent immediately on giving notice of the whiskey's arrival, procured an empty case, all ready lettered, also two dozen bottles, labeled and bronzed, filled them with water, colored to a genuine tint, covered each with an ulster of straw, then drenched them liberally with whiskey. It was the genuine odor that gave effect to the joke.

FUNERALS.

Formerly in the Highlands of Scotland people went to weddings unasked, whereas invitations were always sent out to funerals; and though the ceremony was associated with sadness there was often flaming hilarity and discussion with fists. While the subject of entertainments was under review in a company, an old worthy of the convivial kind gets credit for the peculiar saying: "As for right-down enjoyment, give me a good, rousing funeral."

At the time to which my writing refers, public roads did not exist in the Highlands; the cemetery was often at great distance, over moors, bogs and asperities, the coffin was borne on men's shoulders; and when the remains were of unusual weight the change of bearers was frequent and at every halt the jar of whiskey went round, so that on certain occasions the crowd would be uncommonly cheerful on reaching the grave. There are instances on record when the company arrived at the cemetery minus the mortal remains, having forgotten that indispensable item at the last halting-place some miles to the rear. At another funeral twelve noon was the hour for lifting the body, but the guests arriving much ahead of that time, ere the clock struck a dozen taps on the anvil all were too drunk for the ceremony which was postponed till next day.

Much importance was attached to the amount of festivities at the last mournful rites, and a certain worthy, in giving directions, finished with the displeased exclamation: "Ach, it will no be right since I won't be there myself to give proper directions." Funerals of ye olden times were often unseemly carousals, the expense for strong drink being almost ruinous to families who could scarcely keep the wolf from their doors; but an established custom rarely dies except with those under its influence.

In parts of England a century or two ago it was custom-

ary when one died to inform the bees to prevent a calamity. A wealthy farmer in Devonshire terminated his earthly career and it was decided that he must have a number one funeral; a principal feature of the obsequies was to consist of a troop of yeomanry, deceased having belonged to that corps. The mansion stood near the highway; to east was an orchard in which were a number of hives. When all was in readiness, the remains on the point of being lifted, the yeomanry drawn up on the road ready to follow the hearse, the magnificent steeds and well-dressed riders forming a picture; at this moment one of the family called to the servant-man who stood at some distance: "Inform the bees, will you." The servant (who had never heard of the custom) understood the order to be "Turn the bees." This he proceeded to do, hastily throwing on their side the homes of the industrious workers, who, unaccustomed to rough usage, poured out in swarms that darkened the air. The horses standing in front received the first onset and in two seconds what had been a handsome display, was changed to a scene that defies written description. At the very first spring the riders lost their tall, shining hats, while the horses seemed to be dancing a hornpipe; one can fancy how fiery steeds would behave on being attacked by ten thousand bees with their excellent lancets. The people standing around sprang with extraordinary agility, acting a good deal like madmen.

The casket being carried out to the hearse, was instantly dropped, the occasion requiring one's hands to protect his organs of vision. The animals attached to the hearse fled in dismay, breaking and tearing on their career of destruction; the small active foe would not listen to reason and for a time the obsequies were completely at a stand, though all concerned were in lively activity; and what was intended for a grave, orderly function was suddenly changed by an odd superstition.

I shall next refer to a funeral in the wilds of America at a place called Big Woods. In midwinter some two

generations ago a certain man went over with the silent majority, leaving a wife and three children. The family was uncommonly poor and the obsequies were in the most primitive fashion; the coffin (home-made) was given conventional tinge by an application of lamp black; a sled was used as conveyance and a few neighbors walking behind formed the procession. There was a necropolis two miles to west, but for some reason it was decided to plant the remains fifteen miles to the east. The day was dark, the wind from northeast portending a storm. About half dozen miles from the start was a primitive tavern and by unanimous vote the party decided to halt; the mourners were poorly attired, the day was wickedly cold and all except the man in the coffin craved for stimulants.

The party was not long in ere the storm began with great violence, and on consulting together they decided to remain for the night. Accordingly the beast was placed under cover, the remains were brought in and laid on the end of a barrel that stood near the door. The house was small, dark and cheerless, the business on hand was lugubrious, and to lighten the gloom one after another called for drinks enough to go round, presuming that passing the time in moderate cheerfulness would not give offence to the dead. But the stimulants had the same effect as if the lads were celebrating a marriage, and pretty soon their loud conversation would indicate they had entirely forgotten the nature of their errand from home. After some time, conversation gave place to songs, all giving a lift with the chorus; the defunct must have a grand, royal funeral, he was getting it now. The storm might blow itself speechless, the mourners cared not for the tantrums of nature, let mirth and song speed around.

In due time night lowered the curtains, but a huge, blazing fire warmed and gave light, no other light was available. Grief seemed entirely forgot, and when one of the company shouted: "Boys, let's have a dance!" all sprang on the floor except one who supplied music by hum-

ming. The cake-walk had then no existence, the dance was of the strong, hard-working variety, the performers making up in strange, extra feats what was lacking in elegance.

Outside, the wind was tearing the forest and whirling the snow, but in the tiny auberge there was joy round the hearth; the dance was increasing in violence, punctuated by great, lithesome springs by way of embellishment. To all appearance the lads had forgotten entirely the funeral, their only impulse being to enjoy the present, to "seize time as it flies;" and in their wild reckless hilarity none observed that the box with mortal remains was in violent motion, till crash it went on the floor, and being perfunctorily made, the boards parted and the sleeping cadaver rolled out at their feet.

This put an instant stop to proceedings; they stood dumb like statutes, all but an Irishman who promptly exclaimed: "Boys, Oh boys, look at Sim! Bedad he's out for a dance." Notwithstanding the gruesome sight on the floor this barbarous witticism set them all laughing. The remains were returned to the coffin, which on being bandaged with rope was replaced on its stand.

Armfuls of straw were spread on the floor, also such bedding as the family could spare, and the mourners retired for the night. The cabin admitted cold at a number of points and to keep the party from freezing, a fire must roar all the time; but the forest was near and fuel was plenty.

Next morning when the funeral party awoke each felt as if his individual head would split into fragments; they were paying up for their fun of the evening before; they had no inclination for food, but all craved for spirits and there was just enough to go round with starving economy. The storm was still raging and the party spent their time in peculiar wretchedness.

On the following day the storm had abated, but the road was next to impassable; still the funeral party set out

and before proceeding far, they halted, went some yards into the forest, dug through the snow and a short depth in the ground and planted the box with Sim's mortal remains in a grove, comfortable in any part of the year.

That night was again spent in the tavern and on the following day the party reached their homes after a really notable funeral, the description of which gives a peep into early days in the wilds of America.

Desiring to spare the reader's feelings, I avoided stating that the woman who kept the auberge and the dead man were sister and brother.

It is safe to predict that anyone who is fettered with the fear of being thought poor will by his own effort never be wealthy. Perhaps the most despicable condition in life is that in which persons are in continual struggle to appear better off than they are, deceiving none but themselves. William Chambers when a bookseller in Edinburgh, carried home in a wheelbarrow (to save expense) a lot of books he had purchased. When late in life he was summoned by the queen to appear before her in London, he tells in his biography that while ascending the stairs in Buckingham palace, the words struck him as if spoken in his ear — "Seest thou a man diligent in business — he shall stand before kings." To few would the words apply with equal force as to the eminent publisher, who at his death was Sir William Chambers, though the papers conferring the title did not reach the Scottish capital till after the regretted demise.

MARY OF THE GLEN.

FROM THE GAELIC OF DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

On the afternoon of January 1, 1820, I paid a visit to the infirmary at Glasgow; there were rejoicing and gladness outside, but here were complaining and groans. The doctor of the institution showed me through the various wards, and the heart must indeed be unfeeling that would not be touched by the sights and sounds which assailed us on every side.

When about leaving, I noticed a young woman brought in by an elderly lady of respectable appearance, the former pale, weak and evidently far in decline; yet there remained traces of the beauty that mantled her countenance when in health. The journey had exhausted her, and on some outer wraps being removed she threw herself on the bed assigned for her.

I soon observed that her life had not been spent in the city; the cadence of the sweet mountain tongue was in her voice and by the few words spoken I understood she had been reared in the western Islands of Scotland. The aged woman following me to the door at departure, I enquired the cause of the young woman's affliction; "a broken heart," was the sententious reply. Being at that time a resident of Glasgow, my visits to the ailing young woman were frequent. It was evident her earthly career would not be long, yet she was in a sense happy. Being greatly interested, I expressed a desire to learn more of her life, and on a certain day, when she appeared stronger and brighter than usual, she began:—

"I was born in the lone Isle of Mist; its great mountain ramparts rise in harsh, silent grandeur, hiding their head in the clouds; its lovely green vales, musical with the murmur of brooks, fringed with the most fragrant flowers;

and though now among strangers feeble, forsaken and destitute, the blood of heroes and conquerors flows through my veins.

I was the only child of fond parents and the wealth of their love was lavished on me without stint. Unfortunately I was considered more comely than others of my station in life. My father, if not wealthy, was in the enjoyment of sufficient means and all our wants were supplied.

On arriving at suitable age I had numerous offers of marriage, but how could I give my hand to another while my heart belonged to Manus of the neighboring village. We grew up together, our love increasing in strength with our years; neither of us remembered the time when we were not attached by strong bands of affection.

Our confidence in each other was boundless and I attempt not to recall the number of times Manus vowed and promised that he never would love another except Mary of the sweet, lonely dell.

Our time passed as a dream of felicity; we seemed to own but one thought, one existence. To my poor heart Manus was a paragon of all that was excellent and noble.

The relatives of Manus were to me as my own, all but one sister who used every endeavor to frustrate our plans and every possible means to turn her brother against me. When the date of our marriage was about fixed, my affianced received a letter from an uncle in India, requesting him to set out immediately to that distant land and he would make him his heir.

The sister came in haste and with glee to tell me the news; Manus himself came later and I am confident if he had his own way he would prefer to spend a humble, undistinguished life at home rather than forsake me for the wealth of the Indies. But he was urged by his people. The uncle was wealthy and apparently nearing his end, and to comfort me I, was told that Manus would return before long when we should be united in marriage; but my thoughts regarding the matter I kept to myself.

After some days Manus set out for Edinburgh to prepare for the voyage. While there he had a miniature likeness of himself painted by an artist and on the evening before his departure he called, saying as he presented to me the likeness, "Here Mary is a souvenir which I brought; place it near your heart, and if you hear a word of false accusation against me, or if you are disposed to doubt my fidelity, look at this image and such thoughts will be forever dispelled." I suspended the picture from my neck, saying that only death would us sever, and that saying was true.

All things have an end; the hour of parting with my loved one came also. The moon was slowly rising behind the mountains as I returned from the strand; the noise of the oars and the sad moan of the sea are yet in my memory as things that occurred only two days ago. At our parting a spear pierced my heart which has never left and never shall leave till my existence will terminate. I was foolish and young with false views of life; an ideal had taken possession of my heart which I could not remove. It had become part of my existence and its removal meant death.

My thoughts by day and my dreams by night were with my adored one far off in India. Wherever I went his vision, his shadow was clear to my sight; even in the sanctuary at worship, though I seemed to attend like the others, the bible open before me, the sound of hymns on my lips, in India with Manus were the longing desires of my soul. The last look at night, the first in the morning was at the picture that hung from my neck.

At first Manus' letters were loving and frequent as might be expected from the promises made, but gradually they became more rare and cool in their tenor, till finally they ceased and I heard nothing of Manus except what came through gossip and heresay.

About this time my father's lease expired, after which an exorbitant rent was demanded for the lot. We were notified that on a certain date the lovely vale with its numberless endearing associations must be left; all our

cattle and sheep were disposed of by auction, but before the day of removal my beloved father was cold in the grave. My mother and I moved to a distant part of the country where a small cot was our home. Mother did not live long, so that I was left completely an orphan, in feeble health and almost destitute in regard to means of support. But deliverance came from a quarter unlooked for; a neighboring clergyman, learning of my condition, urged me to make his house my home for the time being, a most happy change.

During summer a lady of culture and wealth from Edinburgh was a visitor at the manse, and at departure she desired me to accompany, promising that she would secure for me some congenial employment that would enable me to support myself and be in a sense independent. This was just what I wanted, as the idea of one who traced her descent from a distinguished ancestry living on the kindness of others could ill be endured.

On arriving at Edinburgh I before long secured employment with a worthy family where my duties were merely to look after two children, beautiful and attractive as ever gladdened one home. City life was all new, and my spirits seemed to revive. On a certain day while out with the children, I noticed a lady and gentleman conversing together and after a little I overheard the former addressing her companion by name, a name the most delightful I ever did or ever shall hear. The sound pierced my heart, and on looking attentively I noticed that the person was my early and only love. Oh, I would recognize him among thousands.

"It is he! It is he! I said involuntarily and unknown to myself. I became dizzy and weak; a humming noise sounded in my ears; everything appeared to move round in a circle, while the light seemed to fail. Had I not leaned against a nearby support I would surely have fallen. On approaching, they appeared to have noticed my illness and the man gave a start as he looked into my face; he probably did not recognize me, though he must have

noticed that I bore some resemblance to her of his early affection. I afterwards learned that Manus, having returned from India abounding in wealth, was to be married to a lady of exalted position.

My health, which had for some time been improving, now began entirely to fail. The family with whom I resided went to England and though they wished, I could not accompany them. I then came to this city (Glasgow) where I found a home with the excellent woman you saw in my company.

As a finishing stroke to my misery, I learned that Manus was married to her whom I saw in his company. I never uttered a harsh or unkind word against him; he was surely misled or he could not act such deception. But death is near — it is welcome. I am weary of a world which has so sadly deceived me. Formerly, thoughts of death filled me with terror, but dread vanishes at its nearest approach. While my body is failing, my inward vision is strengthened to see a better country beyond."

This lengthy interview had greatly exhausted her and I departed, fearing the effort had been too great in her feeble condition. Scarcely a day passed on which I did not pay her a visit. She was failing fast, but her mind was quite strong; hers was a mind of peculiar excellence considering her station in life and many were the interesting conversations we had on different subjects.

On a certain day while sitting by her bedside, my back towards the door, she gave a sudden start; her features assumed a deathly pallor and she began gasping for breath. At length she said faintly — "It is he! It is he! Oh Manus, is it you?" More she was unable to utter and her head fell on the pillow.

Looking towards the door I saw a well-dressed gentleman standing in conversation with the attending physician; he evidently did not hear the invalid's words, and approaching him, I said — "Will the gentleman come this way, as a patient wishes to see him."

From her appearance I thought the invalid had departed, as her countenance bore the image of death. Addressing the gentleman and pointing to the invalid, I said — "This is Mary of the Glen; behold the result of unfulfilled promises and of cruel deception."

He looked closely at the apparently dying figure before him, while his countenance assumed the pallor of death. He fell rather than sat on a chair which I had placed for him and covered his face with a napkin. Taking the thin, cold hand of Mary in his, he sighed deeply and I noticed his tears falling fast.

Mary now gradually woke from a swoon in which she had lain for some moments; opening her mild, beautiful eyes and noticing her deceiver by the bedside, she said faintly — "It is you, Manus; I often feared my eyes would never behold you, but I was mistaken. You have cruelly deceived me, Manus, but from the bottom of my heart I forgive. Much have I suffered for your sake, but I forgive all and my release is at hand. You are the husband of another, Manus — may you be happy. But Oh, Manus, none shall ever love you as I have done. My head swims and the place appears to be darkening. Leave me not, Manus, for I shall soon be at rest."

"I will not leave you, Mary (was the tearful reply) — Oh that I had never left you! Happiness has been unknown to me since we parted — farewell to happiness now! I deceived one of the most estimable women that ever walked on this earth and I must suffer the consequence, but not more than I deserve."

"It shall never be known how much I have suffered on your account, Manus (the invalid faintly replied) but I forgive all."

Her voice was scarcely more than a whisper and with difficulty she produced the picture, saying — "Here, Manus, take back this token of remembrance which you requested me to keep to my dying day; that time has now come and

there is no further use for it. Oh, how often it has brought comfort to my poor, stricken heart."

The exertion seemed too great; her eyes closed and we thought she was gone, while the stillness was occasionally broken by a sob or sigh from her deceiver. After a little she seemed to revive and addressed those at her bedside — "My race is about finished, the spring of life is exhausted, the silver cord is being loosened, the light fades — leave me not, Manus!"

She continued speaking for some time, but in a voice too weak to be heard; finally a long breath was drawn, then a last feeble struggle with the dreaded foe of mankind and all was then still.

In due time friends conveyed her remains to the mountain home of her childhood where they were tenderly laid beside those of her loved father and mother.

Among emigrants from Britain were three young men who settled on adjoining lands and hired a native to start them. A log cabin with chimney of clay was soon built, and when all was ready, one more eager than the rest went out with axe on his shoulder. In a few minutes he rushed in and took up his coat, saying — "Boys, you can do as you like, but for me, I'm off." "What, what's the matter," both inquired. "Just mosquitoes; look at that and that," showing arms, neck and face covered with blotches. "I am prepared for reasonable annoyance but I'm not going to fight devils with wings." Donald with first swing of the axe disturbed a hornet encampment, which he thought were mosquitoes.

INDIANS VISIT TO BOSTON.

Columbus when he discovered America was looking for a short passage to India, rather than round the Cape of wild storms, and when on the 12th of October, 1492, he landed on a small island to southeast of Florida he was assured of success. In this way the native races of America are called Indians whether they inhabit the severe frozen north, the genial south or the mild sections between. This explanation is for the young reader.

In the autumn of 1837 about fifty chiefs of the Sac, Fox and Sioux Indian tribes from beyond the Mississippi visited Washington and other eastern cities at cost of the United States government, in order to give the red man an idea of the nation's wealth and importance. There were about thirty of the Sac and Fox tribes and nearly twenty of the Ioways and Sioux, accompanied by their women and children. The Sioux being on fighting terms with the others, kept severely apart, still by judicious management a clash was avoided. The Sacs and Foxes were dressed in native costume, the body nude above the waist or protected by a blanket thrown carelessly over the shoulders. Their faces were painted red, and each wore a singular cap with a feather.

At a reception given in the council chamber at Boston the chiefs with their wives were seated each side of the governor of Massachusetts and the mayor of Boston. Besides these two dignitaries, there were present all state officials, judges, members of the legislature, clergy, city council and the public at large. The governor was attended by a swell military escort, making the reception as imposing as possible; indeed the function was among the big events of the city up to that time.

After the chiefs and their wives had been introduced with due ceremony, the governor gave an address relative to their visit to Washington and now to Boston, with a

description of the tribes which the chiefs represented. Here is a summary of the address which was translated for the distinguished visitors:

“Chiefs and warriors of the united Sac and Fox tribes, you are welcome to our council hall; you came a long distance to visit your white brothers who now welcome you cordially. The names of your chiefs and warriors are known to us and we rejoice to take you by the hand. Our state (Massachusetts) is named after the red man who once lived in this country, whose wigwams dotted these plains and whose council fires were on this very spot. Our fathers came over the great water, a small band; the red man stood on the rocks and might have pushed our fathers into the sea and destroyed them, but the red man extended his arms and said: ‘Welcome white man!’ Our fathers were hungry and the red man gave them venison, our fathers were cold and the red man wrapped them in his blanket. We are now numerous and powerful, but we remember the kindness of the red man to our fathers. Brother (addressing one of the chiefs), I perceive your little son between your knees, like a sapling by the great mighty oak; may they both flourish and when the oak falls by natural decay may the young tree fill its place.—Brothers, I again welcome you to our council hall.”

Several of the chiefs spoke in reply, the others giving an emphatic grunt at the end of each sentence. They spoke with great fluency, expressing pleasure at what they had seen and at the kindness with which they were treated. They seemed particularly pleased at witnessing the spot where the red man welcomed the whites, and though the great spirit had not given them a common language, he gave them eyes and hands so they could see and shake hands with each other; and they expressed a hope that the great spirit would preserve both in peace and friendship.

The chiefs were then presented with swords, pistols and other warlike appliances, while the women were given shawls which they highly appreciated. All then retired to the common where the natives performed a variety of

dances to the infinite delight of spectators, who were so numerous as to endanger the women and children.

In the evening a party was given at the home of governor Everett where the natives behaved with the greatest propriety, and though they were unable to converse, they showed much intelligence and good breeding. One of the chiefs created amusement by his extraordinary head-dress which was nothing less than the skin of a buffalo's head with the horns standing out from each side. But the merriment of the spectators reached the exploding point when he removed the unwieldy protection and also a skin he wore on his shoulders and placed both on the mayor, leaving his own body nude to the waist. The reader can imagine the city official arrayed in this extraordinary finery.

While wearing this singular helmet, the mayor spoke briefly and was answered by Keokuk (Watchful Fox), chief of the Sac and Fox tribes, a distinguished warrior, tall, athletic and graceful. During the oration he held in his hands a peculiar staff which he said had been given his tribe by the great spirit when the land was bestowed on them. Now he presented the staff to the city in token of relinquishing the land which by right belonged to his fathers. At the end of each sentence the others gave a peculiar grunt and at the close all joined in a shrill cry of applause.

The braves' visit to Boston had a rather comical ending. The entertainers supposed that their guests had not the least regard for decorum, whereas the red men left the city disgusted with the want of politeness shown by some of the whites. The closing levee was held in Faneuil Hall, many had not yet seen the fifty-years wonder, the last chance had come and the Boston fair ones in their eagerness to inspect the braves at short range, rushed forward with such impetuosity as to create almost a riot. The chiefs and their consorts were so disgusted at the masculine rudeness of the supposed weaker sex that they left the hall long before the time appointed, declaring that the Boston belles were entirely too bold and should be taught how to behave.

PIRACY.

In May, 1836, a singular case was tried before the Admiralty Court at Charlottetown; the taking of a vessel from her captain and crew by a sailor, assisted by parties from shore. The chief mate (captain's brother) was the principal evidence, his deposition being in substance as follows:

In autumn of 1835 the brig "Acteon" of Sunderland, having taken a cargo of timber at Bathurst, New Brunswick, was ready for sea. When on the point of sailing she became leaky from having lain on one of the anchors, and on a survey being held she was allowed to proceed on the voyage in consideration of shipping two extra hands. Two sailors, John Burns and Peter Whitty were procured and on the morning of October 26, the "Acteon" sailed from the harbor of Bathurst for Scotland with a smart breeze from northwest.

On the following day the leak becoming more pronounced the vessel stood in towards East Point, Prince Edward Island, hoisted a signal upon which a boat with six men came from land. At this time there were six feet of water in her and a thrummed sail was used to diminish the leak.

On the boat's crew (six persons all named McPhee) coming on board they were asked to assist at the pumps, but positively refused and after conversing with Burns and Whitty privately, they went off, the two latter accompanying, Burns impudently telling the captain that he would swear his life against him for taking him on board of an unseaworthy craft. The weather was fine, the ship timberladen and witness did not consider there was the least danger, particularly as they could easily land in case of taking the boats.

Thinking the brig might be too near land, they moved and anchored in about twenty fathoms, giving the vessel ninety fathoms; then all went ashore. Next morning,

October 29, the captain and crew went out and found the vessel exactly as left in the evening. The captain then proceeded to Souris in search of some craft that would tow the brig round East Point into safety. In the afternoon Burns, Whitty and the six McPhee's went out, whereupon Burns informed the mate that he intended to slip the cable if he found no one on board, having a magistrate's warrant. The mate asked how he dared to come with such an order while he (the mate) and others were in charge. After a short time the pirates went ashore in their boat. The brig was then anchored seven or eight miles from land. About dusk the mate and crew went ashore; on landing, Burns inquired if they had left anyone on board, to which the carpenter replied they had, suspecting Burns of evil intentions if he found the vessel abandoned.

Early next morning, October 30, seeing the brig under sail, the captain, mate and three shoremen went off leaving the crew to follow in the long-boat. On nearing the vessel the captain shouted to those on board to lay aback the main-yard, which they refused to do. By hard pulling they got alongside, when the captain and mate sprang into the chains and entered the vessel, to find Burns in command with the McPhees at his bidding. To the captain's inquiries, Burns said he had orders to run the vessel ashore and thus save the cargo; as the brig had been abandoned both vessel and cargo he said were his legitimate prize.

The wind being off shore, and the water smooth, the brig went too fast for the long-coat, which returned and went back to land. Burns cut adrift the thrummed sail as it impeded the vessel. The boat was alongside to be ready in case the ship refused to wear.

Finding himself fully in charge, Burns told the mate that having always been poor, he would now mend his fortune, as he would have salvage on the brig going ashore. When within a quarter mile of land the remaining anchor was dropped in about seven fathoms, some twenty miles

from East Point and about half that distance from Souris. The captain and Burns went ashore, leaving the mate and others.

At night the wind turned to northwest, blowing with violence, and next morning all went ashore, being apprehensive of danger. The wind steadily increased, and Sunday morning, November 1, the "Acteon" grounded and in a few hours was a wreck, which with the cargo was in due time disposed of at auction.

It must be confessed that those in command displayed remissness; knowing that the pirates were watching to find the vessel abandoned, how could they allow them to be first out on morning of the 30th. The evidence showed that Burns was an accomplished villain, while the McPhees were of a similar type. The captain was a mere youth and seems to have lost his head when his position demanded determination and courage.

The solicitor general observed to the jury that the case before them was exceedingly grave; a young colony should establish for itself a reputation for justice and honor, so that when mariners were compelled to seek refuge they would be protected from spoliation and injury. One could hardly believe that among us were wretches so devoid of honor as to consider unfortunate mariners legitimate objects of plunder. The "Acteon" stood in towards land in distress; a boat from shore came along, but refused to give help. What was the conduct of Burns and Whitty in this emergency? Instead of giving assistance, they disregarded the captain's orders as well as the entreaties of their fellow-seamen and in the most cowardly manner went off. On reaching shore they hurried away to a magistrate and by means of a lying report procured an order to go on board if the vessel was completely abandoned. Next day they were foiled and Burns with a villain's effrontery tells the mate that with no one on board, he intended to slip the cable and let the business go. On the following morning Burns was out before day and in defiance of the captain's orders ran the vessel where she was sure to be lost, though she might have easily rounded East Point into safety. There is the strongest presumptive

evidence that when the six McPhees went out on the 28th, Burns planned to cast the vessel ashore. Taking all the facts, with his own admission that he was determined to improve his finances, it was evident that Burns intended to make salvage of the vessel.

After remarks by the judge, the jury retired and in a short time agreed to a verdict of acquittal, expressing regret that it was not in their power to convict of a minor offence. The judge's closing address was nearly as follows:

"John Burns, Peter Whitty and Laughlan McPhee, you have been tried for a most heinous offence, for unlawfully and maliciously taking possession of the brig 'Acteon' and causing her wilful destruction. You have been acquitted by the jury because the evidence as the law stands was insufficient to convict you of capital crime. The jury pronounced your acquittal with regret that some punishment could not be inflicted which you richly deserved. Two of you were hired sailors and when your services were most needed you left the ship in distress, conduct cowardly and criminal in the highest degree. You John Burns an experienced seaman, are deserving of severe punishment. You took possession of the ship against her master's will whom it was your duty to strictly obey. You made false representations to a magistrate, but he gave you no authority to meddle with the ship unless completely abandoned; you watched for an opportunity and under cover of night took possession, knowing that the master and crew were near and had only left to procure needed assistance. You refused to give the vessel up to her master pretending to hold her as your legitimate prize. The law officers of the crown find it their duty to indict you of capital felony, but owing to a defect in the law you unfortunately get the benefit and in that way get clear. You, John Burns said you wanted to retrieve your fortune by obtaining salvage, an expression of the most arrant villiany; had you been found guilty by the jury, sentence would be pronounced on each of you and I could not hold out hope of escape. It is said that along the eastern shores of the Island there are numbers who think it no crime to plunder vessels in distress and make away with wrecked property; such characters are the basest miscreants and refuse of earth.

Prisoners, you are now discharged.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

Among the earliest parts of Prince Edward Island to be settled were the lands adjacent to Brudenell River which empties into the harbor of Georgetown. The people to whom I refer in this narrative had been settled some years, owned stock and had abundance of good, homely fare.

In one respect they were far from contented; they had no regular ministry and religious ordinances in their estimation constituted the foundations of society, of morals and of whatever was excellent. It is true they had prayer-meetings on Sunday, but the ordinance of baptism could only be dispensed by a clergyman and the fact of their children growing up without the initiatory rite disturbed them exceedingly.

At length an Episcopal divine became settled at Charlottetown, then a mere village, and several heads of the Brudenell families frequently spoke of going to have their children baptized; true, the man did not hold to the church of their fathers, but they decided not to stick at subordinate points.

Time after time they talked over the matter but could not agree on a date; like martyrs, they were true to conviction but recoiled from the stake. It must be confessed the scheme was attended with extraordinary difficulties, whereas the thought of bringing the parson to Brudenell seems to have never occurred.

Finally in autumn they definitely concluded that as soon as the various products of the soil had been gathered and preparations for winter complete they would start and have the thing off their minds. The distance to be travelled each way was twenty-seven miles at least, nearly all through forest and only a path for most of the way; they had oxen for field labor, but oxen were no good on a journey, and if the trip be at all undertaken, it must be on foot.

As to the personnel, the expedition was to consist of three men with their wives, and six children. Though several of the youngsters were able to trot alongside of their parents, the greater number were in that difficult stage, rather too large to be carried and too feeble to walk. It was also necessary to take a supply of provisions, so that viewed from every point the undertaking required good management to prevent a mishap.

After due preparation the expedition set out on a Tuesday morning the first week of December, the weather clear, calm with light frost. The way being through forest, the fallen leaves rustled pleasantly under their feet. The forest is delightful any time of the year; in summer a mass of soft green, at time of our story the leaves were a carpet.

The first day passed without any event of importance; about dusk and when more than half-way on their journey, the pilgrims reached a settlement the people of which they formerly knew; here they were welcome, and scattered among a number of houses they remained for the night.

On Wednesday they were early astir and reached their destination in time to have their mission accomplished, to get the children baptized. Thursday morning they turned towards home and in the afternoon reached their half-way friends with whom they lodged as before.

Friday morning was dark and ominous, portending a storm with the wind from north-east. Their friends of the night urged the pilgrims to lengthen their stay, as a storm was approaching and with such a numerous train it would be most inconvenient to be caught in the wood; but urging was useless, old and young seemed to have only one idea, to get home before night. What fascination is connected with the idea of home; seemingly the more humble the greater attraction.

After a reasonable number of good-byes and good wishes the party set out. They had not proceeded far when there began to fall a fine variety of hail which pricked the skin like sharp needles; this gradually changed to rain which

froze as it fell and soon covered the pilgrims with ice; the women were particularly incommoded, their thick woolen garments becoming quite heavy.

The wind from north-east was steadily rising and their line of march being east, they had virtually to face it. The children were particularly distressed and declared their discomfort in a boistrous way. Conditions were becoming worse every hour, the rate of progress more slow, and in the absence of houses the situation was dismal.

By noon the wind had increased to a tempest, the rain gradually changed to snow and before long a snow-storm was raging, backed up with frost. The feet and hands of the children (soaking wet) were in danger of freezing and as a natural consequence they redoubled their cries. As a final expedient, the men unbuttoned their own garments and placed the hands and feet of the little ones against their bodies as protection from frost.

The women's stiff, icy garments retarded advance while the weight was exhausting; there were indeed but few elements wanting calculated to increase their distress, and all realized that without some change in the outlook the feeblest must perish. Their homes were at least seven miles away and by no degree of endurance could they arrive at the goal; it was therefore resolved to encamp.

A desirable location having been reached, the women took the babies in hand and the men set to work; one undertook to kindle a fire, another cut materials for a camp and the third began building. In those days every traveller carried a steel, flint and tinder, also an axe; these precautions omitted, was often disastrous. Under the circumstances, kindling a fire was not easy, but once started, birch bark together with dry wood soon made a blaze.

The camp was of evergreen boughs, its back to the tempest, a huge fire in front, green boughs also served as carpet, many layers in depth. What a happy moment when the fire began to make its influence felt; all stood around it and as the coating of ice melted, water streamed

from their clothes. The children clapped their hands in glee, a sudden change of conditions.

The men cut and carried along a heap of dry fuel, for it would never do to let the fire get low. They ate what remained of the food and procured water from a rivulet near by. An hour before they were in a state of serious anxiety, but they are quite happy now.

Overhead the storm is still raging and snow falling fast; in the foreground, an immense fire, its unsteady blaze forming light and shade in the wood; behind the fire and thrown in relief against a green, cave-like enclosure, a group of men, women and children partially obscured by steam from their garments — what a subject for art!

It was probably midnight ere the party retired, which they did by reclining on a sloping bank of green boughs, the men keeping awake turn about to replenish the fire.

Soon as daylight appeared there was a general movement; a council was held as to what course to adopt; should the expedition set out as before, or should the men proceed homewards, bring back their oxen and finish the pilgrimage in some kind of state.

The depth of snow was considerable and the men were tired enough ere reaching their homes; by the time they had eaten some food and yoked their steers, the day was pretty well spent. The return journey was slow, the women were busy surmising what could have caused the delay, and they were glad enough on hearing away back in the wood, remarks usually addressed to oxen that are slow in their gait.

After turning the animals' heads towards home and getting the live cargo adjusted, the pilgrimage started and arrived at home before day.

The expedition which at one time threatened to end in disaster supplied a subject for winter-night conversation in years when newspapers were little known in the colony and interesting recitals were few. One generation rolled the facts down to its successor till finally they came to the writer, and now pleasant reader I transfer them to you.

THE ANT AS INSTRUCTOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LANGUAGE OF FINGAL.

I reside in the outskirts of Edinburgh where I own a house and have sufficient income to keep me from want. I am a large, portly man, fond of ease, quiet and comfort, one of those who consider that a man should aim at passing through life with as little annoyance as possible.

No two could be more unlike than I and the partner of my sorrows and joys, she being small, abnormally active and exceedingly short in the grain; so pronounced indeed is this feature of her character that at times no small amount of strategy is required to prevent the bond of our union from parting. At times she becomes possessed by some extraordinary impulse that nothing can check, and on such occasions the only means of preventing a conflict is by keeping out of her way.

After breakfast on a certain fine morning last spring, she asked me to attend to some part of our domestic economy, a request every way reasonable. I replied in lax, indolent tones that nothing would give me greater pleasure, but that just then I was afflicted with a new brand of lumbago, while a rascally corn was stinging my foot.

"A new brand of laziness," she vindictively replied in a manner that left no room to doubt that she was in the incipient stage of a housecleaning spasm, and experience had taught me that the only safe course was in flight.

There is in our attic a small dusty room with one window, used principally for the storage of miscellaneous traps; as on many former occasions I at once betook myself to this city of refuge, as the old adage has it — "any port in a storm." Having made the door completely secure, I with a grunt of vicious defiance threw myself on a cast-away sofa, picked a tattered book from the floor the perusal

of which might pass the time till called down for dinner. On opening the volume these words met my gaze:

“Arise thou sluggard quickly rise,
Seek out the ant so small and wise;
In summer he secures a hoard
Which through the winter fills his board.”

I threw the old book aside in disgust, saying to myself, “whoever wrote them, these words are not true; the creature does not hoard up in summer, it has no need to; for it sleeps the long winter through, and were it never to wake few would be sorry. Why the wicked, venomous thing should be held up as a pattern of industry, I cannot conceive; for of all creatures, it is the least useful to man. While ever on the run it accomplishes nothing.”

This is how my thoughts ran for some minutes, but the words of the old book conforming with my wife’s pungent remark about laziness, I decided to go down and give whatever help she required. When passing the door of the room where she was employed I heard stools, chairs and tables going hop, skip and jump on the floor as if dancing; no mistaking that clatter, the storm signals were high. I went on very silently and seeing “Yarrow” (our excellent dog) stepping about in the garden, keeping a sharp eye on the hens, I beckoned him over and whispered softly in his ear as to how matters ruled in the cottage. A wise look and a few nods with his tail convinced me that the intelligent beast comprehended my meaning, and we both set off leisurely in the direction of those masses of rock known as “Salisbury Craigs.”

Being an amateur geologist I always carry a hammer to examine any suspicious-looking stone that may chance in my way, and seeing a large, shapeless boulder on the face of the hill I directed my steps towards it and sat down; Yarrow, presuming that our destination was reached, selected a nice grassy knoll at small distance and began leisurely to complete his toilet which had been rather hastily performed in the early part of the day. The sky was clear,

the air balmy, saturated with the odor of spring, and all the conditions were favorable to rural enjoyment.

I began to question the stone with my hammer as to its age, its place of nativity, its home during the glacial period and its views of the flood. While my thoughts were absorbed in these cogitations I heard the dog utter a yell of terrible anguish as if stung by a viper, its cries of pain being accompanied with extraordinary antics; he would leap high in the air like an acrobat, nip frantically at the rear of his person, throw himself down, then roll over and over raising dust in the air. Watching for some time these extraordinary gymnastics, I concluded the poor beast had gone mad, as some dogs do in summer, and while deliberating whether to run off for safety or endeavor to pacify the brute by caresses, I received a dart in the leg, as if a bit were torn out by hot pincers, and while examining the wound I received another sting on the thigh. A glance revealed the cause of my tortures — my trousers were fairly swarming with ants running hither and thither as if in search of something they had lost; apparently they intended to carry me off in small morsels to be placed in cold storage ready for use later on.

I now removed my great bonnet and began thrashing myself with it wherever the ants were thickest, but thrash as I would the black deils refused to let go. I then leaped out of my trousers, seized the top part and began beating the legs against the hard, sullen rock; the blood of heroes and martyrs coursed in my veins and I resolved at whatever cost to put the insignificant foe hors de combat.

A few moments before, I feared Yarrow was mad, it was now the animal's turn to form the same opinion regarding his master, who was leaping and capering like a rank, howling Dervish, his nether garment swinging high in the air, and whether in derision or sympathy the intelligent beast gave a dismal howl. My temper is usually good but it flared up at this juncture, and with vim and precision I

fired the hammer at the dog which fled as if pursued by demons.

At this acute stage of proceedings a stylish young lady, holding aloft a red and green parasol to shield her charms from the sun, came in sight round the boulder and seeing the wild appearance of Yarrow, frothing at the mouth, and with other indications of madness, the foolish young beauty began to beat the air with her parasol and cast stones at the dog, meanwhile screaming with the sharpest thrill of her voice. Yarrow, upset by such a variety of provocations and tortures, forgot his customary decorum and assumed a dangerous look.

At this moment the lady observed at short distance a man in scant raiment, with bared head, furiously swinging a garment, and to all appearance more mad than the dog, she after looking round for a good place to fall, immediately fainted. The dog made a spring at the parasol which beauty had dropped and with much apparent satisfaction began crunching its bones and rending the fabric; naturally the outraged beast wished to exert his ire upon something. I at once leaped into the trousers, looped a few buttons and rushed after the dog, uttering a roar of disuasion that would not seem a contemptible effort from one of the renowned bulls which in former years pastured on the famed hills of Bashan. The lady now began to revive and no wonder for my gargantuan roar would almost startle the dead.

When the girl had sufficiently recovered, I undertook to explain very smoothly the cause of the remarkable scene of which she had been a spectator; but as if the devil had been running the business to his entire satisfaction, in the middle of my explanation and apologies, I received in the small of the back a prod as if from the poisoned spear of a Zulu, causing me to leap in the air with a yell and a snort so terrible as to send the girl off like a deer on the plain.

* * * * *

In the natural course of events, calm follows a storm. Before long Yarrow and myself arrived at an understanding,

became the best of good friends and set off for home, I meanwhile meditating on the various incidents that transpired since the morning. As for my faithful companion, every few yards he would throw himself down and roll at probably the rate of one hundred times to the minute, every movement accompanied by expressions of pain. These antics were not owing to levity on part of the dog, but were due to the presence of ants which had found lodgment in the animal's hair and were making it hot for him.

I am not given to moralising, but who would suppose that such a variety of painful conditions, thrilling and startling events could possibly result from so trifling a circumstance as that of my excellent spouse being in peppery humor; and as a closing remark I make the avowal that whenever in future anyone directs me to a colony of ants to learn wisdom, I'll reply in plain, honest Doric: "Just gang tae the deil."

A PLEASANT DISCOVERY.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

In the south-west of France there dwelt during the closing years of the eighteenth century a good bishop whom all respected and loved. For over a year previous to this narrative his household had been under the management of a madam Richard who in her humble sphere was almost perfection; yet though a careful industrious woman, her previous life had been one of great misery. Her husband who had been a drunken, worthless man, was carried off by illness induced by his manner of life; as might be expected his widow was not greatly cast down, his death being for her a release.

Some days after the funeral the good bishop called the housekeeper into his study with a view of offering comfort. "My dear madam (His Lordship began) I wish to console you on the occasion of losing your husband; we are all mortal and must sooner or later come to the end of our pilgrimage; should we live a whole century it would be nothing compared with the unnumbered years of eternity. Your late husband's life, I am informed, was not spent in the best manner, but the mercy of heaven is boundless and you must not despair of meeting him in the country beyond. I therefore counsel you not to be greatly dejected."

Madam Richard listened to the bishop's remarks with an air of perfect indifference, and at the close she replied: "Your Lordship is exceedingly kind, but to tell the truth I have no feelings of grief for the loss of my husband, I don't wish to deceive you."

"Really madam Richard (replied the bishop) your remarks greatly astonish, for in all my experience I have met no instance of such a cold, callous heart and unchristian feelings as are displayed by your words."

"I suppose (continued the widow) that your Lordship

is not aware that my late husband was a bad, intemperate man, that he used to beat me and sell my clothes to get liquor; and though you may consider it strange, my greatest regret was that he had lived so long. As for meeting him in another world, I have not the slightest wish for it, as my experience in the past was calculated to make such a thing to be dreaded."

The bishop seemed greatly shocked, the woman's remarks were so extraordinary that he was at a loss what to say. At length he replied:—

"Your's is not a Christian frame of mind, madam Richard; for it seems you would be better pleased were I to congratulate, rather than attempt to console—had you no love at all for your husband?"

"Your Lordship would not ask that question if you knew the history of my early life and how I was forced into marriage—the miseries I endured will never be known."

"I wish you to inform me of the circumstance to which you refer, madam Richard."

"Your Lordship, all I can tell is the story of a girl's foolish attachment which would be unfit for your ears; I myself desire to forget it."

"Pray go on, madam Richard; we are both old and can view such things from the standpoint of stoics—I wish to hear you right through."

"If your Lordship must hear my story, let me assure you that it shall be told with the greatest reluctance.—My early home was in the department of Landes, where I was brought up a country maiden, and when no more than fifteen people called me the village beauty. About that time there came to reside in the village a tall, handsome youth named Etienne and all the girls set their caps for him. Before long he singled me out, and to be candid I was not at all sorry. Ah your Lordship, what happy hours we used to spend; our meetings were frequent and time passed swiftly as birds on the wing. What I say must appear

strange to your Lordship and I beg that you permit me to discontinue the narrative."

"Go on, madam (replied the bishop); it will never do to suspend after having excited my interest — pray finish, madam Richard."

"Well, your Lordship, Etienne wanted me to become his wife, but my parents refused their consent; they considered him too young and unsteady, whereas I considered him perfect, and the idea of living without him could not be endured. My parents ordered him to keep away from the house as well as forbade me to meet him. But like all lovers we met on the sly and our intercourse seemed the more rapturous on account of being forbidden.

"One day I slipped out unknown to mother at a time when Etienne and I had not seen each other for almost a week and the time seemed a year. Ah your Lordship can form no idea how delightful it was at sixteen to meet after a week's separation — I remember it all like what happened yesterday. I forgot the strict orders of father and mother—I forgot everything but my handsome Etienne. We stood under a tree by the road-side holding each other's hands, we might have been there for hours or only for minutes, we cared nothing for time. We were unconscious of everything but ourselves.

All at once father sprang from under the hedge where he had been hiding and began beating me cruelly. For a moment we were both paralyzed. Etienne would not strike father in his own defense, but he could not bear to see me illused; so he attacked father who turned and dealt him a violent blow, cutting his head quite severely. Etienne now seized the stick and without consideration struck father a violent blow which felled him senseless. To all appearance he was dead, and Etienne ran towards the frontier, only a mountain range separated our village from Spain; no one knew whither he went and he was never afterwards seen.

Father was only stunned and had completely recovered

in less than a day, so there was no search for the fugitive. My misery now was excessive; Etienne was never absent from my thoughts, and I felt that without him life could not be endured. The first thing my father did on his recovery was to beat me, and in order to be revenged he resolved to get me married without consulting my wish, to a person more than double my age, and before many months I became madam Richard.

Never in this world were a man and wife more unequally mated; my husband's only love was for strong drink and as for me, my existence belonged to another. After spending my dowry in drink my husband would sell whatever he could find to procure the means of satisfying his craving, and seeing that I had been beaten at home, he followed it up. In a word, mine was a wretched existence. No wonder that I shed no tears when the cause of my long misery was at last removed; to make a pretense of grief would be wicked hypocrisy. This your Lordship, is my tale of misfortunes."

Both sat silent and motionless for several minutes, the bishop to all appearance in a reverie; at length as if suddenly waking, he inquired —

"And what became of your handsome Etienne, madam Richard?"

"As already stated, he thought my father was killed and he fled, no one knew where. He perhaps joined the army and is now a major or general, who knows? He must have become distinguished, if at all living."

"So my good woman, you seem to think that Etienne is the same as when you last saw him at the village of Daix," remarked the bishop.

"That is how he appears to me, your Lordship; I can never think of him as old, gray and withered — never, never, my Lord!"

"You are entirely in error, madam Richard; your handsome Etienne, as you call him, was as subject to ordinary changes as any one else, and by this time his face

must be wrinkled, his head bald and his body bent under a burden of years. Indeed you would not this minute recognize him, nor would he recognize you."

"Oh your Lordship, he has never changed so much but I could know him at the very first glance; you didn't know what my Etienne looked like — I would recognize him in the midst of thousands."

"You are altogether mistaken, my good woman; the picture in your mind of Etienne was taken fifty years ago and would no more correspond with his looks now than I would. To prove my statements, I may inform you that both you and Etienne have for the past year been living under this roof without either one suspecting the other."

"What does your Lordship mean?" shrieked the housekeeper in the highest pitch of excitement, springing up from her chair.

"Without keeping you long in suspense (replied the bishop) let me tell you that I am no other than Etienne whom you appear to think proof against the encroachments of time; and as for yourself, I never suspected you to be the Marion of my early acquaintance."

The woman held up both hands and exclaimed: "And is your Lordship truly the youth who turned the heads of all the girls in the village?"

"According to your statement, it seems so, Marion, but that was a long time ago."

"And was it your Lordship — I mean Etienne — I mean your Lordship, I used to meet in the lane, and was it you my father nearly killed with a stick?"

For reply the bishop removed the silk cap he wore and pointed to a scar on his crown. For a moment the housekeeper lost speech and seemed bewildered. At length she inquired: "Will your Lordship describe what took place in the years that are gone?"

"That is easily done madam Richard. On thinking your father was killed, I fled across the frontier into Spain and took refuge in a convent where the good Fathers gave

me an education. My aims in life now became changed, I resolved to give up worldly pursuits and devote myself to study and prayer; I finally took holy orders, returned to France where I served at the altar till appointed to the diocese at present under my charge.

"We are old now, Marion, and you must continue to manage my household as you have been doing. Our secret is hid from the world and the recollection of it appears almost a dream. This life is a continued change, with nothing satisfying or lasting. Let us spend our few remaining years in doing all the good we are able and at death it can be said that the world is better because we had lived.— You can now go." * * * * *

Madam Richard continued to be the model housekeeper she always had been; but at times the servants fancied she was becoming insane, for when she considered herself entirely alone they would catch such exclamations as — "Oh dear! is it possible that his Lordship is my handsome Etienne — has my life been a dream, or am I becoming demented?"

A ROMANTIC RECLUSE.

After a course of perhaps twenty miles the Dunk river flows into the harbor of Summerside; some two leagues from the river's mouth there could be seen in the early part of last century a cabin with which is connected the following tale.

In consideration of military service my great-grand uncle (whom I shall call Captain Daly) received from the British government a section of land then covered with forest which no white man ever trod.

In the autumn of 1784 Captain Daly took passage on a small trading vessel for the purpose of viewing his lands which hitherto he had not seen excepting on paper. Leaving the vessel in Bedec bay and taking a boat with a servant, he proceeded up stream to explore. The river for several miles was of considerable width, after which it suddenly became so narrow that trees on its margin formed an arch of green boughs. The captain was delighted with every change in the scene which at that time was unmarred by the fire or axe of a settler. Coming to a bend in the river, they were surprised at seeing a path leading off from the shore. Leaving the servant in the boat Daly proceeded along the path which soon brought him in sight of a cabin, a wide-spreading tree in front and at small distance a clear rivulet pursuing its way to the shore. The hut though small was evidently not the home of an Indian. The captain was extremely surprised at hearing musical sounds which a nearer approach convinced him were those of flute in the hands of a master. To make the charm more complete the music consisted of old standard tunes most of them favorites and rendered in a manner that he thought unexcelled.

Advancing to within a few yards, the intruder stood fairly enraptured. Was he awake, was he dreaming or was

the whole thing liable to vanish like the vision of Mirza? He had been in strange situations, but the present surpassed all his experience. The surroundings too were in unison; a still afternoon with that indescribable charm peculiar to a choice day in October, the leaves tinged with warm, ruddy color, blending with the fast-fading green.

Moving forward unconsciously, Daly stood there entranced, the performer all the while seeming to get inspiration from his own unsurpassed efforts. Did he belong to our gross, clay humanity or was he a pure sinless being from abodes of the blessed? Words fail to describe the listener's emotion; oblivious to the passing of time, he might have stood there for hours or only for minutes.

Daly had left orders with the servant that unless he were back in reasonable time to fire a shot in case he might go astray in the wood, and when the performance was at the point of greatest intensity a report rang through the forest, reverbering back and forth in the calm evening air. The music ceased suddenly as if the performer with his flute had been plunged into water, the cabin door opened and the musician appeared with a wild, startled look.

Daly felt that the recluse was no boor, whatever induced him to adopt his singular mode of existence; though scarcely more than a youth in appearance his luxurious hair was tinged with the pale hues of autumn, indicating that on forsaking the habitations of men he did not leave his troubles behind.

The recluse seemed extremely surprised and gave indications of being ill at ease while the interview lasted. Daly recognized in the solitary being a man of refinement and culture, who evidently had belonged to the army and perhaps held command on the field; to a soldier like Daly this was calculated to win his esteem, and however much he desired information he avoided whatever in the remotest way might appear like impertinence.

Without direct inquiry, Captain Daly learned that the recluse had lived as at present over five years, having come

in a vessel to Bedec harbour and rowing up stream in a boat. Building the cabin with few tools and defective materials occupied much time. The winters tried him severely and he would perish only for the skins of bears he had shot. Game was abundant and fish could be procured from the stream near his door. Indians visited him on several occasions, but Daly was the first white man he had seen during his life as a hermit.

Exacti^g a promise that his visitor would not divulge the discovery he had made, the two parted; Daly reached the vessel by sunset and next morning they sailed. Having spent the winter in Halifax, next spring at the first opportunity, he set out to visit a second time his forest possessions, all the way thinking of little except the recluse, and the vessel no sooner dropped anchor than Daly set out alone, helped along by the tide.

The day was calm and delightful, the leaves just expanded, were reflected in the clear, placid stream, the forest was vocal with song, the air was moist with sweet fragrance, the whole scene was idyllic. No schoolboy was ever more excited when nearing home from his first term at college than was Daly when approaching the hermit's abode.

Reaching the well-remembered spot in the river, he stepped nimbly ashore, fastened the boat and with a few dozen strides was in front of the cottage where now all was still; his frequent knocks were unheeded and at length he went in. Lying on a bed of fir boughs was the person who had so much occupied his thoughts, now to all appearance hastening on to the grave.

With difficulty the recluse informed his friend that having occasion to cross the stream, its waters yet very cold and reaching up past his middle, a stinging pain interfered with his breathing and in order to obtain relief he used a decoction of herbs which from their effect must have been poisonous. The patient's pulse was quick and unsteady, his breathing labored, while his eyes had an unnatural stare. Here was a nasty predicament. On board the

vessel was the usual quota of medicine, but the sick man protested against any move; nothing he declared could prevent the inevitable and he was ready to go. For him death had no terror and life had no charm.

The sun was low in the west and Daly could not think of forsaking a human being in such an extremity, though he could do nothing except give a sip of cold water. How true that none can foresee what a day may bring forth; the sun that rises in splendor may set in a dark, howling gale.

Darkness came stealing along; in the dense, leafy forest, night was exceedingly dim. There was no light in the cabin and no means of making a fire; alone in the dark with a dying companion the situation was weird. The sick man was becoming delirious, at times in a troubled slumber, the next moment conversing rapidly but quite indistinct, he was doubtless unconscious. About midnight he appeared to wake from a difficult dream and in a loud voice exclaimed: "Where am I? Who comes to molest me?"

Thus, for some time he continued to talk incoherently as if directing troops on parade; then all at once his voice became soft, low and pleading, in such endearing expressions as: "Lavinia, the light of my soul — see me down at your feet! My brain is on fire — place your angel hand on my brow. Lavinia, my life, my joy, my existence!" and similar expressions.

The watcher listened intently hoping to distinguish some name that might give a clue to the hermit's identity, but no, for the words of endearment gave place to military commands as if in a whirlwind of battle. His utterance ere long became a sort of rapid muttering that could not be distinguished, his pulse was irregular and feeble, he was apparently in a struggle with the foe of mankind. The surroundings were dismal and even the short night dragged slowly along.

At length, daylight began to appear, and turning from his dying companion, Daly opened the door and stood

admiring the flushed beauty of morn, the new day being welcomed by the glad song of birds. Hearing a moan from the sufferer, Daly turned quickly, noticed a slight tremor, then all was still. It is needless to attempt describing the watcher's emotions; he sat by the lifeless clay in a reverie and soon found himself falling asleep. On opening his eyes, he noticed it was clear day.

If the cottage was dismal and sad, the outside was joyous, the bright golden sun darting its level rays through the forest, the air filled with song. The lone situation corresponded with the romantic life which had closed; all was in a weird kind of unison.

Daly must attend to the last mournful rites. The remains of the recluse were interred not far from the cabin, and if ceremonies were wanting, the grief was sincere.

Without prying into the dead man's possessions, Daly discovered a few volumes, the flute and a fowling piece; these were appropriated, not as spoil but as treasure to be restored should some claimant appear. Having fastened the cabin, the captain betook himself to the oars and ere long reached the vessel.

On arriving at Halifax, after a good deal of research, he learned that some years before there mysteriously disappeared from the garrison an accomplished officer who was never afterwards seen. Brave, honorable and handsome, he was madly in love with a charming young lady who cordially returned the sentiment, but her parents disapproved of the choice. For some unknown reason they seemed particularly averse to the army, remarking that they would prefer attending their daughter's funeral than see her become the wife of a soldier, however high his position.

Soon after her lover's disappearance, from a happy joyous girl she became thoughtful and sad; being an only child no expense was spared in attempting to restore her to cheerfulness, but without the slightest avail. No

definite form of disease was apparent, yet she gradually faded like a flower which the attendant neglected to water, and after lingering a few years her pure spirit took flight to the home of immortals.

In an old garve-yard in Halifax the spot where this loved daughter of E e lies interred is marked by a plain slab with inscription — LAVINIA BARR.

At a place where I once lived there resided a person named Hoag who would imbibe more than was good for him. On a certain time when returning from the alehouse he toppled over, lay where he fell and was soon in the land of forgetfulness. His dreams being of a boisterous nature, he was discovered, helped home and after a good night's repose was fresh as a daisy. The news at length reached the parson, a man of awful severity. Setting out immediately, he took with him an elder on the censure visit to Hoag. The offender sat down demurely and seemed awfully crushed, while the faithful divine applied the lash with no thought of mercy. When the castigation was nearing its close, the preacher spoke thus — "My erring friend, we all owe the world a virtuous example, we teach with our lives. Paul said if meat would do harm to a brother he would eat no meat"—at mention of Paul the offender (interrupting) looked up defiantly and in loud, vigorous doric exclaimed: "Dod, Paul himsel was verra gled on' coming in sight of three taverns near Rome, and gin he offered to give up meat he said naething aboot abstanin frae whisky." The elder an excellent man that would enjoy a joke, declared the situation most comical; what could they do but retire.

HECTOR CAMPBELL AND HIS DOG.

Before the middle of last century a large immigration from North Britain settled in Prince Edward Island, at a section properly called Big Woods; they sported the usual clan patronymics of MacDonald, MacLeod, MacKay, and down to MacLure. There was one family named Campbell, a widow with her son Hector, who at that time was pretty near thirty. Hector's mother was a woman of unusual excellence and few were so thoroughly instructed in principles of truth, honor and honesty as her individual son, who was always ready to do a good turn or extend help to the needy; still his journey through life was not free from annoyances which were largely due to a dog with Cavag for name. Cavag was a middle-sized cur of nondescript color, small pointed ears, shortish tail projecting straight from its body; at home he was orderly and quiet, but elsewhere he was racing through the house, nose up in the air always snuffing for mischief. Should another dog be ever so gentlemanly and quiet, Cavag would instantly spring on him and there was a fight with the usual racket. In regard to dog work, the beast was a treasure and Hector was loath to put him out of the way.

It was in church the worst features of the cur became fully apparent, for no sooner did it spy another dog than a battle was raging, and few things are so unbecoming as a dog-fight in the sanctuary; grave, elderly men stumbling over seats, or in a procession along the aisle to the door, each holding a dog by the neck. Owing to its bad doings in church, Cavag might be considered an ally of the arch-fiend or the sable being himself in dog form.

For sometime Hector had been courting an excellent girl named Flora MacPherson and the proceedings seemed likely to result in a happy alliance till broken off by mischievous Cavag. Flora had a beautiful cat which she

prized owing to its having been brought home when an infant by a sister who was now in the grave. During one of Hector's visits, Cavag made a spiteful attack on the feline; this Flora resented, word followed word till finally they met with the cold look of strangers, so that two lives were apparently blighted owing to a troublesome dog.

In December, 1847, Sir Donald Campbell from Scotland became lieutenant-governor of Prince Edward Island in place of Sir Henry Vere Huntly. Naturally the people of Big Woods were greatly pleased, but Hector and his mother were delighted at having a clansman representing the queen, a man with whom they could pow-wow in the language of Eden whenever they found convenient to call.

Early on a bright morning in the following June, Hector (arrayed in clan tartan) set out to visit the governor, leaving Cavag at home; but he was not far on the road ere he had the troublesome cur for company. Like many excellent men, Hector was entirely ignorant of door-bells, and on arriving at government house he continued knocking, each tap getting louder. At length the door was opened by an Irish servant who on seeing a countryman in homespun exclaimed in no gentle tones: "What do you mane, disturbin his honor at this toime of the marnin? Sure you'd waken the deevil wid yer racket and riot."

Though Hector could understand what was said in the current tongue, he was greatly confused on attempting to speak it. He undertook to explain that being a Campbell, he was no doubt related to the governor and might expect some indulgence.

"Oh yer a Camel, are ye? Deevil a pin Mike Doolan cares if ye were a dromedary; as for bein related, shure his honor has bushels and tons of such relations — poor relations I'm thinkin."

Hector would have twisted the varlet's neck for his impudence, but he would not compromise his dignity by laying hands on a menial; so he occupied an arbor seat

and waited till a valet invited him into the library where Sir Donald was sitting.

One of Hector's mistakes was that of supposing the governor was at home in the language of Eden, so he began in Gaelic, describing his pedigree from the lordly house of Argyle. He had only got started when Cavag, after a lightning trip through the mansion, entered the library where a favorite hound was quietly sleeping. The unruly cur had him by the throat in an instant, the uproar destroying the clan interview. Hearing the noise of battle from far, three other dogs arrived on the scene, each striving to taste the anatomy of the cur from Big Wood. The sanguinary beasts rushed on like a whirlwind, upsetting chairs, ottomans, flower-pots with valued exotics — anything not firmly secured was in a few moments reduced to wreck. Hector, perspiring with shame, was doing his best to discourage the combatants by kicks and verbal abuse, the latter in Gaelic, a language which has no equal for conveying invective.

But the dogs cared for neither Gaelic nor Greek, the aristocratic canines making the noise and Cavag all the shedding of blood. Hector, seizing the largest joint of a fishing-rod, made a sort of finishing blow at the combatants; but the weapon being unwieldy, was deflected and instead of the execution intended, knocked off its stand a bust of MacCaelian Mor, the distinguished head of the clan. Sir Donald was speechless; was the scene before him a dream, or a frightful reality, the miscellaneous wreckage with the valued bust lying prone. He was soon waked from his reverie, for the warriors entering the dining-room, a girl carrying a large tray of dishes was knocked over and for an instant the noise of smashed crockery was simply appalling. The fighters all the time on a move, entered the kitchen where the cellar hatch was fortunately open and down went the curs, the shock putting a stay to the sanguinary proceeding.

As usual, calm followed the storm. Hector with much

difficulty informed the governor that he was greatly disappointed at his honor being unable to converse in the old blessed tongue; he should set about learning. As for Cavag, having been reared in the country where dogs are continually fighting, he was ignorant entirely of rules in gentlemen's houses, hence the mistake.

On hearing Hector's explanation, Sir Donald was a good deal mollified, the uproar was only an incident, the recollection of which would in after years be amusing. On one point his orders were positive—if Cavag returned to Big Wood, it must be in a coffin, and he directed an attendant to shoot the troublesome cur.

Hector set out for home overwhelmed with shame and regret; never did he pass a day so crowded with incidents of a disagreeable nature. On reaching home his mother asked concerning his visit and above all where was the dog? With much reluctance he related the story, ending with the execution of Cavag. But often unlikely conditions turn out for the best. Though Hector's visit did not recall pleasant memories, it was productive of good. Flora and Hector entertained kindly feelings towards each other; the apparent coldness was only a skim, easily broken and Cavag being out of the way, it did not take long to bring them back to where they formerly stood; so three months from the notable visit, the two were made one.

Governor Campbell died in October, 1850 in the fiftieth year of his age, much mourned and regretted; Hector, loyal and true to his clan, attended the funeral.

DAVID SMITH AND HIS BOYS.

Port Hood is a shore village on the extreme west of Cape Breton; opposite and over a mile from land is Port Hood Island, about three miles long by one broad. In the past it was joined to Cape Breton by a narrow strip of land, washed out in the early years of last century. On the island are a number of families, comfortably housed, with school and church.

David Smith, from Massachusetts, was the earliest arrival, having settled on Port Hood Island in 1787, with wife and three sons. Smith was an enterprising citizen, and occupied himself at fishing and cultivating the soil, the tilled area increasing year after year.

One morning in February, when his eldest son was eighteen and the youngest ten or twelve, Smith and his boys went to hunt seals on the ice, a sport in which old and young took peculiar interest. Expecting to return by noon, they carried no provisions, a circumstance they had cause to regret very keenly.

When out at some distance, they were alarmed by observing a streak of water between them and shore; the wind was from east and the ice had broken away from its mooring, a very unusual circumstance. Had they instantly made an attempt, they could have leaped across easily, but in a few minutes the crack was too wide. After taking some time to consider, Smith told the boys that he would swim across and go ashore for a boat; so removing his jacket, he sprang into the opening, but after a few struggles, sank and was never afterwards seen. It was thought the icy water induced cramps which occasioned his drowning.

The boys were stunned, bewildered and for a long time stood watching the spot; could such a good swimmer as their father drown in an opening not twenty feet wide?

They never experienced such feelings of helplessness, their support, their adviser removed in an instant — they could not believe their own senses.

The ice was steadily moving and night was approaching. They had secured two seals which they skinned, and with their father's coat and the pelts, they managed to live through the night though with much suffering. They were accompanied by two dogs and the intelligent brutes were continually howling by way of expressing their troubles. The boys were piously reared and they prayed time about very earnestly, but their entreaties seemed not to be heard.

Daylight did not improve conditions; they were twenty-four hours without food and nothing in sight but starvation even if they could tough out the cold. Land seemed only three miles away and the boys resolved to make a last effort; having an axe they began to break off a species of raft that would float them to land. The ice was nearly two feet in thickness and in their feeble condition the work was severe. Having accomplished their object, they stepped on the cake and with two sticks as paddles, pointed to shore. The movement of the cake could hardly be noticed and they were frequently on the point of giving up in despair.

About sunset and when nearing land, they noticed the cake gradually sinking, the water swept over it and they were wet to the knees. Exerting themselves to the utmost, they at length stepped on shore, their strength being insufficient to express half their joy.

They did not land on Port Hood Island, but on Cape Breton about seven miles from their home. Seeing a small house they went forward, but found the door fastened and no one within. Effecting an entrance, they made a fire and searched for food, but could only find frozen potatoes, some of which they placed in the embers to roast. Lying down, they at once fell asleep, to find on waking, the fire gone out, the potatoes burnt and they themselves shivering

with cold. Again making a fire, they placed in more potatoes, which they ate without any accompaniment. They again slept as well as the cold would allow and in the morning started on their long journey for home.

A report went abroad that Smith and his sons had been lost; people were gathered at the widow's home to offer their sympathies, and great was the joy and surprise at seeing the lads and the dogs. Though the mother was in tears over the loss of her husband, she was uplifted by the arrival of her sons as if back from the grave.

FOLKLORE.

It was my cruel misfortune to pass early years in a community where people entertained each other with stories of ghosts, witches and fairies, the more blood-curdling the better; at an age when belief was unbounded and I was greedy to learn, these awful recitals lodged in my memory. I believed that with the advent of night the world became filled with entities the special foes of mankind; I would no more enter a room in the dark than face an African lion.

Then there were charms, omens, lights, peculiar noises and that occult cause of ineffable injuries, the dark, evil eye. Every accident, death or misfortune was foretold by some premonition or portent, as the sound of sawing boards or driving nails in making a box for the cemetery. Did a shooting star appear after sunset, it foretold some calamity; if at night some truculent dog uttered complaints to the moon, the dismal howl indicated some evil.

Ignorance and superstition are always in company. I myself saw a person, after being fully arrayed for a journey, sit down for an instant, then start, in compliance with an old-time superstition. Another, if after setting out, he returns for something forgotten, feels that mis-carriage is sure.

Did an addition make its debut in a family, the youngster must be three times surrounded by a torch, following the apparent course of the sun. A couple on arriving home after marriage, must encircle their dwelling three times before entering, always turning to right. Did an ill-natured cur inflict a wound, the sore was instantly bathed in water from which the dog had been drinking.

Much importance was attached to the moon and no business was undertaken when the pale orb was in its

decline; even in the twentieth century not a few are convinced that Luna has the weather in charge.

The people among whom my early years had been spent believed that clergymen were able to make the devil appear in **propria persona**, that endowment being the cream of their education at college; without this finishing trait a clergyman was considered a mere jack, unfit for the pulpit. At ministerial gatherings, according to popular belief, his satanic majesty constituted one of the board, else the consultation would be abortive and barren. All such meetings were supposed to be accompanied by furious storms to honor the distinguished visitor. Three divines were considered necessary for the dark undertaking and during the conference the old lad must be held in the respect due his station.

One instance was given in which the knave proved bold and refractory: A clergyman of great mental endowments and physical forces was accustomed to raise the evil one without any assistance; on a certain occasion when requested to move down, the old chap grinned and bade the preacher defiance; thus they sat and stared at each other for nine blessed hours, after which his reverence secured two helpers and the old lad had to vanish, leaving a stiff odor of brimstone. This yarn I heard repeated (and apparently believed) for actual truth.

Some of the folklore was startling and gruesome, for instance the following:—Long ago there lived in London a tavern-keeper widely known for profanity and wickedness of every form. A mariner who sailed from that port knew the bad man by personal appearance, and on a certain night while sailing along the west shores of Italy there appeared a powerful light different from those used at sea; the ship was soon overtaken, when the object was discovered to be a fiery car with two persons, gliding over the water with incredible speed. There was no mistaking the steersman, and close inspection showed the other to be the tavern-keeper, with eyes shut and apparently

sleeping. The car passed like a streak and disappeared in the crater of a volcano not far away.

On arriving in London, the captain proceeded to the tavern, where he was informed that the wicked proprietor had breathed his last shortly before the apparition had been seen from the vessel.

Here is another equal to the last in point of veracity. Nearly two hundred years before our time a number of wild, sportive youth in the city of Glasgow formed themselves into a society which they named "Hell Club," none being admitted but persons of social standing and wealth. At their meetings the amusement consisted of the most frightful revelries, each striving to excel the rest in abominable orgies. Once a year they held a grand saturnalia at which all endeavored to proceed beyond former excesses.

The president (being unusually brilliant) was the life of the company; arriving home about dawn from a certain anniversary meeting, he retired, but next morning found himself too ill to join the family at breakfast. He thus continued for days, and to any inquiry, spoke of having had a terrible dream. Companions fearing to lose his valued assistance, called time after time, attempting to restore him to cheerfulness. At length a wily member, pretending that he too had become serious, condemned the ungodly life of the company. At his urgent solicitations the youth consented to relate the dream on condition that none else be informed, and this was its tenor:—

He fancied himself, during a dark night returning from their anniversary meeting on a favorite charger; becoming conscious of someone alongside, he urged the animal forward, still the mysterious being kept hold of the bridle. Finally the horse stumbled and the rider lost his place in the saddle, but instead of being dashed on the ground he continued falling, falling, falling, the stranger close by his side.

A light appearing in the distance, the youth inquired where his companion was taking him? "To hell," was

the awful reply. They soon entered what seemed an immense regal palace, brilliantly lighted and garnished. The place was not only of extreme beauty, but boundless in size and swarming with people. Here every kind of work and amusement was prosecuted with such ardor as he never saw in his life; dancing, card-playing, pursuing the chase, horse-racing, betting, searching for riches, everyone at the vocation that suited his mind.

On close observation the youth saw a number of persons he formerly knew and whose death he remembered. He begged one after another to halt, to rest for a moment and tell him concerning the place and its denizens, as he desired to learn; whereupon unnumbered millions took up the awful refrain in shrieks so terrible as to freeze his innermost soul: "No rest, no cessation in hell!" These unearthly screams were echoed back and forth till the sound was lost in the distance.

One after another opened their beautiful garments, each bosom a red, glowing furnace, with serpents and other venomous things gnawing their flesh for ever and ever. The youth trembled with horror and he begged his guide to lead him away from the regions of woe. Arriving at one of the exits, his conductor bade him farewell with this sentence: "We now separate, but remember that in a year and a day we again meet, to part nevermore." With these awful words in his ears, the youth woke in a violent shudder.

His companion on learning the secret, told him it was only a nightmare, a dream to which all were more or less liable. The dreamer appeared to have completely changed from the gay, reckless youth he had been; and as the next anniversary approached his companions urged him to occupy his place as of old. For a long time he resisted and seemed on the point of forsaking them, but evil prevailed and the next annual meeting found him sitting with his ungodly companions as usual. The chairman proceeded

to open with the formula — "Members of the Hell Club and brothers, a year and a day has gone by since our last anniversary."

At these words the man was seized with terror and trembled; requesting his horse to be saddled, he set out for home, the last seen of him living. Next morning the animal was found quietly grazing on the commons and at some distance the lifeless form of his master.

This is a sample of the folklore which it was my misfortune to learn ere reaching my teens.

MR. PATTERSON'S JUBILEE.

More than forty years ago the Presbyterian congregation of Bedeque in Prince Edward Island resolved to commemorate the long incumbency of their pastor by a demonstration which ultimately took the form of a jubilee. The fiftieth year of Mr. Patterson's ministry would not expire till 1874, but for various reasons it was decided to celebrate the occasion one year in advance, and the fifteenth of July, 1873, was selected as the auspicious day.

Few were then living who had been on the stage when Mr. Patterson arrived in the country, and those whom as infants he introduced into the visible church during the early years of his ministry were now showing the sere leaf of decay; while those whom he had pronounced life partners, if at all living were far on in years. He mingled with the people in their seasons of joy, and spoke words of consolation at such times as they mourned round their dead.

For at least five decades he was every week at his place in the sanctuary, and for almost two generations his words fell on their ears familiar and mild as those of a mother.

No wonder that all loved the true faithful pastor, no wonder that anything done for his advantage and honor was considered a labor of love.

For weeks previous to the date named, little was done within the congregation not in some way ancillary to the great object in view; the demonstration would only occur once in a lifetime and neither trouble nor expense must be spared to reach the highest success. The function was well advertised, great crowds were expected and the preparations were simply enormous.

The affair was to consist of two features; a spread for the carnal man very much like an ordinary tea-party, but on a much grander scale; also the presentation to Mr. Patterson of an address from such clergymen as chose to be present.

As the date drew near the enthusiasm of parties concerned advanced in proportion, though some expressed pardonable anxiety lest some flaw in the weather might send the whole thing to pot; others expressed full assurance that an object so praiseworthy could not miss a fine day in a land where clear weather was the general rule. Green leafy bowers were erected on a grassy field near the church, and all was in complete preparation ere the date had arrived.

The jubilee morning was clear, calm and delightful, the day giving promise of being abundantly hot. By nine or ten great heavy clouds could be seen moving with no definite aim, while the unpleasant growl of thunder could be heard at long intervals. There was a dead, sullen calm and the heat was intense.

Puncheons of water were being hauled from a stream, fires were burning at convenient points and ere long the pungent odor of tea filled the air. Gates were thrown open, teams were speeding along by the hundred and being made fast round fences, behind barns and wherever a shade could be found, the situation presenting a scene of unusual activity.

About 2 p. m. those specially concerned withdrew to a pavillion, the late Dr. Isaac Murray took the chair and James Carruthers, Esq., was called on to read an address written by the late Dr. Neil MacKay, to which Mr. Patterson made a becoming reply. The elements assuming a threatening appearance, the clerical party withdrew to the church where their part was completed.

At the tables, business was rushing ahead with a vim, none the less because there appeared sure indications of coming disaster; the lightning had a wierd, wicked intensity while peals of horrible thunder almost shook the earth to its core. Cautious ones commenced to depart, singly and in small groups, followed by a general stampede, till nothing could be seen on the road but a brown streak of dust. There was also a race to the sanctuary, to near barns or places that would afford any shelter. Girls in gay flimsy attire and white slippers were sorely distressed.

Though not on the program, the next item was rain, not rain of the ordinary variety, but a veritable pour as if the bottom had dropped from a giant receptacle. The frequent flashes, the terrible thunder, the darkness, the deluge, formed a combination calculated to alarm the most stolid.

The bowers were intended to ward off the heat, but offered no shelter, and in an instant every dish on the tables were filled and the nice toothsome viands fit for a queen, were changed into mush. The general wreck, as well as the dilapidated appearance of those who served can be more easily imagined than put into words.

Though the storm gave a violent check, the jubilee was not entirely a failure. Of thousands on the spot about noon, it was considered that a third sat at the tables, the proceeds from which amounted to \$550.00.

The storm was only short in duration; immediately the wind changed to north with the cold of November, and the appearance of many fair ones contrasted very much

with themselves at the early part of the day. Paper was largely used for men's collars and top-gear for ladies, and many gay, buxom belles who are now portly matrons, reached home with only the wire frame of what had been an elegant hat, gay as a flower garden in bloom.

* * * * *

For nine years after the jubilee Mr. Patterson continued his work in the pulpit; of him it might truly be said that he fell at his post, having breathed his last when eighty-two years of age. Shortly before his death a number of his congregation called at the manse and when taking leave, expressed a hope that he would recover and take his place as before. "No (he replied with decision), my work is now done."

The funeral was among the largest seen in the province the pallbearers being all "men of the cloth." Dr. MacCullough of Nova Scotia gave the funeral address, he and Mr. Patterson having been together at college.

The deceased was a native of Pictou, N. S.; from early years he expressed a desire for the ministry and his studies were pursued to that end. In due time he and another youth from his province went to Edinboro University where the students were disposed to sneer at the green lads from the west; but after the entrance examination (by which Mr. Patterson secured a bursary) the students showed the Nova Scotia lads much greater respect. At Edinboro, deceased had as class-mate Peter Bullions of Troy, New York, who afterwards became a D. D. and noted compiler of classical works for educational purposes.

Mr. Patterson was in the true sense a scholar and ever kept abreast of his time. His gifts were truly uncommon; when far on in life, doubtless past sixty, he acquired the Spanish language and the use of stenography.

No severity of weather prevented him from carrying out his engagements; sometimes after a storm he would

travel on snow-shoes or land at his mission on skates. During his ministry of fifty-six years I am not aware that he missed one appointment.

His life was not without trials, having buried three wives and three children; and on more than one occasion he occupied the pulpit when a member of his family was in the coffin at home.

He never took a vacation during his work; his aim was not to accumulate money or take life at ease. Though extremely diminutive and feeble he was continually undergoing hardships from which the strongest would quail.

During his early incumbency, the people were poor and he heroically consented to share in their lot. For years he taught school in connection with ministerial labor, preferring this additional burden rather than hint at increase in his stipend. He never spoke of shortage in salary, neither was he known to speak of financial affairs from the pulpit. In his estimation the sacred desk was intended for dealing with God.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE LONG AGO.

Among the earliest parts of Prince Edward Island to attract immigrants was a district named Morell lying along the north shore of the province; the people there had been settled for a number of years and had arrived at comparative comfort before the first tree was felled a dozen miles from the shore.

In process of time a road was cut and before long the central parts became settled by people from Scotland, who named the section Blantyre. For several years there was only a footpath between Blantyre and Morell, and the route was seldom travelled in winter except on snow-shoes.

Among the youth of Blantyre was one of more than usual promise named Duncan McLaren, who had a place

of his own and was looking for someone to share his troubles and joys. Duncan was by all odds the most desirable youth in the settlement and mothers having girls of a suitable age watched his career with much interest,

In common with other parts of the world, Blantyre had a singular character called Norman Bain, at that time in mid life. As a colonist Norman was by no means a success; too much occupied with the business of others, he neglected his own. Norman took a particular fancy to Duncan and was always giving advice. The first and most serious business was that of choosing a partner, and for that purpose he must go from home, as no girl in Blantyre deserved his attentions. He (Norman) would introduce him to a family at Morell with just the girl that he needed.

After much consultation it was finally settled that both would set out for Morell; Norman knew every home in the district and the individual members. So on a clear day in December the gallants went off, their destination being the home of a man named McEwen, whose family consisted of three sons and four daughters, two of marriageable age, unsophisticated beauties such as poets describe.

At this time every stranger was expected to come laden with news; Norman never failed to fill these conditions and the welcome was cordial. After the customary inquiries, Norman incidentally remarked that he wished to introduce a young neighbor to the good folks at Morell, hinting (with a glance at the girls) that the visit might be of mutual advantage.

The settler's first home was always of the most humble description; the second was considerably larger; the third built after the colonist had been a dozen years in the country, was usually of squared logs, with chimney in the center. It was this feature that gave the house its peculiar standing, as it meant two fireplaces, with that important adjunct, a spare bed.

After the evening meal had been finished, Norman and the old folks retired to the parlor where they enjoyed them-

selves with old-time reminiscences, while the younger ones were no less happy in the kitchen end of the house. Duncan made a good impression from the first and very soon he and the family were almost as familiar as if they had been schoolmates. Next day and the next were spent in visiting neighbors, Norman desiring to introduce his friend to the principal families, but McEwens constituted their home for the night.

On the fourth day at Morell, Duncan seemed absent-minded and strange; Norman inquired what was the matter, was he homesick, had he a fit of the blues, or what caused the change? After some hesitation and stammering, Duncan (coloring severely) replied in a round-about way that he must have the second of the McEwen girls, the one named Catherine. Norman was more than delighted at the idea of his plans maturing so promptly, for it was Catherine he had himself selected as wife for his friend from Blantyre.

After supper Norman, with an air of mystery intimated to the parents that he wished to see them alone; on the coast being cleared he at once informed them how matters stood, praised Duncan with a free, open hand, described his means and his prospects, house, barn and stock, in fact everything ready to hang a pot on the crane. After judicious consideration the old folks expressed their willingness provided the girl would give her consent; a decision would be arrived at next day.

On the following evening the affair was approached in a more deliberate manner; Norman touched on the business phase of the contract by pointedly asking what the girl was to receive as her dowry, how much in cash and how many kine, such being in those days the custom.

Matters having been satisfactorily arranged, all sat down to a feast, the company consisting of about a dozen friends of the family. Before approaching the viands Norman filled a glass from a square bottle and proposed the health of the affianced pair. The repast was seasoned

with much merriment and at a late hour the company left. On the following day the guests set out for Blantyre where they arrived safely though tired as much snow had fallen during their stay.

The marriage was arranged to come off early in March and Duncan busied himself putting his cottage in order; at the home of his affianced there was still greater activity, for in those days a wedding **a-la-mode** was a weighty affair. The gifts (not as at present more for show than utility) consisted of such plain, bulky articles as sacks of flour, quarters of beef, carcasses of mutton, fat geese, boxes of candles and the like. The number of guests was out of all proportion to the size of the mansion, whereas the festivities lasted the greater part of a week, the amount of baking, roasting and miscellaneous cooking was therefore enormous.

The groom supplied the stimulants and though only one item the cost rated high. The amusements were often extreme in their range and variety, for among the numerous guests there was always some old grudge, family feud or clan hatred to avenge or put right, so that while the notes of fiddle and bagpipes were shivering the air in the parlour and flying feet knocking dust from the floor, outside the amusement of fighting was equally brisk.

On the day preceding the marriage Duncan, Norman and a neighboring youth set out for Morell where they arrived without noteworthy incident, and the welcome was cordial. On the following day the two were united securely and the subsequent wedding ranked high.

On the third day succeeding the marriage Norman set out for home with the understanding that Duncan and Catherine would follow before long, and on the subsequent week they accordingly started. Much snow had come down since the departure of Norman and there was no possibility of reaching Blantyre before spring except on snowshoes. Duncan was used to that kind of footgear, not so with his wife, yet declaring herself equal to the occasion, the pair started. The distance was over a dozen

miles through forest and not a house on the way. At first the moments were beguiled by conversation and mirth, but soon a change was apparent; each carried a great bundle of clothes, that carried by Catherine being supplies for the wardrobe.

The sun was now getting low, and Catherine though a brave, sturdy lass, gave indications of weariness and it became evident that it would be impossible to make her way to Blantyre. Here was an ugly predicament — they must spend that night in the wood.

Though frosty, the weather was not unusually cold. Duncan procured spruce boughs which he laid in the form of a bed; the heavy bundle he carried consisted of blankets, which when spread on the verdure formed a place of repose.

Next morning, leaving his spouse wrapped in blankets, Duncan set out for the settlement, but as on the previous day there was no track to follow, His thoughts being occupied by the recent misfortune, he soon was "at sea" in the woods. Exhausted and hungry he sat on a fallen tree to recuperate, his thoughts in violent commotion; would they both perish so near to their home? While thus in a reverie, he fancied hearing a faint, humming sound — was it fancy or the voice of some horn calling to dinner. Duncan set out with new vigor and soon reached his home.

A short explanation here about horns and their music. It is said that when a British tar desires to welcome a friend, celebrate a victory, applaud a brave act, defy and show contempt for a foe or express joy promiscuously, he gives vent to his feelings by three cheers. At the time of which I write the same might almost be said with respect to the blowing of horns, as the sound called people home to their meals, celebrated marriage festivities and indeed any form of rejoicing.

Duncan had no sooner related his tale than horns began to sound through the settlement, heralds ran hither and thither and when the cause became known there was a simultaneous move in the way of harnessing oxen, and

before sunset six teams were ready to start in quest of the bride. If the early part of her home-coming was laborious, they determined she should have an ovation at last; the first bride to Blantyre must come with a flourish of trumpets.

A sort of regal seat was improvised and covered with the skin of an ox; on another sled was placed on end a big, empty puncheon to form a stand for a couple of trumpeters.

The sun had retired ere the unweildy procession got orders to move and its rate was not speedy; one of the oxen had the reputation of being a crank and seemingly dissatisfied with the arrangements, "Brindle" called halt, as he led the procession; many schemes were tried to make the beast change his mind but to no purpose. After losing much time, a track was made round the refractory animal and the procession moved on.

As the expedition advanced, the sound of horns reverberated far through the forest. The bride was found perfectly safe though alarmed owing to the darkness. The animals being turned, the bridal pair were placed on the high seat and well wrapped.

It was long after midnight ere the party arrived at Blantyre; here torches were lighted, guns fired, while the puncheon was improvised for a drum, the whole constituting a bridal procession such as few ever enjoyed. When nearing the bride's future home, the torches were violently flourished the horn-blowers (standing on the puncheons) made a supreme effort to be noisy, the drummer applied his stick with injudicious vim and when the trumpeters were in the act of sounding a grand closing finale, crash went the head of the puncheon causing the fanfarade to end with ridiculous abruptness. But my description is tame compared with the wild, breezy reality which recalls a scene from the apocalyptic vision more than anything else.

If the home wedding was less numerously attended it was fully equal in heartiness, Norman being the prime moving spirit. Duncan proved a steady, industrious man and thanks to old Norman he was fortunate in his choice of a wife.

EARLY LIFE IN THE FOREST.

Owing to geographical advantage the shores of Prince Edward Island received the early attention of settlers and people were comparatively well-off ere roads had been cut through the forest. Tradition hands down from an early date in last century an instance in which half-a-dozen families from Ireland had settled right in the woods. People out by the shore were in a sense independent whereas the new beginners had only raised their first crop. They had not arrived at the stage of keeping horses or cows, yet each family could keep a pig very well, seeing that for most of the year the omniverous creatures could find their own living, and a slaughtered pig in good fleshy form meant an advanced stage in luxury.

On a certain day in June a couple of men from the shore came along searching for cattle. If an Irishman has a trait in his nature more pronounced than an impulse for fighting, it is sincere hospitality, and the settlers received the men from the shore with a dissipation of kindness. Among their numerous questions, the pioneers asked if young pigs could be had at the shore, grunTERS of small size which had not yet been debased by vicious example. Their visitors informed them that the variety of stock named could be had in abundance and at a trifle of cost; in this and other respects they gave their forest neighbors abundant encouragement. They would be happy to see them out at the shore where they would always be welcome. With a cordial exchange of civilities, the cow-hunters left, and from this out young pigs became a talk of the hour.

On a clear morning in June Mike Trainor and Jim Cassidy set out; they expected to reach their destination by noon and be back in the evening. They had not proceeded far when the sun disappeared, yet being confident of their course they went steadily forward, too full of their

mission to note distance or time. Coming at length to a brook they quenched their thirst and sat on a large prostrate tree, their conversation about equally divided between the pigs they were after and the bears they would meet. They had never seen a bear, but from frequent descriptions the animal's picture was quite fresh in their minds; to say they were alarmed requires not to be mentioned.

During a momentary pause they heard a crackling noise in the distance as of twigs breaking, and they watched in the direction from which the sound came. After moments of anxious suspense, they got a glimpse of two unwieldy black objects, the bigger seeming to be the size of an ox. The men consulted in whispers — the animals were bears sure enough, they decided.

Would they try the effect of sweet Irish blarney or seek refuge in flight, they must decide very quickly. They remembered an old proverb which said that while the pursuer had several chances the pursued had but one; then they were Irishmen and if they fell in the combat they must have their feet to the foe.

The animals were moving along quietly, coming to drink at the brook. Like true sons of Erin, the men carried sticks; the log on which they sat was quite hollow, merely a shell and the moment the bears noticed them Jim and Mike gave a succession of terrible yells, accompanied by a furious tattoo on the log. Of all animals that entered the ark a bear is probably the coolest, but in midst of silence such a hideous noise appeared to upset them and the creatures ran away at top speed. An Irishman will extract fun from the most unlikely conditions, and both roared and laughed at the success of their plan.

Mike at once proposed to give up the pig racket and attempt to capture the bears. "Shure a Mhic (addressing his companion) we'll get the boneens any day we go after them, not so the bears; then look at the money we'll get for the shnouts, besides the fun and the glory. Bedad our

names would be mentioned with honor as the heroic men who throttled two bears. Sure we'd bate their lives out wid our sticks in the half of no time — see how awkward they are, the spalpeens."

"An what good would it do providin we bate their lives out entoirly — shure we'd never get the craythurs home in this world," retorted the other.

"Arrah Jim, me darlin, you have no gumption at all. Shure we'll kill them aisy like, that's we'll not kill them entoirly and whin they're lyin unconscious we'll bind them together and drive them home just like cows — d'ye moind?"

"I'm thinking it'll be a long toime before you hear a pig squeal at your dure if you wait till you buy it wid the shnout av a bear. Howsomever no one will have to say that a son of Pat Cassidy ever proved false to a friend, so go on, an I'm wid you entoirly," said Jim.

The men set out in full chase and in the excitement were able to keep in view of the animals. They continued this till nearly exhausted and the chance of securing the game had grown less. After Mike's valiant boasting, it was hard to give in, but to continue would be far less than useless. They must also give up the pig expedition and search for their homes.

Exhausted, and famished they moved slowly and aimlessly, seldom speaking a word. They at length spied two rough-looking houses which cheered them considerably, as they would surely get food; but to their keen disappointment, the huts were both vacant. One had a fireplace and a quantity of straw as if used as a bed; the other had been a stable — they were lumbering camps.

Night was approaching and being exceedingly tired, they barricaded the door, lay down in the straw and were soon fast asleep. Through the night they were awakened by violent scratching at the door, also loud breathing noise as if some animals were trying to scent those within; the intruders were evidently bears and the inmates realized the wisdom of having made the entrance secure.

Rain was falling and the roof being of a temporary nature, the wanderers got their share. Jim twitted the other about his bravery when the animals were far off, whereas now he had only to unfasten the door and face the beasts he had longed to secure. They again lay down and soon were asleep.

On awaking the sun was up a good distance, but the sun was a cause of bewilderment for Mike was confident it rose in the west while Jim maintained it was north. They were of course very hungry and made but little advance. The long day was spent in bewailing their miserable condition, they had almost given up expectations of reaching their homes and at times they made the forest ring with cries of despair. Next to hunger the attacks of mosquitoes was the chief kind of annoyance.

When the shades began to fall they prepared to bivouac for the night, one keeping watch. Mike having lain down among fallen leaves, was dozing asleep, and Jim being alone, set up a dismal wail. "Stop your miserable canniven, you omadan of nature; shure it's a dog barkin I hear," put in Mike.

"You're romancin, Mike so you are; what'ud a dog be doin in this haythenish land, to be kilt by mosquitoes?"

They listened; the dog's voice was now heard distinctly and both sprang to their feet. They set out and shortly came to a fence, beyond which were some poor-looking houses, and the men were in a manner bewildered. But poor as the houses, Mike and Jim were rejoiced; they got over the fence and approached the nearest.

It was now getting dark, and Mike without knocking, opened the door and in a voice unsteady and feeble began:—"Christian people,—would yes be afther giving a couple of unfortunates a night's"—But he was not allowed to finish, a woman who was putting a baby to sleep, sprang forward and clasping Mike in her arms, exclaimed—"Och, Mike me darlin, shure y're not living entoirly—it must be your ghost—spake, if y're livin."

The wanderers in their weakened state were some moments speechless. When assured that Mike and Jim were yet in the flesh there was rejoicing galore; word soon went round and the gladness was general. The neighbors had been out hunting for them all day, but in another direction.

Mike and Jim left home facing the south, unconsciously they changed their direction eastwards, made a sweep round to north, then turned west and again south till striking their own small clearing at the back, yet under the impression that they were going south all the time.

During ninety-eight years the fire and axe made extraordinary changes in the look of the country; the area over which Mike and Jim wandered has been cleared long ago; the district is intersected with roads, dotted with good, tidy homes with indications of comfort. The descendants of the wanderers are there of the third and fourth generation and from one of them the story was secured by the writer.

ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE LANGUAGE OF EDEN.]

A map of Great Britain shows that while the east coast of Scotland is without insular appendage, the sea washing its western shores is studded with nearly five hundred islands, ninety of which are inhabited. Pliny, the Roman author, called the islands collectively Hebudes, changed into Hebrides by a misprint. Their character is wild, rocky and barren, the sparse population depending on fishing and rearing of cattle. Down to the year 1266 the islands were under the dominion of Norway and even at this time not a few place names are in the Scandinavian tongue. During the fourteenth century a MacDonald

chief claimed the group as his own, assuming the high-sounding title, "Lord of the Isles." In 1540 the islands were annexed to Scotland, though they were ruled by clan chiefs till the system was abolished in 1746 in consequence of an attempt to replace a Stewart King on the throne.

Some dozen miles from the south of Skye and an equal distance west of the mainland, lies the small island of Eigg, oval in form, with an area less than a dozen square miles. The shores are high and precipitous with only one spot where a landing can be made with convenience. The inhabitants were all MacDonalds of the sept named Clan-ranald.

Sometime in 1590 a party of fishermen from Skye took refuge on the island of Eigg where they were hospitably entertained till after the storm. Though coming from the land of fair women one of the men, by name Norman MacLeod, became captive to a girl in the house where they stayed. Cupid seems to have flung its shafts right and left, as Catherine MacDonald was not loth to reciprocate.

When the storm had subsided the lovers bade farewell to each other with many vows of fidelity, Norman giving assurance that he would be back pretty soon. All through the summer when the moon was in form and the weather propitious, once a week at the rarest, a boat might be seen putting off from Skye shore and pointing to south; at what hour it returned was uncertain. Love-making is pretty much alike in every age, in all countries and I shall not attempt to describe interviews intended to be witnessed only by the moon and the stars.

It must not be supposed that Catherine MacDonald lacked admirers at home, but the youth from abroad seemed to capture her fancy. At length she consented to proceed with Norman to Skye which hitherto she had only seen at a distance, its stern, rugged mountains with helmets of mist.

Although the courtship had been carried on in the dark Norman's movements were known and there was no small indignation at the thought of a stranger plucking its fairest

flower from Eigg where beauties were rare; and on the night Norman was about securing the prize a number of persons concealed themselves at the shore, determined that if hitherto the course of love had run smoothly there would be a hitch at the end. On reaching the shore, Norman and his two friends sprang into their boat, when immediately those in ambush overpowered the party, bound them securely and after removing the oars set the boat adrift on the tide. A light wind wafted it seaward and not till the third day were the occupants released by their chief who was returning from Norway the home of his ancestors. The men were unconscious, indeed more dead than alive, and not till the following day could they describe their misfortune.

The chief vowed revenge, and began preparations for a sanguinary expedition to the island of Eigg, the people of which were now in despair. Resistance was useless and the words "what shall we do" were on every tongue. They lived in an age when revenge was considered becoming and pity unknown; nothing but death need be expected to atone for an offense committed against a powerful clan.

In the rocky battlements surrounding the island there is a cave of good size though the entrance is small, and when suggested as a city of refuge, hope took the place of despair. A brook rushing down over the opening made the chance of discovery next thing to nil. The people at once began carrying into the cave whatever they considered most useful, for not till the hostile fleet was seen need they enter the hold. The unwelcome sight appeared before long, when at once the Eigg people disappeared as by magic.

The invaders arrived about noon, all keen for the foray. Fires were smouldering on the hearths and the houses looked as if the inmates had stepped out that minute, but where had they gone? Were they carried off by the fairies? Chief MacLeod ordered to set the houses on fire, which was done by placing a brand in the thatch, and

flames from the thirty-nine humble dwellings lighted the scene as night was approaching.

The next work was securing the cattle which roamed on the hills, and in due time the spoil was collected and placed in the boats.

Looking into the cave, we find the occupants to be from an infant to the patriarch who had passed four score. The imprisonment had continued some fifty hours and night was approaching. The lowing of cattle heard by the prisoners gave them an idea of existing conditions, and just as the spoilers were spreading their sails one ventured out to reconnoitre. The move was unfortunate, for he was no sooner observed than like hounds, the spoilers began a pursuit. The poor fellow ran as is usual when life is at stake, but all to no purpose and when on the point of being captured he rushed into the cave.

The mystery was solved, the hiding-place was discovered. Chief MacLeod proposed terms of surrender — would the besieged as the price of their liberty, give up the miscreants who had so shamefully treated Norman and his companions? The cave's mouth would only admit one at a time, the occupants had food and the ultimatum was therefore rejected in toto

The invaders next diverted the course of the stream which veiled the opening, a quantity of dry rubbish was heaped at mouth of the cave and fired. A smart breeze sent the smoke inwards with direful effect. Owing to superstitious fears the island remained long without inhabitants, and to this day the bones of the unfortunate people may be seen where they perished.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(TRANSLATED FROM GAELIC.)

About three generations ago there was published in Glasgow an excellent Gaelic magazine named "The Visitor," and among the contributed matter was an account of Waterloo by one who at the time was at Brussels. Though the story is old an English translation may be of interest one hundred years after the important event. It runs as follows:—

Sometime after Bonaparte took up his quarters at Elba, representatives of European nations assembled in Vienna in order to restore territorial boundaries similar to what they had formerly been. It was a big undertaking and by all accounts progress was slow, but the assembly got new life on learning that Bonaparte was back in France and Louis XVIII a fugitive. Britain, Austria, Russia, Prussia, each agreed to place 100,000 troops in the field or furnish the cash, the Duke of Wellington being appointed chief in command. Early in April the Duke made his headquarters at Brussels, which never before was so bright, gay and joyous as up to the middle of June; bands of soldiers were met at every turn, their uniforms varied according to countries. The officers were mounted on magnificent horses, caparisoned as became the rank of their riders, who looked as if up to their business.

In the park on June 15th some 20,000 troops were reviewed, the Dukes of Brunswick and Wellington issuing orders. In my opinion no military display could be finer, the regiments in bonnets and kilts being particularly expert in their movements; indeed the whole army worked like machinery.

On the night of June 15th a ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond (sister of Gordon who commanded

the 93rd) and I had the rare fortune to be one of the guests. The beauty and fashion of the town were present, their costumes flashing with jewels, the officers' uniforms being no less attractive. (There died in Ireland fifteen years ago lady Louisa Tige aged ninety-seven, who, ere reaching her teens, danced at the ball, the Duchess of Richmond being her mother.)

When enjoyment was at its highest intensity, a messenger informed the Duc of Brunswick that the French army was near, the report of their guns being heard quite distinctly. "It is time to be absent from this," said the Duc, bidding the company a hasty adieu.

The dance was suddenly ended and all looked at each other, a look which had more meaning than words. Instead of viol and harp, there could now be heard the rattle of drums and blare of trumpets calling to arms. Hasty farewells were exchanged — it was the last meeting for some. Each colonel began to put his regiment in order for marching, two Highland regiments (the 42nd and 92nd) being the first ready, their pipers stirring the air with the favorite tune — "Thigibh an sho chlannan nan con."

It was now 3 a. m. of June 16th and Wellington's big guns were shaking the town as their wheels crushed the pavement; next followed the British and Germans in sections that looked like walls of firm rock. In the hasty departure, not a few officers were unable to remove their silk hose and other fittings of the festive occasion.

A great army of British, Germans and Belgians intended to join the Prussians and march into Paris; to frustrate this plan Bonaparte decided to meet the Prussians at Ligny and the allied army at Quatre Bras for which they were now on the move.

Brussels was not happy on that 16th of June, with two battles raging so near that the roar of their guns was in evidence. There was a vague sort of fear, and all were hiding whatever they valued; none thought of food and the day seemed needlessly long. At length a body of

French troops was seen in the distance and a report spread that the allies had sustained a defeat; at once knots of three-colored ribbon appeared as by magic, accompanied by shouts of "Vive' lempereur!" But the tune changed quickly when it was learned that the men seen were prisoners. At once the ribbons dropped from sight and shouts were given for Wellington, so fickle and worthless is popular applause.

At sunset wounded soldiers began to arrive in carts and any sort of conveyance — the sight was appalling, repulsive; soldiers I had seen on parade with spotless apparel were now defiled with all kinds of nastiness, their mouths black and unsightly from biting the cartridges. Indeed one could not recognize his own brother, so much had all changed in appearance.

I asked an officer wounded in the knee, if the French were victorious; "I cannot tell (he replied); when I left they were fighting like devils." An English lady came along weeping and inquiring if her husband was safe; "In the big name of God (said a soldier) how can anyone tell. I could not see two yards for smoke and the fate of him who stood next is unknown to me."

By this time the surgeons began cutting, but they were entirely too few. All that night and next day the wounded were being carted along in a continuous train, while thousands yet on the field required attention. The hospitals were filled very quickly, then all the churches, the barns and even stables, yet this was the result of only one battle (Quatre Bras) of third rate importance. The loss on each side was about equal, the combined carnage estimated at ten thousand men.

Among the slain was the Duc of Brunswick who fell while cheering his army; Colonel John Cameron, an officer of distinguished merit; Colonel Douglas who received three wounds, yet held his place till the day was decided. Wellington commanded the allies and Grouchy the French.

At Ligny the commanders were Bonaparte and Blucher,

the former being victorious. On learning of the German defeat at Ligny, Wellington proceeded to Waterloo on Saturday and sent a messenger to Blücher requesting help next day in case there be need. The seventy-three year-old warrior replied that he would be himself on the ground though a day's march lay between.

I now come to speak of Waterloo, called by the French Mt. St. Jean and Belle Alliance by Germans. The battle extended over nearly three miles, continuing from noon till near seven. The crops of rye, barley and wheat were beginning to ripen and one can fancy how the feet of galloping horses and wheels of big guns would sink in the marl, soaked by a deluge.

Sunday morning the 18th of June was wild and tempestuous as the action to follow was furious. The previous night was a terror, wind tearing great trees from their anchorage, lightning and thunder, with rain and hail as fit company.

To southwest of the field stood a gentleman's residence, Hugomont, with barns and outhouses. A well in the yard was kept unusually busy and at sunset was filled with bodies, the spark of life yet in some.

The battle raged about Hugomont with terrible fury, the place having been taken and retaken till the surroundings became a bog with blood of the combatants. A brick wall surrounded the orchard which through smoke had the appearance of British lines and so was much peppered. To west of this on rising ground the engagement was started near noon by a battery of cannon commanded by Jerome Bonaparte. But as well attempt to describe the sea in a storm as attempt to describe a battle in writing.

Except troops from the Netherlands both armies were determined to conquer or lie dead on the plain. In General Ponsoby's command the British seemed to be making great slaughter, seeing which the Emperor ordered his heavy cavalry forward. These were picked men who had been in three former battles and a dozen years in the army.

The horses were of the most powerful kind and trained to face any danger, while both horses and men were enclosed in steel armor. These began to cut down Ponsoby's troops right and left. Wellington ordered the Scots Greys to the rescue, but these famous warriors were only wasted as even the broadsword had no effect on armor of steel. In a few minutes someone in the ranks shouted — "Sever their hocks!" This being followed, the cavalry soon disappeared.

Wellington seeing a regiment giving way, rode forward exclaiming — "What does this mean! What will Britain think of you.?"

The commander of a regiment approached the Duke, saying — "My troops are completely exhausted; they need a few moments rest." "God bless the man (was the reply), are you crazy? You and I and every British man will lie cold on the plain ere we acknowledge defeat. Go back and put life in your men!"

When the contest was at greatest intensity one who was present declared that mind could not conceive a more awful spectacle — the continuous roar of big guns and mortars, the explosion of shells and shrieks of their fragments, the incessant rattle of musketry, the clashing of swords, the furious neighing of horses, screams of the wounded imploring for water, the various national cries, such as "Scotland for ever!" "For England and Glory!" "Vive l'Empereur!"

About mid-afternoon the issue seemed on a balance; Bonaparte was observed to inhale enormous pinches of snuff and act as if apprehensive of losing.

Between four and five the welcome roar of Prussian guns was heard and soon Generals Bulow and Stymnits appeared with their sections. Only for this timely assistance it is impossible to predict how the battle would end. It is stated that Marshal Grouchy, with his division was to have come to assist, but failed to appear. The Emperor accused the Marshal of treason which the latter denied.

Sometime after six Wellington drew up his whole army for a general attack, and swinging his cap in the air, gave a tremendous huzza which the troops followed in a roar that seemed to shatter the welkin; the whole line rushing forward, the French gave way leaving big guns and every other impediment. The several bands struck up with a vim, the pipers playing "Gilleán an eileidh" which never sounded sweeter than on that calm Sunday evening.

Blutcher and Wellington met for the first time and the handshake was cordial. The retreating foe were not followed except by the Prussians, Wellington and his army spending that night on the plain.

Let us now turn to Brussels. About sunset a body of cavalry arrived with news that the French had been routed. This created a storm of rejoicing; all the church bells were rung and people showed their gladness in different ways. But along with joy there was reason for tears; at least 40,000 were lying in the sleep from which no sound can waken, while three times that number spent the night in the most dreadful agony face to face with the foe of mankind, crying for water or asking for help. My former idea of a battlefield was limited to a few acres, but here were many square miles covered with wounded and slain. Add to this the thousands of magnificent horses wounded and dead, and we must confess that war is the world's greatest curse. The slain are not the old and decrepit, but youth in their prime, without flaw or blemish; even the loss of a tooth would disqualify for the service. In the morning, both horses and men were the pride of great nations; at night they were only fit for manure.

Counting those who fell on the 16th and 18th of June within a score miles of Brussels would require two days at the rate of sixty per minute, allowing nine hours to a day. But all these are few compared with the myriads slain in the years that Bonaparte played havoc in Europe, an army that in single file would require almost a year to pass a given point, marching at a rate of sixty per minute.

Caring for the wounded was a serious task. For a score miles through the country, churches, barns and outhouses were improvised for hospitals, still there was shortage of room. Though the work was pushed forward incessantly, four days were required, and numbers died in that time. For days after the battle, streams in the neighborhood were rivulets of blood.

On Monday I walked to the battlefield a distance of over nine miles. Before reaching the scene I met a Frenchman wallowing in blood and apparantly dying. I moved him aside and he died in my presence. Soon I began to meet the dead and dying in scores, some without arms, some minus legs, headless trunks and some cut in two. Besides those who were lifeless, thousands were in different stages of helplessness, crying in God's name for water. I desired to see all, but my frame shook with horror; as far as the sight could extend, nothing but dead, wounded and gore. The odor of so much blood was beyond my endurance. Here and there the slain were in heaps where a shell had exploded.

The work of putting the dead under ground was a big undertaking. On having the clothing removed the cadavers were thrown into pits by the dozen and covered lightly with soil. Many bodies were mangled by the wheels of big guns and feet of the horses. Jews were here in great numbers, each with small hammer, removing the teeth.

Though many were at the work of interment, a long time was required, and the subjects having become unfit to be handled, great iron hooks were used for dragging them into the pits. For several years these burial heaps could be seen by thousands; no field was more fertilized and at such a terrible cost.

As to the number of combatants, accounts are largely conflicting; a conservative estimate places the French at 72,000, with less for the allies. The latter are supposed to have lost 23,190, the French 18,500, with 7,800 prisoners and 227 big guns.

When about leaving the ground I observed a youth in Highland uniform, a great wound in his side and apparently dying. Something in the countenance suggested that I had seen him before, so I propped him against a dead horse and gave a small taste of spirits which seemed to revive him. Seeing smoke not far away, I found a group of soldiers round a small fire trying to cook beef in a French cuirasse and one of them seized a horse on which we sat the wounded man whom I supported till arriving at Brussels where he was placed in hospital. On being washed and attended to, I recognized in him an old schoolmate from far-away Scotland. By careful attendance, before many months he had so far recovered as to return to his home and his people.

HUNTER'S GRAVE.

A REMINISCENCE OF 1812.

About the centre of Prince Edward Island there gushes out of a hillside a sparkling brook which after attaining larger dimensions is called Hunter River and follows on to the sea. A few yards from its bank there could be seen during last century a lone grave in the forest, no lettered slab enlightened the traveller and the mound was called "Hunter's Grave." * * * * *

On a prominent headland exactly an equal distance from the north and east extremes of the Island there lived in the early years of last century a person named George Trueman, one of those loyal spirits who adhered to his King during the unfortunate war that separated the American colonies from old motherland.

Before the war of Independence Trueman's father lived in the state of New York where since has grown the city of Buffalo, his farm comprising the pleasure-grounds at the point where Niagara River runs out of Lake Erie. Right

opposite on the Canadian side stood the historic Fort Erie, for many years nothing else than a name.

George's father continued faithful to Britain, joined the Loyalist forces and was killed at the recapture of Stony Point on July 15th, 1779. His wife dying during those years, the family became scattered.

When only nineteen, George took his place in the ranks; and after taking part in several engagements unhurt, he was wounded at the battle of Cowpens in January, 1781. At close of the war in 1783 the youth along with a companion named Stanlake, crossed into Canada where each secured land for military service. On this they built a log cabin in which they both lived.

After some years Trueman married a sister of Stanlake, but his connubial bliss was not lasting, for at birth of the second child both mother and infant died, leaving the father with a babe of between three and four years. Being greatly cast down by the loss of his partner, Trueman sold the farm, proceeded to Quebec and thence took passage on a small trading vessel which landed him on the north shore of Prince Edward Island early in June.

Having brought some tools, a variety of seeds and other necessary supplies, Trueman selected a location and began building a cottage which was ready for occupation before winter set in. The place called by him "Lone Point" was a dense forest, except that five miles away there was a colony of French with whom Trueman had no intercourse.

Though the adventurer had adopted this strange mode of life he was not lacking intelligence, he brought a number of books and much of his time was occupied instructing his daughter, Inez by name. Once a year a timber vessel from England brought such other supplies as were needed; in this way parent and child lived entirely to themselves knowing little of what agitated the great world beyond.

In October, 1806, a terrible storm swept the north shores of the Island. When at greatest intensity a vessel was seen approaching the breakers until it finally struck and

went over, the shore becoming covered with wreckage and the bodies of men. Trueman examined to see if any gave indications of life, though life among such a howling commotion would be little short of a miracle.

At length an object was seen approaching that looked like a human being clinging to a part of the vessel, at times on the crest of a wave, the next moment hid; finally it was driven up on the sand and Trueman rushed forward to rescue it. The object proved to be a young lad with indications of life; Trueman wrapped him in his own outer garment and carried him to the cottage. Though chilled and much bruised, he was soon on the line of recovery and before many days was comparatively well.

The lad gave his name as Fred Hunter from North Shields in England; he was about two years the senior of Inez and quite stout for his age. For weeks he continued silent and gloomy, but by degrees he became seemingly reconciled to his lot. No son could be more obedient or dutiful and by degrees his preserver began to wonder how he got along in the past.

As was natural, Inez and Fred became as great friends as if they had been together from infancy.

Skipping over several years we find Inez and Fred respectively eighteen and twenty, and almost unknown to themselves they were lovers; from being on terms of intimacy and friendship it was but a short stage to the more tender passion. Their condition was singularly fortunate, as love's youthful dreams were marred by neither rival nor jealousy. Life glided along without distraction or jar.

In time Trueman became aware of how matters stood between the young persons under his charge, but he showed no resentment; they were matched in years and in excellence and their life union seemed a decision of fate.

This was the interesting condition of things when word came that Britain and the United States had been at war since the year 1812. This information caused much stir in the cottage and gave a new direction to thought. Young

Hunter's mind became filled with conflicting emotions; should he obey the warlike behests of Minerva or the silent promptings of Cupid? Without undertaking to deny that it was glorious to die for one's country, yet owing to his peculiar situation he felt like permitting someone else to secure his share of the glory — who would fault his decision?

While matters were in a state of uncertainty, news arrived to the effect that early in May a vessel would leave Charlottetown for Halifax to carry off any who chose to enlist; there were only few troops in Canada, and Britain in deadly grip with a tyrant could ill afford to send help. While Ontario and Quebec must sustain the brunt of the onset, the colonies down by the sea must not be slow to respond. This was the gist of the proclamation issued.

It was at length decided that Fred Hunter should set out on the first week in May. Passing over preparations, wise counsels, tender scenes at departure and his tramp through the forest, we find Fred in Halifax enlisted and sworn to be true to the king.

After some delay both at Halifax and Quebec, Fred with a number of others was sent to the front at Niagara, the chief point of attack. He was present at the leading engagements to the final rout of the Americans on the 25th of July, 1814, when he was wounded. To say that he acquitted himself with unusual valor would be faint praise.

While our hero is under medical treatment in hospital, let us visit the inmates of the cottage at Lone Point. For days after Hunter's departure there was gloom and conversation was entirely about the youth and his fortunes. Trueman blamed himself for encouraging the young man to adopt the perilous life of a soldier and as was becoming, Inez shed tears.

As months sped along the name of Fred was less frequently mentioned, yet he was by no means forgot; often would Inez and her father wonder how it fared with the wanderer and wished that a bird would convey news from

afar. Postal communication with Lone Point was many years in the future and nothing could be done but to wait.

Sometime in autumn a report came that Fred was mortally wounded which it was feared, was quite true. There was now grief in the cottage; why did they consent to the young man's departure? But recriminations would not recover the dead. Inez and her father never spent such a sad, lonesome winter.

Sometime in spring a ship arrived from the old land for a cargo of pine, on board of which was one passenger, named Jack Seymour, the son of a gentleman in Bristol; having heard much concerning the wilds of America, he decided to see for himself. At the Trueman home his visits were frequent and no more frequent than welcome. The inmates were charmed with the young man's recitals while he was no less entertained by hearing accounts of the American revolution from one who himself had been there.

Inez was a genuine prairie flower, a beauty very much unadorned, and to crowd much into a few words, before long Seymour became established in the place left vacant by Hunter, of whom nothing was heard since the news of his death. The summer passed along pleasantly, largely owing to the visitor from over the sea.

It was now autumn and the ship was ready to sail. No word had passed between the young people about a union of hands, but there was no denying a union of hearts. Inez tried to suppress her emotions at parting, but it was a striving against the essential part of her nature. With a promise to return in the spring, Seymour stepped into the boat, the oars were applied and Inez through her tears watched the ship as she faded from view.

Now for a second time there was gloom in the cottage, but Trueman never suspected that Inez had transferred her affections to their guest of the season. The winter passed very slowly; father and child were in a sense prisoners with no news from abroad. It was again summer, but how slowly the weeks dragged along! Early one

morning a vessel was seen riding at anchor about one mile from land; could she be the good ship "Alert" and was Seymour on board or had he forgotten her — these were the thoughts of the girl.

A boat was seen putting off from the vessel, the oars were applied, Seymour leaped ashore and was soon at the cottage. Needless to say the greeting was cordial. Though Trueman was aware that the youth and his daughter were fast friends he did not suspect feelings of a more tender kind, and on learning how matters stood he raised no objection; Hunter's death was assured and it would serve no good purpose to wait.

The ship's carpenter was brought ashore to assist in making such additions to the cottage as would make it enduring till the following spring when Seymour would depart with his treasure. The marriage could not take place till about Christmas, at which time a missionary father would pay the French colony a visit.

* * * * *

According to appearance poor Hunter was entirely forgot; not so however, for Inez's first love occupied a big share of her thoughts. That he had fallen in battle was sure and she felt ill at ease lest his spirit might appear at the time of her nuptials, such being the superstitious belief in time of my narrative.

After what seemed an age, the date of the marriage came round, dark, stormy and cold; the priest had arrived and all was in readiness; but we must direct the reader's attention for a little to Inez's first love.

At our last account Fred Hunter was in hospital getting healed of his wounds. The war is now over and the young soldier was sent to Quebec, then to Halifax; on the way the vessel was captured by a French ship of war, the soldiers were sent as prisoners to St. Pierre and there detained till after peace had been concluded between France and the allies in November, 1815.

The prisoners were then sent to Halifax where Hunter

was paid off and received his discharge. The small vessel on which he took passage to Prince Edward Island was delayed by head winds and only reached its destination a few days before Christmas. After resting one day at Charlottetown, Hunter set off on foot and mostly through forest, his heart aglow with thoughts of the home he expected soon to regain. He never doubted Inez's fidelity and looked forward to her welcome to be correspondingly true; yet notwithstanding his ardor, he was compelled to spend the night in a pioneer's hut by the way.

The following day was stormy and not till late in the afternoon did he come in sight of the cottage where so many happy hours had been spent; that his thoughts were in violent commotion that his heart beat wildly as he approached, the reader requires not being told. * * * *

We left Inez and Seymour at the point of joining hands and being declared man and wife. Pale and exhausted our hero bore little resemblance to the Fred Hunter who passed the same threshold some thirty-two months before. Inez and her affianced were standing as Hunter went in; the cottage was dark and for an instant the wanderer seemed dazed; was the scene before him a reality or a horrible dream?

He took a step forward with outstretched arms as if to clasp the girl to his bosom; she sprang back with a scream in doubt whether the being before her was real flesh and blood. Nothing was heard since the news of his death, so that alarm at his unexpected appearance was not strange.

Hunter must have realized the true state of things very quickly; the reverend father in robes, Inez in festive attire with a strange man in her company. Turning quickly, he raised the latch and went out. The girl and her father exchanged frightened looks; to the others the affair was a mystery.

Inez and Seymour were duly declared man and wife, but the strange appearance of Hunter changed conventional

joy into funereal sadness. Next day search was made for the wanderer, but snow having fallen the search was in vain. Sometime in March a party of lumbermen discovered a dead man in the woods a few yards from the stream named at the outset, and over half a dozen miles from Lone Point; the head rested on a valise as if the person had lain down to repose. Examination showed the body to be that of Fred Hunter, as the valise contained his discharge from the army, some money, clothes and a number of things evidently intended for the shrine of his love.

As to the wanderer's intentions, all is shrouded in mystery; on learning that he was supplanted in the affections of Inez he probably resolved to make his way back and re-enter the army, but all is conjecture. Being exhausted he lay down to rest, fell asleep and so perished. The remains were interred on the spot, and today the inquisitive traveller would look in vain for the mound spoken of at the outset. This is how the stream was named Hunter River. * * * * *

The discovery of Hunter's remains was a severe blow to the newly-made wife, who from this out appeared broken-hearted, and melancholy. Nothing seemed to interest or revive. In the following spring she with her husband and father quitted their home at Lone Point and took passage for Britain. The heroine was homesick enough when leaving the cot round which so many endearing memories twined. The sea voyage was long, the accommodations were inferior and she suffered from the worst of all ailments.

On coming in sight of Ireland her husband went to inform her that land was in view, but she was too feeble to make any reply and while he was speaking her spirit took flight. Her husband and father were distracted, but our interest terminates with the woman and the narrative ends.

WITCH PROSECUTIONS.

The subject of this essay belongs to a dark, ignorant age and disappears before light from the schools. No African tribe has yet been discovered without a belief in witchcraft and no form of credulity occasioned more distress to mankind. History presents no sadder chapter than that relating to witch prosecution during the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; one who claims to have investigated the subject, estimates the number sacrificed at nine million, a tale surely exceeding the fact, as one per cent of nine million would be enormous.

In Britain at the time under review, any aged woman who had the misfortune to be of forbidding appearance was set down as a witch, and once so declared, proof was always accumulating. According to popular belief a witch sold her immortal part to the devil for the gift of being able to change herself into certain animals, and of performing a variety of tricks mostly by way of revenge. A witch of ordinary endowments required neither auto nor aeroplane, all she required for transportation was a broom on which she was supposed to fly with the speed of a bird. According to belief of the time, a witch might be skipping over the plain in form of a rabbit and at home spinning or weaving. Did she receive hurt or abraison in her fanciful form, the wound would appear on her person at home. Fire arms were believed to have no effect on a witch unless the bullet be silver.

In the western islands of Scotland belief in witchcraft was strong till the early years of last century, when it slowly gave way before the advent of knowledge. People lived mostly near the sea, the shores were precipitous, accidents were accordingly frequent and every accident was attributed to a neighboring witch. Did fishermen return empty-handed, some witch was accused; did cream

refuse to change into butter owing to fault of the temperature, the bother was charged on some witch. Witches were blamed for interfering with milk more than anything else on the premises, the contention being that they abstracted the essence or virtue, leaving it no better than whey. They were also accused of carrying milk home in some mysterious manner, as the following shows: A noted witch was returning from a professional tour among the western islands of Scotland; the rowers exerted themselves, still the boat barely moved; the helmsman noticed a cord extending from the boat into the sea. On this being severed the boat rushed forward and the water all round became covered with milk, which the damsel was carrying away from the islands she had been visiting.

According to popular belief, when a witch desired to sink a boat or destroy its occupants, she placed a small shell afloat in a basin, then agitated the water till the shell disappeared, the boat going down at that instant. To destroy a ship, she would bring up a squall.

In the section referred to, a young man was drowned and the accident was of course charged to a witch. Sometime afterwards the accused woman passed off the stage, showing that she too, was mortal. In process of time the youth's father became seriously ill and would not likely recover; a remaining son conversing about his approaching demise, spoke as follows: "Now father, in case you leave us and enter the good place above, I hope you will hunt out the black witch that killed my brother and have her expelled." "My son (came the feeble reply), make yourself easy on that point, for I assure you we'll not be both there very long."

But the object of this paper is to give a brief account of prosecutions and murders, the darkest stain on all history. One who was wicked enough had only to feign sudden illness, declare himself bewitched, name the offender and the suspected person was "put to the test," — her great toes and thumbs were tied crosswise and she was thrown

into the nearest deep water; if she floated the proof of guilt was conclusive and she was sent to the stake; if she sank, she was innocent but of course she was drowned, a choice between a pond and the faggot.

A strange feature of the inhuman barbarity was the active part taken by clergymen who pretended to be servants of a merciful God; even lower animals are put to death in the most painless manner, but these monsters of cruelty witnessed with pleasure the lingering tortures of human beings in flame.

In the reign of Elizabeth witchcraft was declared a capital crime, and in 1593 a woman and her three children were burnt. Before leaving Scotland in 1603, King James showed fiery zeal at witch-burning, and in England his first parliament voted pillory for a primary offence and death for the second.

Witch-burning reached its hottest stage in 1653 when 3,000 are said to have perished. A worthless brute named Hopkins paraded the country as witch-finder at the rate of one guinea per head. The miserable creatures were kept on foot day and night till they dropped from exhaustion, continually tortured by needles driven into their bodies on pretense of searching for marks, the torments being so extreme that some declared themselves guilty in order to be put out of the way. Hopkins had a rich time while it lasted, but ultimately similar tests were applied to himself and his end decreased the butchery. With the restoration (in 1660) the gruesome atrocity was a good deal relaxed.

Ejecting pins from the mouth was accepted an infallible sign, till Justice North observed a woman secreting pins in her dress and in simulating convulsions, pick them out with her mouth, to be ejected at the right time.

In 1664 a noted case was tried before Sir Matthew Hale who condemned two women on evidence that was positively childish; yet Hale was rated the best of his time. Witch trials were simply forms, as the accused ones were seldom ever acquitted. There existed an idea that no sacrifice

was so acceptable to the most High as fumes from witch-burning, no music so pleasant as their screams while in torture.

In 1711 a woman was indicted for conversing with the devil in form of a cat, but the jury pronounced the charge too ridiculous and she was acquitted. In 1716 a woman and her daughter (aged nine) were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil and raising a storm. With this crowning atrocity the murders for witchcraft in England closed, the number destroyed estimated at 29,000.

In 1591, twenty-nine were executed at Edinboro, and up to the restoration thirty trials took place, all except one being sent to the stake. In 1659 at one circuit in Glasgow, Stirling and Ayr, seventeen were reduced to ashes; besides these clergymen were authorized to burn, a privilege they rarely neglected.

In Renfrewshire, a girl named Shaw (not yet in her teens), having quarrelled with a servant, feigned convulsions, declared she was bewitched, accusing the servant of sorcery. One after another was accused till no less than twenty were implicated and tried on the wicked girl's evidence. Of the number, five were duly cremated. In 1722 an insane old creature was burnt at Dornoch, the disgraceful act closing witch-murder in Britain, the number for Scotland estimated at 4,000.

Till a few years ago there could be seen at Forfar a witch bridle, consisting of an iron band in two sections, connected by hinges. In front a plate projected into the mouth and pressed on the tongue, keeping it perfectly still. A chain attached to the rear, fastened the culprit to the stake for security.

* * * * *

I now come to the witch crusade in America, the first reference being in 1645 and the first trial in 1650. In 1694 Phil Smith of Hadley, Mass., complained of not feeling exactly like the Phil Smith of yore, pronounced himself bewitched and accused an old dame as the cause.

There was no regular trial, but the wretched thing was dragged from her cabin and hanged till nearly dead, but she outlived the infliction, whereas Smith died on his bed. In 1660 Mary Wright was accused of having intercourse with the devil, but the charge failed to convict; she was however a quackress and was driven out of the land.

At this point there appears on the stage a saintly individual named Mather who considered that in no sphere could he serve God and his country so effectually as in the capacity of witch-prosecutor. In the public library at Boston may be seen a book by this famous divine in which occurs the following:—"November 29th, 1692, while I was preaching at a fast for persons possessed, the devil in a damsel flew at me and tore a leaf against the text, Mark 9:28, 29." A facsimile of the extraordinary record may be seen in Spark's life of Mather.

In 1688 a family named Goodwin of Boston came into prominence in this way: The eldest (a girl of thirteen) quarrelled with a laundress and to have revenge she and three others complained of tortures, accusing the laundress of having bewitched them. At times they pretended to be deaf, or have their limbs out of joint; they would utter terrible screams, pretending to be burnt or lacerated with weapons. The clergy at once came to the rescue; the unnatural pains were from Satan and he must be put down, so they thought. The laundress' mother was examined and declared to be "crazed in her intellectuals." Mather was delighted; visited her cell, accompanied her to the scaffold and watched the terrible end.

The antics of the Goodwin children were still unabated; Mather took the eldest home in order to inspect the satanic influence at short range, also desiring to confute the Sadducees as he called disbelievers in witchcraft. He attempted to cast out the demons in Greek, Hebrew and Latin without success; but the Indian language (Choctaw) seemed to stagger them.

It was at Salem (now part of Danvers) that the witch

crusade arrived at its greatest activity, the epidemic breaking out in 1692 in the family of Saml. Paris, a clergyman. A daughter of nine, his niece of twelve and two others began to imitate the Goodwin children in pretending to have fits and convulsions. A fast through the colony had no effect on the girls who in private enjoyed the fun of fooling the older inhabitants.; private fasts were frequently held imploring the Lord to reveal his power in this terrible mystery. If those silly divines were to give the damsels a smart application of switch instead of prayers they would soon come to their senses.

Three miserable creatures were sent to jail, one bed-ridden, another half crazy. On being examined, scars were found on their bodies which were pronounced devil marks. Two respectable women were sent to jail by advice of the children, who uttered screams on the women approaching. Even a child of five was included, being charged with biting the wicked girls who showed on their arms the marks of small teeth.

At length a certain woman confessed and being allowed to go free, confessions were general, so a decree was promulgated that the gallows was not for witches but for those who disbelieved in witchcraft—the Saduccees. The country was in a distressed condition owing to the pranks of the girls. The purest life, the highest integrity, the most solemn asseverations of innocence went for nothing, the nearest relatives becoming at times the accusers. In one instance a wife and daughter accused the husband and father; in another, a child of seven testified against her own mother. The country was bewildered and something must be done to relieve the distress. A court was appointed to search for peculiar marks on persons accused, presuming the devil fixed private marks on his own. The person was stripped down to bare pelt and any mole, wart or exerescence was prodded with pins to ascertain if the victim had the feelings of ordinary mortals.

One of the last to be tortured was an indigent creature

who became confused, contradicted her former statement and therefore was doomed. Here is Mather's description: "In passing Salem meeting-house she gave a look at the building and a demon entered the house, tore down part of it and a board, strongly nailed was transported to another quarter."

In June 1692 a woman named Bishop was accused of being a witch, the indictment setting forth that "on the 19th of April and divers other days she practised certain detestable acts upon Mary Lewis of Salem by which she was hurt, tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted and tormented against the peace of our sovereign lord and lady, the King and Queen and against the statute in that case made and provided."

On the following July five women were put to death; another who had been accused, was declared not guilty, but the verdict not meeting approval, the jury was sent back and found the woman guilty as ordered. In August six persons were murdered, one of whom had formerly been a witch-finder, but now declaring that no witchcraft existed, he was hanged.

The next trial was that of George Burrows, formerly a preacher in Salem, his execution being the darkest blot on the gruesome campaign. The enormity was more abhorrent by the fact of his condemnation being largely due to illwill by a divine names Paris who took advantage of the excitement prevailing. Burrows denied the existence of witchcraft entirely which denial formed the accusation against him. After spending months in jail, he was tried, the indictment setting forth that he had used witchcraft upon Ann Putnam "by which said woman was tortured and consumed against the peace of our sovereign lord the King and against the statutes in that case made and provided."

The evidence by which the good man was condemned is too ridiculous to appear in respectable print. On the scaffold his address moved many to tears, but the saintly

Mather was busy among the crowd, assuring them that the condemned man was getting help from the devil.

On a certain occasion when business was unusually brisk, there could be seen the horrible sight of eight bodies hanging in line, whereupon a Salem preacher humorously remarked, "There hangs fuel drying for the furnace below."

Already a score had been murdered and three times that number had been tortured into confession; the public were sick of the carnage, and people began to open their eyes after a slumber of years. In Salem a woman of the highest intelligence was accused of being a witch; a warrant was read to her and guards were set round the premises. Next morning she gave directions for the bringing-up of her children, then consigned herself to the sheriff, declaring her readiness.

But such a state of things could not last unless human nature had changed. The courts continued to arraign, but the juries dismissed one case after another — a change was assured. Then began lamentations over the slain, and congregations found it hard to endure preachers ministering at altars in sight of graves said preachers had been instrumental in filling. The witch campaign had come to an end after a score of innocent lives had been sacrificed on the altar of ignorance. Belief in witchcraft died out in America, and only lingered a doubtful existence among the unlearned parts of the world.

ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH SPINK.

On my mother's side we were extremely precocious. My grandmother (Amy Proctor) was beautiful, witty and clever, altogether different from the family and though of humble parentage she was by instinct a lady. Her beauty attracted suitors above her station in life, to one of whom (George Moar) she was married at sixteen, and less than a year my mother was born. My grandfather (Moar) was

a country gentleman of large means which he did not live to enjoy. His widow was not of the sad, weeping kind, and becoming acquainted with a Mr. Shearer, she was again a wife in ten months from her first husband's demise. Shearer owned an estate and like most English gentlemen was fond of the chase; on a certain day in November he got wet and neglecting the customary precautions, took chills and consumption ended his days in less than two years.

Though twice widowed, my grandmother was still young and attractive; she was also rich, a circumstance that proved a source of annoyance, as poor relatives with whom she had no feelings in common, became so importunate as to make life a burden. So, arranging affairs and placing the child with a sister at Dover, she proceeded to Brussels where she changed her name and thus became lost to the world.

The child left at Dover was married young like her mother, to a Mr. Spink and on her eighteenth birthday increased the world's population by a noted individual, Joseph Spink, at your service. My early years being in no way remarkable, shall be passed over in silence. After graduating, I was placed in an office where the work was far from congenial; I feigned illness so successfully that I was ordered off to drink mineral waters at Spa. This was exactly my wish and with five hundred pounds in my pocket, I left England behind.

Instead of proceeding to Spa I went to Paris, not as Joe Spink, but as Augustus Leander Baring, for depend upon it thought I, there is much in a name. After a lengthy sojourn in that gayest of capitals, I turned my steps to the Rhine and brought up at Wiesbaden where I met a rich man from Louisiana who with his wife and niece was making the grand tour of Europe. On a breezy afternoon a young lady's parasol was swept into the lake, and being near I rescued the fugitive. The incident led to an acquaintance

which at one time promised interesting results, the lady being the niece above mentioned.

Being permitted to call at their hotel (the Nassau), I found the people most kind; with democratic simplicity, Mr. Freeman told me that having abundant means but no children, he and his wife decided to spend years in travel; the young lady who accompanied, was the child of a brother and would inherit their wealth.

I was delighted with the Freemans and fairly intoxicated at the idea of securing the niece and her fortune — my guardian angel was surely now at the wheel. In the park one evening I met the object of my particular hopes leaning on the arm of a tall, swarthy man with a rank mountain air; the ghost of a smile from Miss Freeman was the only response to my Parisian bow. "Is it possible that brute has any claim to her heart or her fortune?" — the thought filled me with rage.

Having cooled myself down I again visited the Freemans at Nassau hotel; the young lady was on the veranda reading and at some distance her companion of two days ago, his feet on the railing and hat rakishly poised.

After the customary greeting, I took a chair near the girl, though I fancied her manner restrained, the tall man casting occasional glances that boded me ill. Suddenly he flung aside his cigar and advanced with blood in his eyes. "Stranger (he began in harsh, guttural tones), this here young woman and I are engaged to be married; I don't use many words; you remain at your peril." At this disagreeable instant a servant in low voice said: "You're wanted Miss Freeman," and the young lady withdrew.

Though by no means comfortable, I kept my feelings in check and with a wealth of disdain in my movements, I walked off, ignoring my rival's existence. Calling on Mr. Freeman I inquired about the tall person who accosted me so uncivilly.

"Oh (said he) that's a Mr. Mountain from Kentucky; while coming over in the ship, my niece and he have decided

to wed. He has been touring in the Black Forest till a few days ago.

It's all up with me, I concluded, and extracting my tent-pins, bade Wiesbaden goodbye, turned my steps south and arrived at Venice in October. I took rooms at the "Angleterre," among the guests of which was a Mr. Tweedy, a banker, also a young girl of similar name whom I supposed was his daughter. Miss Tweedy and I sat next each other at table and soon became intimate. Seldom a day but we were out touring, best of all the gondolas by moonlight. Had fate enticed me to this retreat on the wave to secure a rich partner — these were my thoughts. Mr. Tweedy seemed reconciled to our growing attachment; at table he usually greeted the girl with a friendly remark, but was never demonstrative. Nothing passed in my presence to show how they stood and I was not watching.

At length I decided to ask "the terrible Pa" as a formal proceeding; so, after dinner one evening I invited him into a private apartment, and after helping myself to a big mouthful of air I began — "I suppose sir, you have observed an intimacy between your daughter and myself, an intimacy which has only one legitimate end, namely marriage — have you any objection?"

I spoke deliberately as is my wont, still he seemed to fail comprehending; there was an appearance of surprise on his countenance and after a brief pause he replied: "Lord bless the man! are you crazy? — Leave to marry my daughter, indeed, I who have neither wife nor child," then he rather fled than withdrew.

Next day I pretended indisposition and remained in my room; at night I departed, delayed at several points and arrived at the Riviera before coming of spring. In a month after arrival I had the good fortune to be guest at a party given in what formerly had been the palace of one of the Doges and much ancient magnificence remained yet in view. One of the guests with whom I had slight acquaintance, inquired if I had seen Madam Paulina whose beauty

had cast all in the shade. Replying in the negative, he led me forward, remarking, "let me present you." With seeming reluctance I complied and my guide then departed.

Madam was indeed a fine looking woman and had reached an age at which beauties are irresistible. She had an easy, dignified air which indicated descent from a line of nobility; to crown all she was a widow, an Englishwoman and rich. My approaches were diffident, till assured by her gracious manner, I ventured on delicate words; but a quiet dignity repressed my ardor, and expressing a hope we should again meet shortly, I bowed myself from her side.

The surroundings now appeared less enchanting, one object engaging my thoughts; here were beauty, wealth and accomplishments united in one. What (thought I) is the love of a young, giddy creature, wearing her heart on her sleeve; I shall no longer deal in such wares. Full of these thoughts I retired.

Next day I called to ask for Madam's health and was graciously received. When about to retire she intercepted by saying that her carriage would be soon at the door and would I be her escort down to the street? "Nothing will give me greater happiness," I truly confessed, and as she placed her arm within mine I felt a peculiar thrill pass through my frame, doubtless a vigorous prod from the small dart of cupid. Things at last came to look prosperous; to all appearance I had only to make sail and speed along with the breeze.

After grave disappointments fate put this chance in my way and I determined to win. It would serve no useful purpose to weary the reader with details that are similar in all ages; what is described in few words took many days to accomplish; the proceedings were pleasant and there was no cause for haste.

When alone after the details had been settled, Madam Paulina drew a long breath and with a peculiar smile said: "I must confess, my dear that in one thing I deceived you, I have been false to the name."

"Is it possible (said I with assumed amazement) the deception must be venial and quickly set right."

"You can better judge of that when you hear," she replied. "The name by which I am known is fictitious, assumed to escape importunate relatives."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed in a surprised tone, while thinking how nice this would suit the similar confession I was myself about making.

"My name before marriage (she resumed) was Amy Proctor; my first husband's name was"—

"Were you more than once married," I gasped.

"Just wait till you hear: My first husband was George Moar, issue a daughter named Laura; my second husband was a Mr. Shearer, who did not live long."

During this brief recital I became covered with sweat. The place appeared darkened and everything moving round in a whirl, in my ears there sounded a continuous noise, my tongue became a dry shrivelled thing that refused my bidding, a lifetime of anguish condensed into moments.

The widow noticing my changed appearance, sat like an impersonation of misery. At length I gasped in what seemed a voice from the tomb—"Good Lord, Madam, you are none else than my grandmother, I being the child of your daughter Laura — my true name is Spink."

The widow gave a subdued scream, covered her face and leaned back in the chair. After some minutes of silence I rose and extending my hand said: "Dear Madam, fate debars our marriage; but I greet you as a relative whom I highly esteem, and with these words we parted.

I now appeared to wake from a dream, recognized my want of discretion, and returned to England, not as count or lord, but as plain Joseph Spink; found my true sphere at foot of the ladder and married a girl with neither beauty nor wealth.

Many years after the affair at Genoa I read in a London paper the following: "There recently died at Florence a

rich English lady who went by name of Madam Paulina and well up in years. In youth she is said to have been exceedingly beautiful, indeed she carried charms to the grave. There was a mystery connected with her life that time may reveal."

SURPRISING ESCAPE.

Henri de La Tude was born in south France in 1725, his father (a marquis) being Lieutenant-Colonel in the army. Henri received an education befitting his position in life, with a view of adopting his father's profession. At twenty-two, being out of employment, he set out to see more of the world. Louis XV, then on the throne was under the influence of Madam Pompadour, and one day while in the Twilleries gardens, Henri overheard two men conversing about the woman in terms of great animosity, whereupon he foolishly wrote that he had discovered a plot to put her out of the way. The woman detected the trick readily and by sealed orders had him immured in the Bastille, to be later sent to Vincennes, a noted prison near Paris. From this he escaped.

Liabie to be captured, he wrote informing the marchioness his place of concealment, thinking she would set him at liberty. He was at once sent to the Bastille and placed in a dungeon; here he inscribed on a book some lines on the authoress of his misery; the woman was now furious and made his life more distressing. After months, he was given a companion, who like himself was confined on account of the marchioness.

The two then began to prepare for escaping. In their room was a chimney crowded with iron bars from bottom to top; without tools how could they surmount the obstructions? Even if the top could be gained, a rope 200 feet long would be required to get down, also a ladder for scaling the wall surrounding the prison. Both were well

supplied with linen and they began ravelling thread by thread, shirts, towels, dressing-gowns and even night-caps. The threads were made into balls and these into larger balls of 100 strands, long enough to descend.

The next work was removing the bars from the chimney, the ends fastened in hard cement which they softened by squirting water from their mouths, the removal of one bar taking several nights. To get out the bars took six months of most terrible labor.

A ladder twenty feet long was made from wood supplied as fuel, a saw was made from an iron candlestick, and with these tools they pared the wood to right size, made tenons and mortices.

Making a rope two hundred feet long took them eighteen months of close application, and they were at last ready for the awful descent; La Tude went up the chimney, then let down twine by which he drew up the outfit, ending with the big rope, which made a coil three feet in diameter.

Fastening the rope to a cannon on the roof, La Tude tied the other end round his body, his companion paying out the rope as required. Arriving in the fosse, his companion let down the whole treasure, then descended himself. Hearing a sentry within a few feet, it was useless to think of mounting the parapet; the ladder which cost so much toil was useless, and they must dig through a stone wall four feet thick, standing in water up to their middle. After hours of incredible exertion and frequent alarms, they effected an opening through which they passed, and as the clock was striking five a. m. they were on the road to liberty. Their first impulse was an enthusiastic embrace, after which they thanked God for deliverance. Having put on dry clothes, they hid in the house of a friend.

But as France was swarming with spies, they went to Belgium where his companion was recognized and taken. La Tude was about sailing for Surinam when he too was arrested and sent back to the Bastille. Here he remained forty months, trying to lessen his miseries by taming rats

with which the place was infested. He made a pen from a small bit of money, ink from lamp-black and a faint light from burning a wick in oil secured for an ailment, wrote an account of his trials on the fly-leaves of a book, made it into a package, hoping it might be perused. One day when on the Bastille he observed two girls in a room and by signs began a sort of dumb conversation; he at length threw the package which they snatched up.

One day they placed at the window a pasteboard on which were in great letters — “Pompadour died yesterday.” The prisoner fancied the heavens had opened and he was invited to step in. Thinking his captivity at an end, he began packing up his belongings; but days passed without any change, and when the authorities knew that he had learned of the woman’s death, their surprise was unbounded.

Next he was taken to Vincennes where he was allowed to walk in the garden, till one afternoon a dense fog came up; rushing like mad, he got clear and at night proceeded to Paris where he secured protection from his benefactors.

He then wrote the prime minister requesting an audience, walked to Fontainebleau in deep snow, to be promptly arrested and placed at Vincennes, where he was informed that liberty could be gained by revealing those who informed him of Pompadour’s death. His reply was that he had entered prison an honorable man and would rather die than get free as a scoundrel.

Arriving at point of death, a doctor ordered his removal. By a sword-blade he (in twenty-six months) made a hole near the chimney through which started correspondence between La Tude and a Baron from south France confined for the same cause as himself. The hole proved most useful as through it he was able to procure pen, ink and paper. In nine months he was again put back into a dungeon till it appeared that only death would set him at liberty.

The next event was a visit from the good Malesherbes who seemed horrified at the idea of twenty-six years in

confinement; at departure he gave promise of speedy delivery, but after leaving, the prisoner's foes represented him as a dangerous person, and not fit to be free. One day the jailor entered and exclaimed — "Sir, you are free; your pardon has come."

On pretense of being demented, the prisoner was taken to Charenton, a noted asylum for persons insane. At length an order for his release came; he left Charenton and was at last free. Having procured money from a friend of the family, he started towards his home a sorrowful exile. When forty leagues from the capital, he was thunder-struck by being arrested, taken back to Paris and placed in Bicetre, home of the vilest malefactors. Nothing in his former experience approached what he endured at Bicetre, where the dregs of humanity were inmates. Amidst miscellaneous horrors he was confined several months, till permitted to move out on crutches.

After three years, a magistrate visited the prison; and after many delays an order arrived for his release, kept for six weeks without being executed. He at length arrived home an old man of sixty, thirty-five years of which were spent in state prisons. In time a memoir of his misfortunes appeared and was a formidable weapon during the French Revolution, showing the doings of Kings.

Le Tude was present when (on July 14, 1789) the Bastille was destroyed and saw the appliances of his escape thirty-three years before, kept in a museum belonging to that prison. The heirs of Madam Pompadour were compelled to make indemnity for the illusage sustained, but what could recompense a man for thirty-five years of existence. The subject died in 1804, in his eightieth year. The foregoing is a mere faulty outline of the memoir in question.

Many years ago building of ships for the British market was quite brisk in this province, among the principal builders being a Mr. Ellis who in early years came from

Bideford in England. Ellis decided to build a larger ship than he had yet sent to sea and then quit; the ship was to be in all respects superior and to be named after the excellent partner of his sorrows and joys. Formerly he had engaged one of the natives as captain, but this time he brought a man out from England. It was late in November and the vessel was being prepared for sea. During a boisterous storm, the captain when coming ashore, fell into the water and being encumbered by weighty equipments, was drowned. Mr. Ellis, to show respect, decided to preserve the body in spirits till the following spring, then send the remains across with the vessel. West India rum was then largely imported, so the end was knocked from the largest cask, a quantity of the goods taken out and the dead captain placed in. The cask, carefully headed, was placed against a board partition in a large warehouse; at the other side of the partition was a cooperage where two men were continually working. The cooper was the principal man about the work of embalming the captain and he noted with great accuracy the position of the cask holding the mortal remains. In those times nearly every one imbibed ardent spirits and the cooper was specially gifted that way. Concluding the dead man had more rum than he needed, Essery (the cooper), made a wooden tap the exact size of an auger, bored through the partition into the cask near the bottom, drove in the tap, the business end of which projected into the cooperage. This was in early December, and all winter Essery and his assistant enjoyed a continual feast. During a severe storm in the last days of April, the two imbibed injudiciously and while in their boisterous mirth Essery was overheard shouting to his companion — "Pon my soul to G—d, mate, don't believe the dead man's in it at all, for never did rum taste to me sweeter." The remark was unfortunate, leading to the cask being examined, when it was found almost empty.

In a wood near palace Versailles stands the grand trianon, where from 1744 till 1764 lived as queen, Madam Pompadour mistress of Louis XV. Her dressing-room was of ample dimensions and while the marchioness was being harnessed gentlemen who had the entrée were allowed to promenade the apartment, tell funny yarns and watch the proceedings, an indulgence considered a very rare compliment. While on the crest of her greatness, a gentlemen from England whom I shall call Smith, went to the French capitol on some business that required an audience with King Louis and the only means of getting a smile from his majesty was by gaining the good will of his mistress. France was the fountain of fashions, and when leaving home Smith was charged to keep his eyes open for anything new in that line.

On a certain day while watching proceedings, Smith noticed on a small stool a dish of extraordinary splendor, to all appearance pure gold and the instructions received when coming from home flashed on his memory. Seeing one of the maids standing apart, he placed a coin in her hand and inquired the use of the vessel — he spoke French like a native. The girl in plain language without a blush, gave the information desired. Smith would now give a fistful of gold to recall his fool question and wished for nothing so much as a convenient hole into which he could vanish. From that hour he never again entered madam's apartments.

At the first convenient moment the maid informed her mistress of the gentleman's question, whereupon Pompadour declared it the best joke of that season; she laughed and screamed till fairly exhausted. She then ordered the court goldsmith to make an exact duplicate of the vessel and stool, then send them home to her. On the box arriving, a court messenger was despatched with orders to leave it at the gentleman's residence in London — madam had his address.

On the box being opened Mrs. Smith and daughters were dumb with surprise, the glitter and weight of the

vessel, and as no writing accompanied, the question was regarding its use. After many surmises the youngest girl, clapping her hands, exclaimed: "It's a new-fashioned tureen and papa sent it thus to surprise us." "The very thing said her mother; it's one of his tricks."

Before many days a letter came informing the family that Smith might be expected on a certain day, at an hour specified, so a number of friends were invited as a species of welcome. On the appointed date, in crossing from Dieppe to New Haven (distance of seventy-four miles), the packet was delayed by head wind and the traveller reached home much after time. Having been informed outside, Smith rushed up a back stair, put himself in trim very quickly, then down to where the guests and family were sitting at table.

Horror and hades! The first object on which his eyes rested was (he thought) the gold dish he had seen at Pompadour's private apartment, impudently perched on its stool on the table, the cynosure of all eyes, out-dazzling the sun by its brightness. Bewildered and speechless, he felt as if his last hour had come and he leaned on some near-by support. Never before did he experience such a feeling, could he endure it and live. Crawling back to his room and into bed, he lay ill for some days, the shock nearly killed him.

Madam Pompadour lived a gay, festive life and died in 1764 in her forty-third year.

Shortly after Isle St. Jean became a British possession in 1763, it was given a legislature similar to that of Great Britain, but on a limited scale. The Island then had only a few thousand inhabitants, yet all features of the imperial parliament were represented, such as lords, commons,

executive council, together with speaker, clerks, ushers, messengers, doorkeepers, black-rod and the representative of legislative authority, a sergeant-at-arms. If the outfit was small there was no lack of dignity; there was plenty room skyward and they elevated the front. The machine was top-heavy to a senseless degree and the available funds were largely used for keeping the machinery oiled. At opening of parliament the lieutenant-governor went in state surrounded by an armed guard, while on a square adjoining "the house," a couple of field-guns gave a warlike tone to proceedings. A speech from the throne was read by his Excellency, and nothing was omitted calculated to increase the éclat. At close of the session the display was equally loud. It must be confessed that the affair largely partook of the ridiculous and no wonder that persons *sotte voce*, compared it to a theatrical performance or to children at play. In this respect the greatest offender was a Captain MacDonald (retired on half pay), living at Tracadie, some dozen miles in the country, where, surrounded by hundreds of his clan, he lived like an independent chief in the Highlands. Feeling above any restraint, his merciless sneers at the "assembled wisdom" was terribly galling. At length the matter came up for discussion in parliament; the members considered themselves entitled to ordinary respect and persons unable to govern their tongues should be made to feel the lash of legislative authority—this was the trend of discussion.

Finally the sergeant-at-arms was despatched to bring the offending captain before "the bar of the house" where he would receive a reprimand calculated to send him back a true penitent. Charged with all the power he could conveniently carry, the sergeant-at-arms set out for Tracadie where he met the offending captain, booted and spurred, riding about his domains. On spying a stranger, the son of Mars approached and inquired his business, upon which the sergeant gave the desired information. For a moment the stalwart captain was silent; the idea of bringing him

before a tribunal which he cordially despised seemed too preposterous — was the order meant for a joke? Turning about in his saddle he laughed, shouted and scolded alternately. The official's errand, he said reminded of nothing so much as sending a singed cat to bring home a fierce tiger from an African forest. He would imprison the sergeant in a cellar, only that he desired him to return and report the reception at Tracadie. "Tell those whom you serve, said the captain, that if they again send a messenger here, I shall despatch a score of my henchmen with orders to drive along the whole bunch, lords, commons and councilors, when they shall be imprisoned in a big cellar under that barn, and they can employ themselves making laws for the animals. Now go back and give your employers a true report of your mission."

On arriving in town all wondered at the sergeant having no company — where was the captain? No time was lost in learning the result of his mission, and the members could scarcely retain their seats while the sergeant-at-arms related his interview with the captain. Formerly they were piqued by contemptuous sneers, they were now boiling with rage. All wanted to speak simultaneously, to pour out their wrath; but the orators could only scold a man who was on his own heath at some distance, which neither drew blood nor broke bones. On mention of again sending the sergeant to Tracadie, that official seemed reluctant to comply, having before his mind the stalwart body-guard as well as the terrible scolding.

Finally the matter was boiled down into a short resolution, declaring Captain MacDonald to be a wild, turbulent fellow and that bringing him before "the bar of the house" would only give him added importance, therefore resolved not to bring him just now.

So ended a matter that raised a good deal of dust; the entire episode can be found graphically recorded in the journals of the house of assembly for Isle de St. Jean in the year 1795.

The question is frequently asked but never definitely answered, are people becoming better or worse with the succession of years? It must be confessed that one's word is considered less sacred than formerly and that the Golden Rule is less found in evidence than in a past age. This is liable to go on as population increases in density, as the battle for bread becomes more keen and intensive. Here is an instance calculated to show a form of truth and integrity which has by this time pretty much disappeared: Almost a century ago a family from Dumfries, Scotland, came to P. E. Island, one of them settling at the point where in winter the mail boats land from the continent. Besides cultivating the soil, he owned a coasting vessel used principally for carrying produce to Miramichi, at that time the principal mart of British America. On a certain occasion the vessel was cast away on the north shore of New Brunswick and the cargo of oats somewhat damaged. After the storm a vulture came round and spying an item of prey, approached the unfortunate mariner, asking what he would take for vessel and cargo, both uninsured. The reply was non-committal, whereupon the vulture offered about one-sixth their value. The reply was: "I suppose you can have them at your own figures, as I can't help myself." Another dealer now came along and learning conditions, said he would give so much, about three times the figure offered by the vulture. Though there was nothing like a hard-and-fast bargain, the mariner, having given the shade of a promise, would not "go back on his word," and removing his shoes from motives of economy, this impersonation of truth and integrity, walked the two hundred miles to the point nearest his home where he crossed to the Island.

